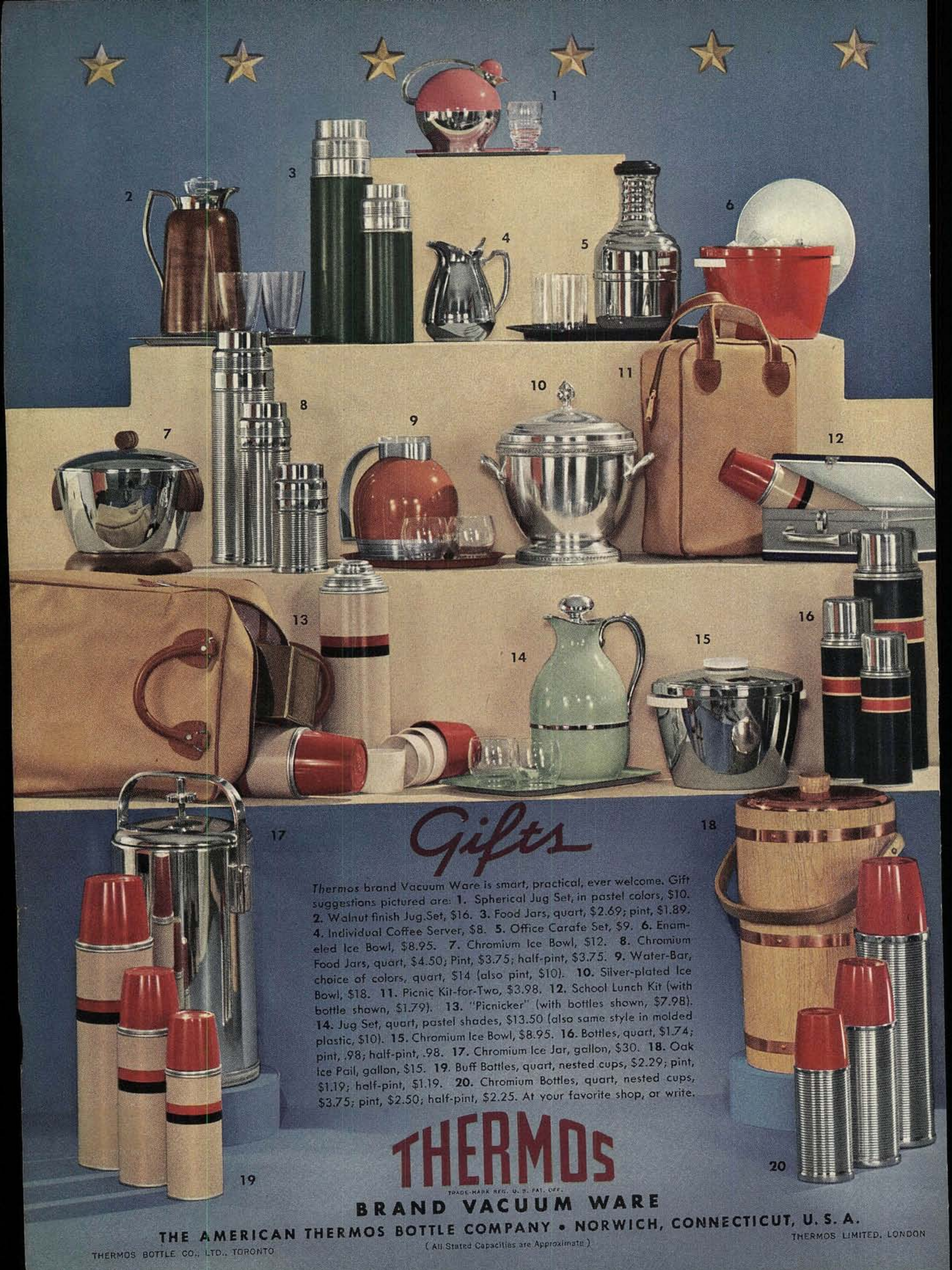
★ Nov. 29, 1941 THE NEW YORKE Price 15



Gifts

Thermos brand Vacuum Ware is smart, practical, ever welcome. Gift suggestions pictured are: **1.** Spherical Jug Set, in pastel colors, $10. **2.** Walnut finish Jug Set, $16. **3.** Food Jars, quart, $2.69; pint, $1.89. **4.** Individual Coffee Server, $8. **5.** Office Carafe Set, $9. **6.** Enameled Ice Bowl, $8.95. **7.** Chromium Ice Bowl, $12. **8.** Chromium Food Jars, quart, $4.50; Pint, $3.75; half-pint, $3.75. **9.** Water-Bar, choice of colors, quart, $14 (also pint, $10). **10.** Silver-plated Ice Bowl, $18. **11.** Picnic Kit-for-Two, $3.98. **12.** School Lunch Kit (with bottle shown, $1.79). **13.** "Picnicker" (with bottles shown, $7.98). **14.** Jug Set, quart, pastel shades, $13.50 (also same style in molded plastic, $10). **15.** Chromium Ice Bowl, $8.95. **16.** Bottles, quart, $1.74; pint, .98; half-pint, .98. **17.** Chromium Ice Jar, gallon, $30. **18.** Oak Ice Pail, gallon, $15. **19.** Buff Bottles, quart, nested cups, $2.29; pint, $1.19; half-pint, $1.19. **20.** Chromium Bottles, quart, nested cups, $3.75; pint, $2.50; half-pint, $2.25. At your favorite shop, or write.

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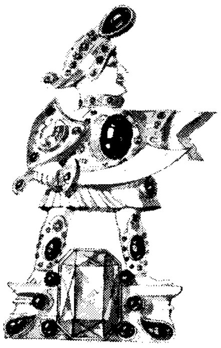
THERMOS LIMITED, LONDON

EVERYWOMAN'S
DREAM OF
Christmas Morning

RAWLINGS



To wake up Christmas morning to all or any of these "I love you" presents. Her "big" present, a three-quarter length Russian Ermine coat, frosty and graceful $1095. On the table, a gleaming lamé brocade evening bag $35. Wear-forever alligator bag $49.75. Sweetly scrolled satin travelling cases $12. Woven satin mules from Delman $12.95. Woolen scarf that will pass-through-a-wedding-ring $5.50. Emerald and ruby and gold clips (they're removable) bracelet $600. On the bed, full length marabou negligée $90. Champagne quilted satin throw, with pillow, $59.50. Her elbow pillow, $4. Pastel plaid woolen throw $27.50. Quilted satin flower-embroidered bed jacket $14.75. The pretty-while-sleeping snood $7.50. The gold ring, a mammoth 42 carat topaz $850. On the satin pad, our "golden ram" set of costume jewelry. Bracelet $25. Earrings $5. Clip $18. The moony-eyed gingham horse $6.50 belongs to the young man, who is (regrettably) not for sale. He is admiring the chessman clip, which is sketched left, ivory pawn, set brilliantly with precious jewels, about $300.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF GOODMAN
FIFTH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Patricia Collinge, Minnie Dupree, and Boris Karloff, is about the funniest thing in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 27.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's effervescent comedy about the quick and the dead, very stylishly produced by John C. Wilson. Splendid performances by Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick make everything practically perfect. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Candle in the Wind—Maxwell Anderson's rather disappointing play about an American actress who rescues her lover from a Nazi concentration camp. The Theatre Guild and the Playwrights' Company, however, have given it a fine production and Helen Hayes' performance is very moving. Alfred Lunt is the director. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Thurs. and Sat.)

Claudia—It takes a tragedy in the family to convince Rose Franken's heroine that everybody has to grow up sometime. Frances Starr, Dorothy McGuire, and Donald Cook are excellent for two acts but become a little lost, along with the author, toward the end. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Corn Is Green—Ethel Barrymore triumphant in Emlyn Williams' play about a teacher who discovers a genius. Richard Waring, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon are also in it. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Junior Miss—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories. Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan are superb as two demon little girls. The adult cast includes Barbara Robbins, Francesca Bruning, Matt Briggs, and Alexander Kirkland. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Land Is Bright—George Kaufman and Edna Ferber trace the history of a robber baron and his family from the nineties up to now. Not art, but it won't bore you. With Martha Sleeper, Phyllis Povah, Diana Barrymore, and Arnold Moss. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Mother manages to get Father baptized, though against his better judgment. An intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney head the cast. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Macbeth—Maurice Evans and Margaret Webster collaborating on Shakespeare's best detective story. Judith Anderson is magnificent as the lady with the bloody hands. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—A good, dizzy comedy of two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, who discover that Greenwich Village life is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's stories have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. With Shirley Booth, Jo Ann Sayers, and Morris Carnovsky. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Spring Again—Grace George's gentle, eloquent performance is a great help to this modest comedy about a lady who gets terribly sick of her husband's ancestors. With C. Aubrey Smith and Joseph Buloff. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Mon. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs. and Sat.)

Theatre—Somerset Maugham's novel has not been improved in its transition to the stage, but you may want to see Cornelia Otis Skinner at last surrounded by a group of living actors. They include Arthur Margetson, Viola Roche, and Frederick Bradlee. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Watch on the Rhine—A family of refugees from Germany bring the great problems of today into an American household. Lillian Hellman's eloquent play has been expertly produced by Herman Shumlin, with a superior cast headed by Paul Lukas, Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, and George Coulouris. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Wookey—The bombing of London swings a hard-headed cockney tugboat captain around to approving of the war. You may not believe a word of it, but you will certainly admire the performances given by Edmund Gwenn, Heather Angel, and all the rest. The sound effects, actually recorded in London, are remarkable. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 27.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Hope for a Harvest—A comedy by Sophie Treadwell, with Fredric March and Florence Eldridge. Produced by the Theatre Guild. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Best Foot Forward—George Abbott, who has a way with children, has assembled a lot of them into a very pretty and cheerful comedy about life in a preparatory school. The scenery is by Jo Mielziner, the dances by Gene Kelly, and the music and lyrics by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Hellz-a-Poppin—This free-for-all is now in its fourth season, with Jay C. Flippen and Happy Felton in the original Olsen and Johnson rôles. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun.)

It Happens on Ice—A big skating show which starts off by being exciting and then gets somewhat wearing. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 27, at 2:40.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence still carrying on splendidly in Moss Hart's psychiatric opera, although most of the gentlemen surrounding her are different. The cast now includes Eric Brotherson, Walter Coy, Willard Parker, and Paul McGrath. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

Let's Face It!—When it isn't being cute, this comedy about three restless matrons and their escorts is very handsome and satisfactory. Eve Arden and Mary Jane Walsh assist Danny Kaye with the acting. Cole Porter wrote most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Pal Joey—George Tapps has supplanted Gene Kelly in this gutter idyll by O'Hara, Rodgers, and Hart, and Vivienne Allen has taken the place of June Havoc, but it is still fairly good fun. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Eves. at 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., Nov. 29.)

Panama Hattie—An excellent musical comedy, with Ethel Merman as a girl who knocks around with sailors but turns out nicely just the same. Cole Porter wrote the music and the cast includes Arthur Treacher and James Dunn. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Twelfth Night—The Shakespeare comedy will be staged and produced by Michael Chekhov. Opens Sun., Nov. 30. (Little, 44, W. LA 4-1291. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Sons o' Fun—The new Olsen and Johnson show in which the ringleaders will be assisted by Carmen Miranda, Ella Logan, and Frank Libuse, among others. Opens Mon., Dec. 1. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.; special Mat. Wed., Dec. 3.)

Golden Wings—A play by William Jay and Guy Bolton, with Fay Wray. Staged and produced by Robert Milton. Opens Tues., Dec. 2. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat. the first week, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

Sunny River—An operetta by Oscar Hammerstein II and Sigmund Romberg, with Muriel Angelus and Helen Claire. Staged by Mr. Hammerstein and produced by Max Gordon. Opens Wed., Dec. 3. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The King's Maid—Margo and Sam Jaffe in a play by Ferenc Molnár. Staged and produced by Oscar Serlin. Opens Thurs., Dec. 4. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Mon. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Angel Street—Vincent Price and Leo G. Carroll in a melodrama by Patrick Hamilton. Produced by Shepard Traube and Alexander H. Cohen, Jr. Opens Fri., Dec. 5. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild will present "Iolanthe," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Nov. 27-29; and "The Mikado," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Dec. 4-6; at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

Children's Entertainment—The Sue Hastings Marionettes in "The Wizard of Oz," Sat. Aft., Nov. 29, at 3. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Theatre—This largely American group will present "Giselle," "Judgment of Paris," and "Princess Aurora," Thurs. and Sat. Eves., Nov. 27 and Dec. 6; "Lilac Garden," "Pas de Quatre," and "The Wayward Daughter," Fri. Eve., Nov. 28; "Capriccioso," "Pas de Quatre," and "The Wayward Daughter," Sat. Aft., Nov. 29; "Three Virgins and a Devil," "Lilac Garden," and "Bluebeard," Sat. Eve., Nov. 29; "Giselle," "Judgment of Paris," and "Slavonika," Sun. Eve., Nov. 30; "Capriccioso," "Pas de Quatre," "Lilac Garden," and "Slavonika," Wed. Eve., Dec. 3; "Les Sylphides," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Bluebeard," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 4, and Sat. Aft., Dec. 6; "Capriccioso," "Pas de Quatre," and "Bluebeard," Fri. Eve., Dec. 5. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Eves. at 8:40; Mats. at 2:40.)

Ruth St. Denis—Presenting a series of four recitals: Thurs., Fri., and Sun. Eves., Dec. 4, 5, and 7, at

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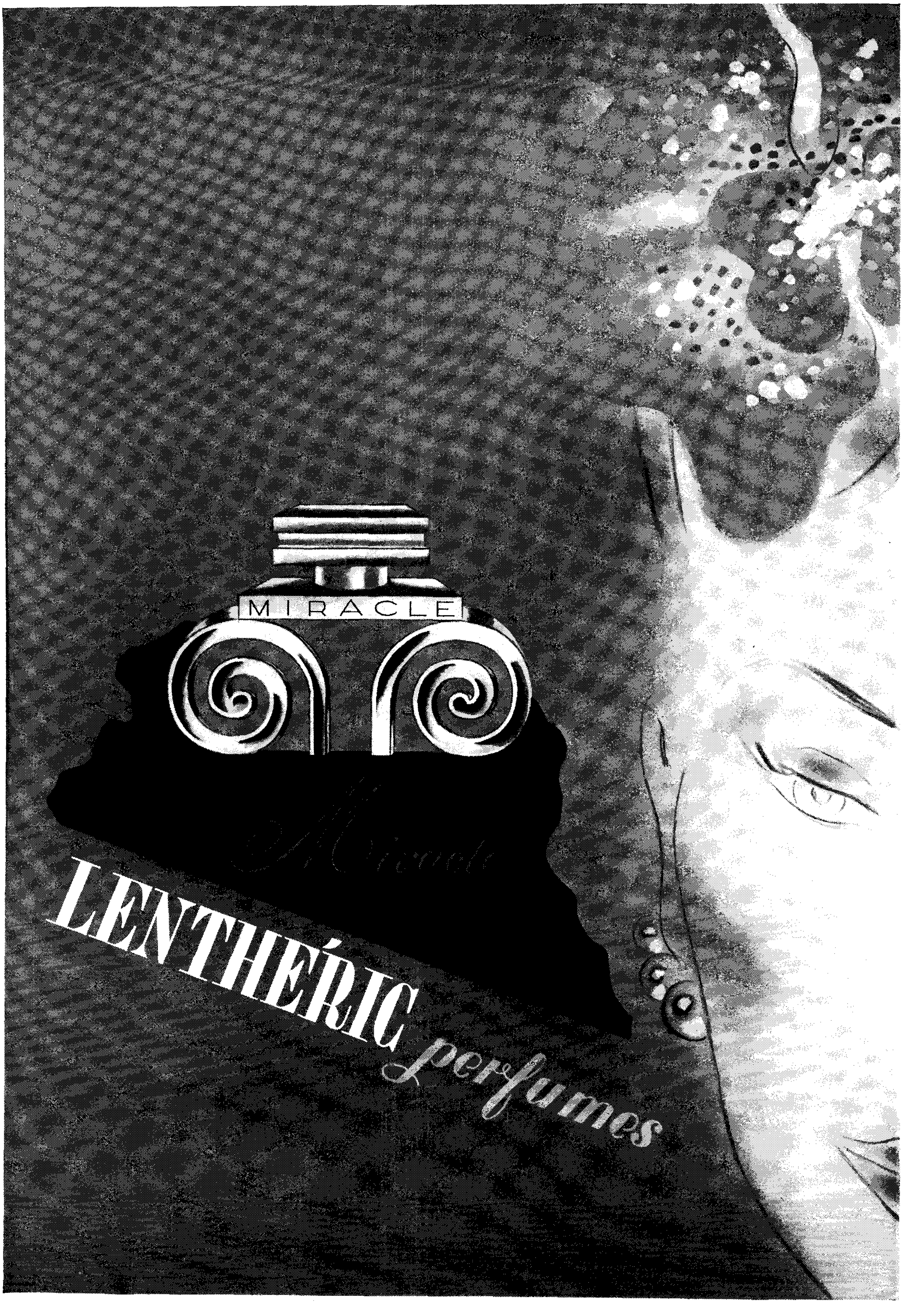
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perfumes

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:45, and Sat. Aft., Dec. 6, at 2:45. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall. CI 7-7460.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Emil Coleman's orchestra plays for dancing in the Trianon Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—The present show, with Gertrude Niesen, will be replaced by a new one on Wed., Dec. 3. Charles Baum's orchestra and the samba band will stay on.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still one of the most popular local winter resorts. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Well thought of by fugitives from swing, including a large number of conservative undergraduates. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Renée De Marco is dancing by herself in this old reliable, where Ted Straeter's and Bob Knight's orchestras play for dancing. . . . The Monte Carlo Beach, next door, has Phil D'Arcy's orchestra and almost no sand.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Adelaide Moffett will replace Peggy Fears in the Cotillion Room on Thurs., Dec. 4. Music by Stanley Melba's orchestra and a rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—There's a new show, with Kitty Carlisle and Jack Cole and his dancers, in the Persian Room, where Dick Gasparre's orchestra plays. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Russell Swann heads the show way up there in the clouds. The music is by Matty Malneck's orchestra and the Velero Sisters' rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra keeps right on playing in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Dorothy Lewis and other ice-skaters are cutting up in the Iridium Room, with Hal Saunders' orchestra perched on the edge of the rink. Formal dress required on the dance floor. . . . Nicholas Matthey's orchestra plays for dancing in La Maisonette, downstairs.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde's songs, accent, and personality are on display in the Café Lounge, with Bob Grant's orchestra.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Seems to have outlasted the Aquarium. Music by Pat Barbara's orchestra.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side place, flavored with a dash of Broadway. Jane Pickens and Frances Mercer are heading the floor show. Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Tito Guizar sings in the Wedgwood Room at the supper hour, and Georges and Jalna and Eddy Duchin's orchestra are there all evening. . . . Evalyn Tyner's orchestra plays during supper in the Lounge Restaurant.

Miscellaneous—At **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Carrie Finnell demonstrating the muscle control she learned in burlesque, through Thurs., Dec. 4. No dancing. . . . **LE PETIT PALAIS,** 17 W. 56 (CO 5-7435): Claude Alphand, who hasn't appeared locally before, sings the songs of her native France with a charm you're not likely to hear often. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and straightforward, with Imogene Coca and Cy Walter's orchestra. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an inviting spot to try for a casual good time. Nick D'Amico's orchestra and a small show. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): George Morris's orchestra, not much floor space, and all nice and cozy. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy sings and plays a lot of songs that nobody else knows. Betty Bryant is there, too. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN,** 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): all-Negro entertainment, with music coming at you pretty fast from Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and John Kirby's and Eddie South's bands. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): candlelight, a view of Central Park, and musicians, strolling and stationary. No dancing. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Nina Tarasova heads the Russian show, which includes folk songs and such. Chris Kay's orchestra. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Henry King's orchestra will be replaced by Val Olman's on Fri., Dec. 5. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Sammy Kaye's orchestra. . . . **LINCOLN,** 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Harry James' orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glenn Miller's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . .

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6.

BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): auld lang syne, and lots of it, but no dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for such folk singers as Huddy Ledbetter and Joshua White. Closed Mon. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

•

Broadway Atmosphere—At **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Jack Harris's orchestra is the mainstay here. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly South American, with the inevitable rumba band. . . . **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't especially delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind. Frankie Hyers is also active. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Betty Compson, Nita Naldi, Gilda Gray, and Joe E. Howard.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): some of the best musical talent in Greenwich, or any other, Village—Pete Johnson, Joe Sullivan, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra. Closed Mon. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for customers who'd rather listen than dance. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton keeps hammering away with his quartet; on Mon., a juke box takes over. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Art Tatum just naturally plays a lot of piano, supported by Benny Carter's band.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT,** 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO,** 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

American and French—Marin leads a list that includes oils by Dove and O'Keeffe and three early Picassos. There's also a group of photographs by Stieglitz: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 7.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway—Large, discursive exhibition of Latin-American arts and crafts, ranging from pottery and textiles to native paintings and sculptures. Tues., 1 to 5 and 6:30 to 9:30 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 4.

Chagall—Twenty-one oils and gouaches in a retrospective of his work: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 13.

De Creeft—A well-rounded showing of this consistently interesting sculptor's work: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Nov. 28.

Drawings—A gallery annual, highly selective, of drawings from all the great schools, from the sixteenth century to the twentieth: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 13.

Fauvist Painting—Works by Matisse, Braque, Derain, and other modern masters, all done in their early, hell-raising period. A thoroughly lively show: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 29.

French—At the **CARSTAIRS,** 11 E. 57: oils by contemporary artists, including Utrillo, Matisse, Soutine, and Van Dongen. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 29. . . . **MAYER,** 41 E. 57: etchings and lithographs by Rouault, some of them in rare prefinished stages. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 29. . . . **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57: five superlative Braques and a fine Picasso in a show that includes works by Léger and Laurencin. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 29. . . . **PERLS,** 32 E. 58: works by Rouault, Picasso, Utrillo, and Dufy, with the first two especially well represented. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 29. . . . **4 WEST 58:** paintings by Cocteau, Léger, Tchelitchew, and others, photographs by Atgêt, and water colors painted in recent months by boys and girls in France—all a benefit to help French children. Mon., 2 to 5 P.M.; Tues. through Fri. (except Thurs., Nov. 27), 11:30 A.M. to 1 P.M. and 2 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 16.

Ganso—Two memorial exhibitions of works by this soundly perceptive painter, who died last spring. Paintings at the Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8; Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 30. Prints at the Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61; weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.: through Mon., Dec. 1.

Glackens—Selected paintings from all of his periods: 10 W. 9. Daily 2 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 14.

Group Show—Annual membership exhibition of the United American Artists, very youthful and brash but full of good things, too: A.C.A., 26 W. 8. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 29.

Hoyt—Landscapes, sound in design and sensitive in feeling: Montross, 785 5 Ave., at 60. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 29.

Jongkind—A set of his little-known etchings and drawings, mostly of seaside scenes and unbelievably swift and sunny: Allison, 32 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 29.

Karfiol—Finely spaced and solidly painted oils in his first one-man show in eight years: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 6.

Klee—Selections from his paintings and water colors of all periods. Some fine pieces: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 6.

Lasky—Still-lifes mainly, bright and colorful and somewhat in the van Gogh tradition: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 29.

Lintott—Flower pieces, among other things, by an artist who shows unusual distinction in this genre of painting: Sterner, 9 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 29.

Mattson—New oils, mostly of the sea and the night, and showing the artist's romantic feelings about them: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 29.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Large and stirring exhibition of architectural etchings by Piranesi, including many of his fantastic prison interiors. Also, an exhibition of Australian art on tour from the antipodes, and rather stock-company in style. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104—The fire blitz of London, in paintings and drawings, some good and all of them dramatic, done by members of the London Auxiliary Fire Service. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 8.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Two big retrospectives of works by Dali and Miró, with about fifty paintings by each of these much-discussed modern artists, as well as several of their drawings. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 11.

Philipp—The seamy side of Southern life, done by an artist known hitherto for his deft portraiture: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 6.

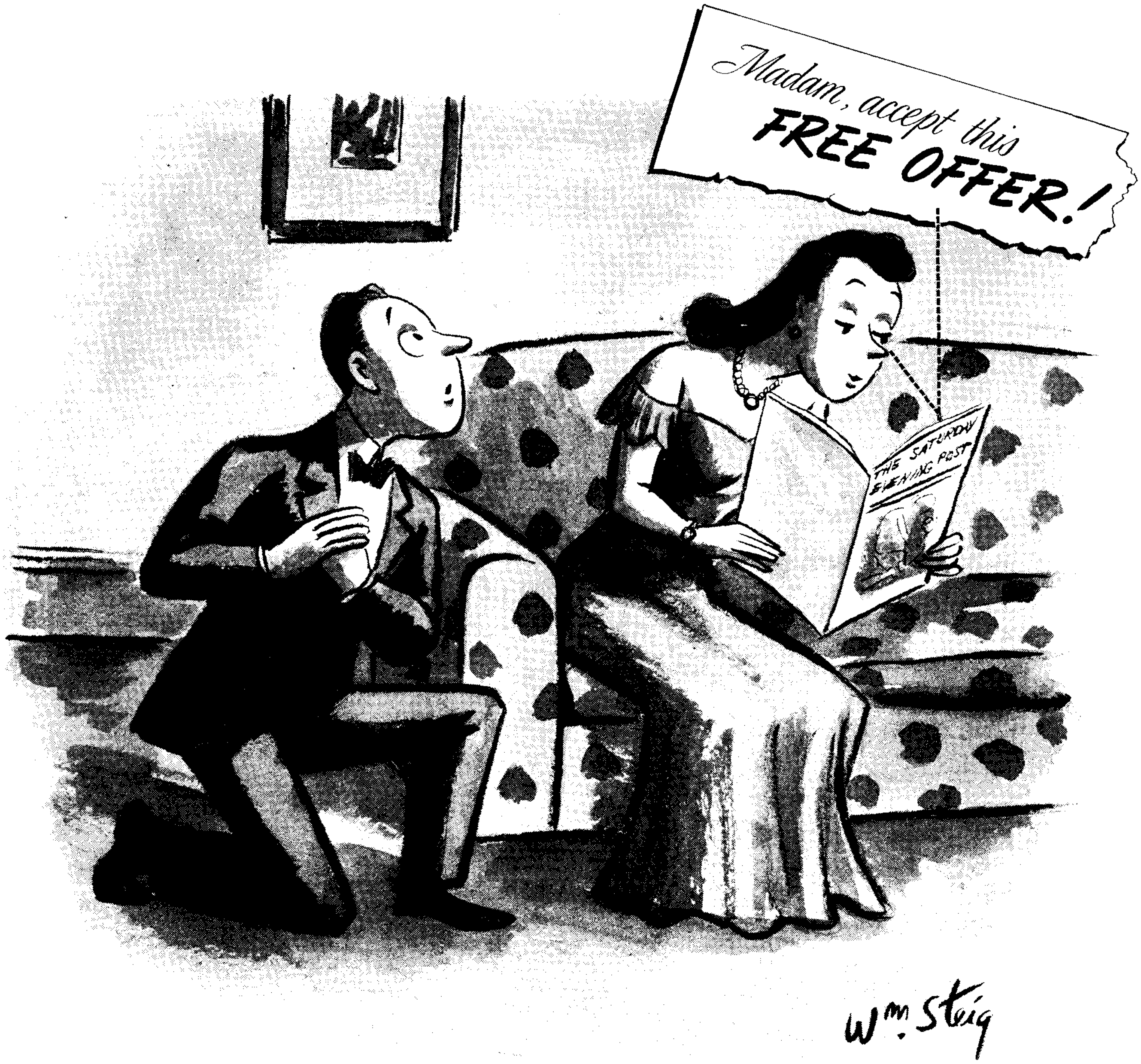
Renoir—About eighty-five paintings, some never exhibited here before, in a big, authoritative loan show for the benefit of the Free French Relief Committee. Many beautiful pieces: Duveen, 720 5 Ave., at 56. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 6.

Schiele—Memorial exhibition of strongly designed oils and black-and-whites by one of the Austrian Expressionists: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 29.

Sculpture—Well-selected showing of works by Maillol and Lehmbruck: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 6.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—The annual exhibition of contemporary American painting, this year, for variety's sake, restricted to artists under forty, and all the livelier for it. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

Here and There—At the **PINACOTHECA,** 20 W. 58: paintings by Morris Davidson. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 29. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 38 W. 57: paintings by Polly Thayer. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Nov. 28. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: oils and water colors by Henry Schnakenberg. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 6. . . . **BIGNOU,** 32 E. 57: paintings by Bernard Lamotte. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 15. . . . **WAKEFIELD,** 64 E. 55: water colors and drawings by Alfonso Ossorio. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 6. . . . **ARTISTS',** 113 W. 13: paintings by Werner Drewes and Aristodimos


Madam, accept this
FREE OFFER!
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Wm. Steig

Speaking of sweet propositions, have you heard this one about advertising? Whenever people are asked, "In what magazine do you pay the most attention to advertising?" the majority always answer, "The Saturday Evening Post." Not surprising, then, that advertisers in the first ten months of '41 awarded more than $23,000,000 to the Post—nearly $4,000,000 more than the next magazine.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

People pay attention when you put it in the Post

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Kaldis. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Tues. and Thurs. Eves., 8 to 10); Sun., 3 to 6 and 8 to 10 P.M.; through Dec. 8. . . . FERARGIL, 63 E. 57: oils and water colors by Clarence H. Carter. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 6. . . . ANDRE SELIGMANN, 15 E. 57: paintings and sculptures from the thirteenth century to the present. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 3. . . . MIDTOWN, 605 Madison, at 58: water colors by Betty P. Parsons. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 13. . . . VALENTINE, 55 E. 57: European and American paintings and African sculpture. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 6.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Rodzinski conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 27, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Nov. 28, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Nov. 29, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Nov. 30, at 3; Thurs. Eve., Dec. 4, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Dec. 5, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Dec. 6, at 8:45. (Soloists: Schuster, Nov. 29-30; Rubinstein, Dec. 4-5.)

National Orchestral Association—Barzin conducting; soloist, Tureck: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 29, at 3.

Folk Music Concert—Marc Blitzstein, Burl Ives, W. C. Handy, Joshua White, Huddy Ledbetter, and American and Chinese choruses in a program sponsored by the New Theatre League: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Nov. 29, at 8:30.

New York City Symphony—Morel conducting; soloist, Piastro: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Nov. 30, at 8:45.

Bach Circle of New York—Hufstader conducting: Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Dec. 1, at 8:45.

Coffee Concert—A program of Hebrew folk songs, dances, and liturgical music: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, Wed. Eve., Dec. 3, at 9. (CI 5-8900.)

RECITALS

Carnegie Hall—Mischa Elman, Fri. Eve., Nov. 28, at 8:40; Rudolf Serkin, Mon. Eve., Dec. 1, at 8:30; Simon Barere, Tues. Eve., Dec. 2, at 8:30; Dorothy Maynor, Wed. Eve., Dec. 3, at 8:30; Robert Casadesus, Fri. Eve., Dec. 5, at 8:30.

Town Hall—Celius Dougherty and Vincenz Ruzicka, Fri. Eve., Nov. 28, at 8:30; New Friends of Music (Kolisch Quartet, Galimir Quartet, and Raya Garbousova), Sun. Aft., Nov. 30, at 5:30; Isabel and Silvio Scionti, Fri. Eve., Dec. 5, at 8:30; Marcel Grandjany, Sat. Aft., Dec. 6, at 3.

Elsewhere—At the MCMILLIN THEATRE, B'way at 116: Alexander Kipnis, Sat. Eve., Nov. 29, at 8:30. (UN 4-3200.) . . . WALDORF-ASTORIA: Lotte Lehman and Paul Stassévitch, Sun. Eve., Nov. 30, at 9. (PL 3-2072.) . . . METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82: lecture-recital, with Gian-Carlo Menotti and Salvatore Baccaloni, Wed. Aft., Dec. 3, at 3:30. (RE 4-2410.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—"Der Rosenkavalier," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 27; "L'Elisir d'Amore," Fri. Eve., Nov. 28; "La Traviata," Sat. Aft., Nov. 29, and Fri. Eve., Dec. 5; "Madama Butterfly," Sat. Eve., Nov. 29; "Tannhäuser," Mon. Eve., Dec. 1; "Samson et Dalila," Wed. Eve., Dec. 3; "Otello," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 4; "Don Giovanni," Fri. Aft., Dec. 5; "Die Walküre," Sat. Aft., Dec. 6; "Le Nozze di Figaro," Sat. Eve., Dec. 6. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

SPORTS

Football—Sat. Aft., Nov. 29, at 1:30: Army vs. Navy, Philadelphia; Fordham vs. N.Y.U., Yankee Stadium. (Special trains will leave Penn Station for Philadelphia at 8:45, 10:05, and 10:15 A.M.) PROFESSIONAL GAME: Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Ebbets Field, Sun. Aft., Nov. 30, at 2.

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:40 P.M.: Americans vs. Boston, Thurs., Nov. 27; Rangers vs. Detroit, Sat., Nov. 29; Americans vs. Toronto, Sun., Nov. 30. . . . Amateur-series games, Sat. and Sun., Nov. 29-30, at 1:30 P.M.

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Club Indoor Show, Scarsdale, Fri., Nov. 28, at 8 P.M., and Sat., Nov. 29, at 9 A.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Ice Follies—The annual skating carnival is coming back again: Madison Square Garden, Mon. through Sat., Dec. 1-6, and Mon. through Wed., Dec. 8-10, at 8:30; also Sat. Aft., Dec. 6, at 2:30. (Musicians Emergency Fund benefit on opening night.)

Public Balls—The December Ball, a benefit for the Grosvenor Neighborhood House: Ritz-Carlton, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 4, at 10. . . . The Allaverdy Ball: Hotel Plaza, Fri. Eve., Dec. 5, at 10.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6.

Lambs Gambol—The club's once-a-year dinner, entertainment, and dance: Waldorf-Astoria, Sat. Eve., Dec. 6, at 7:30.

Morgan Library—An exhibition called "The British Tradition," with illuminated manuscripts, autograph letters and manuscripts, documents, and other items, from the eleventh through the nineteenth centuries, all having to do with Great Britain and all assembled from the Library's permanent collection; also, a collection of rare silver, lent by J. P. Morgan: 29 E. 36. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 30.

On the Air—"La Traviata," with Novotna, Peerce, and Tibbett; from the Metropolitan Opera House, Sat. Aft., Nov. 29, at 2, WJZ.

Photographic Shows—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: approximately a hundred prints by amateur and professional photographers throughout the country. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 4. . . . CAMERA CLUB, 121 W. 68: the annual exhibition of the New York Salon of Photography, with entries from all over the world. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Sun., Nov. 30.

Costume Exhibition—A display of accessories—hats, shoes, bags, and so on—such as men and women wore between 1675 and 1900: Museum of Costume Art, 630 5 Ave., at 50. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 5.

Chinese Craftsmanship—A collection of rare antique jades, tapestries, etc., never before shown in this country; a benefit for United China Relief: Partridge, 6 W. 56. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 10.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—English and French furniture; Staffordshire, Minton, Wedgwood, and other wares; and Chinese art objects, from the estate of the late Mrs. B. F. Jones, Jr.: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Nov. 27-29, at 2. . . . Books on flowers, incunabula, French, English, and American autograph letters, and other works, from the libraries of Edwin R. Cole, Howard Murray, Harold Palmer, John P. Kane, and others; also the late Hugo Riesenfeld's collection of autograph letters and manuscripts on musical subjects: Thurs. Aft. and Eve., Nov. 27, at 2 and 8:15. . . . Part I of the library of the late William H. Woodin: Tues. and Wed. Eves., Dec. 2-3, at 8:15, and Wed. and Thurs. Afts., Dec. 3-4, at 2. . . . Furniture, objects of art, and furnishings of the home of the late Arthur Curtiss James (to be sold at the James residence, 39 E. 69): Tues. through Thurs. Morns. and Afts., Dec. 2-4, at 10:30 and 1:45. . . . The late Mrs. B. F. Jones, Jr.'s, collection of paintings, including some by Corot, Gainsborough, Raeburn, Van Dyck, and Rembrandt: Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Dec. 4-5, at 8:15.

Note—The entire interior of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine will be opened as a unit for the first time on Sun., Nov. 30, when Bishop William T. Manning will officiate at the eleven-o'clock service.

MOTION PICTURES

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—Another, and hardly successful, revival of the old story, with Ingrid Bergman and Spencer Tracy. Only a few scenes will give you the proper shiver. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Mon., Dec. 1. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 28-Dec. 1. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Dec. 2-6. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Wed. and Thurs., Dec. 3-4.)

Dumbo—Walt Disney's latest feature-length film, and one that is thoroughly delightful. No tricks or surprises this time; just his animals, mostly elephants. (Broadway, B'way at 53.)

The Forgotten Village—Of life in a pueblo in the Mexican hills, as Steinbeck found it. Forthright, vigorous, and stirring, with a commentary by Burgess Meredith. (Belmont, 125 W. 48.)

How Green Was My Valley—The Welsh miners and their lives and troubles, with Maureen O'Hara and Walter Pidgeon. A film that seems authentic and careful and very close to the world it describes. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

It Started with Eve—Harmless and good-natured, if not very exciting, with Deanna Durbin as a poor little thing and Charles Laughton as a grandpa with millions. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs., Nov. 27. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Fri., Nov. 28. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 29-Dec 1 . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; starting Tues., Dec. 2.)

Ladies in Retirement—Ida Lupino, Elsa Lanchester, and Louis Hayward in that story of murder in the lone cottage on the heath and of the three weird sisters, batty as they come. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Dec. 1. . . . Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Dec. 3.)

The Maltese Falcon—Dashiell Hammett's vibrating thriller of killers and schemers, turned again into a very lively film. With Mary Astor and Humphrey Bogart. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; Palace, B'way at 47; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181, starting Wed., Dec. 3.)

Man Hunt—Berchtesgaden and London, spies and sportsmen, and a great deal of activity generally. With Joan Bennett and Walter Pidgeon. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Nov. 28.)

The Reluctant Dragon—The Disney studios, visited by Robert Benchley, who makes a wild tour through them. At its best in incidental moments of straight fairy story. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 29-Dec. 2.)

Sergeant York—Of the Tennessee mountain boy who won the Congressional Medal of Honor in the last war, where he came from, and how it all happened. A superbly managed film, with Gary Cooper. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., Dec. 3-4.)

Suspicion—Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant in a smooth movie of murder and mystery, devised from Frances Iles' "Before the Fact" and directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Perhaps more on the pretty side than the original novel, yet with some of its excitement. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Dec. 3.)

Underground—Savage sketch of German life now, with the Gestapo at its worst. With Jeffrey Lynn and Philip Dorn. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Nov. 28.)

Unfinished Business—Irene Dunne and Robert Montgomery in one of those sprightly comedies with only a few limping moments. Pleasant, in general. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sat., Nov. 29. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 29-Dec. 2. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 4-5.)

REVIVALS

All This, and Heaven Too (1940)—Murder in old Paris. Bette Davis and Charles Boyer. (Park, Columbus Circle; Sun. through Tues., Nov. 30-Dec. 2.)

Ballerina (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. French, with Mia Slavenska. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., Nov. 27.)

Blackout (1940)—Spies and romance in London these days. Valerie Hobson and Conrad Veidt. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 29-Dec. 2.)

The Earl of Chicago (1940)—American gunmen and British aristocracy. Robert Montgomery. (Park, Columbus Circle; Sun. through Tues., Nov. 30-Dec. 2.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas. (Park, Columbus Circle; Fri. and Sat., Nov. 28-29.)

Love Affair (1939)—Romance starts at sea. Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 29-Dec. 1.)

The Man I Married (1940)—Germany just before the war. Joan Bennett and Francis Lederer. (Park, Columbus Circle; Wed. and Thurs., Dec. 3-4.)

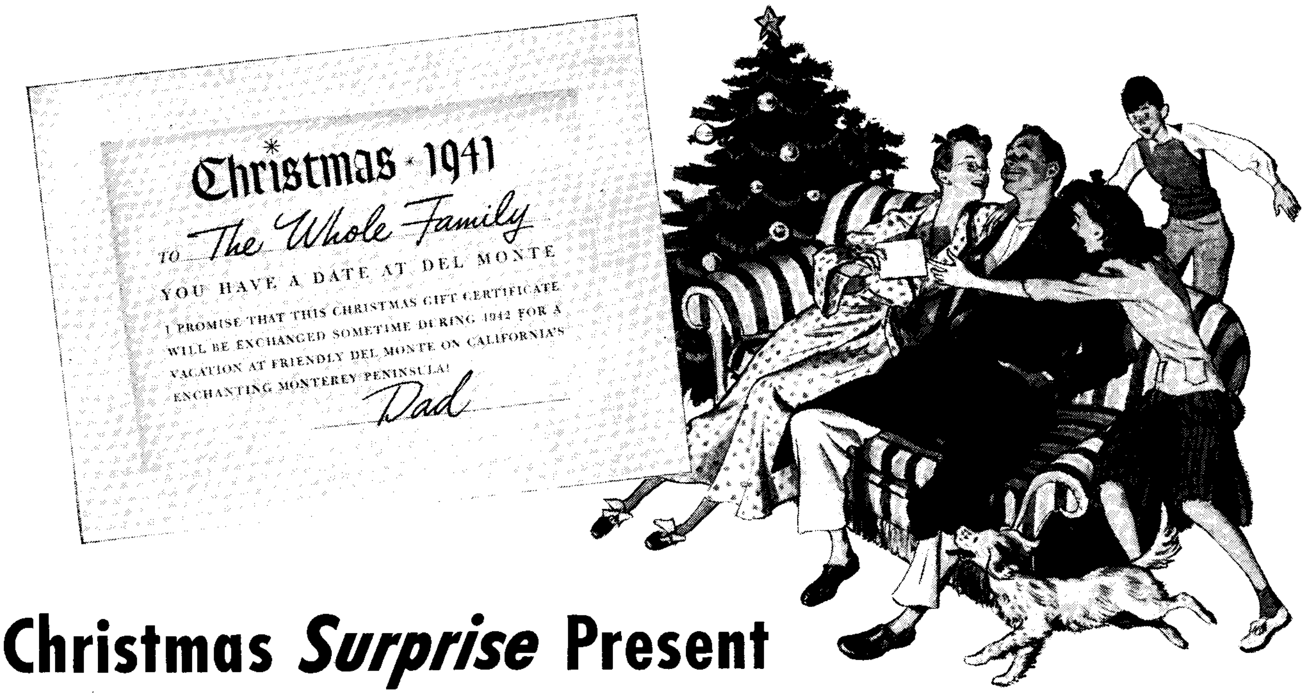
Mata Hari (1932)—Greta Garbo as the spy. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 2-3.)

Night Train (1940)—Carol Reed's first big thriller of spies, the Gestapo, and all. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Park, Columbus Circle; Wed. and Thurs., Dec. 3-4.)

The Prisoner of Zenda (1937)—Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 2-3.)

The Women (1939)—The Clare Boothe play. Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, and Rosalind Russell. (Park, Columbus Circle; Thurs., Nov. 27.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing American and foreign films daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.) on this schedule—THURS. AND FRI., NOV. 27-28: "Susan Lennox, Her Rise and Fall" (1931), Greta Garbo, Clark Gable. SAT. AND SUN., NOV. 29-30: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932), Miriam Hopkins, Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall. MON. AND TUES., DEC. 1-2: "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" (1932), Paul Muni. WED. AND THURS., DEC. 3-4: "A Nous la Liberté" (1932), René Clair film. FRI. AND SAT., DEC. 5-6: "Emil und die Detektive" (1932), German film.



Christmas 1941

TO *The Whole Family*

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I PROMISE THAT THIS CHRISTMAS GIFT CERTIFICATE WILL BE EXCHANGED SOMETIME DURING 1942 FOR A VACATION AT FRIENDLY DEL MONTE ON CALIFORNIA'S ENCHANTING MONTEREY PENINSULA!

Dad

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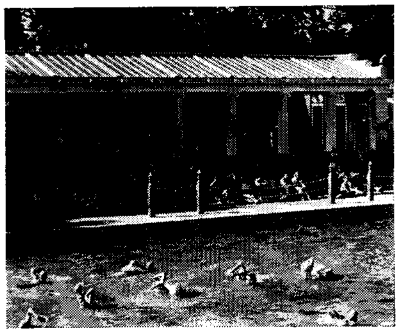

You'll swim in Del Monte's Roman Plunge and romp on snow-white beaches of California's most spectacular sea coast. Other times: sail, shoot, play tennis, polo.

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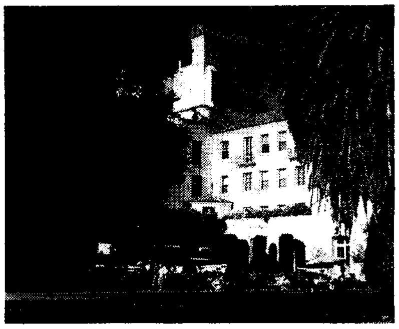

Best of all, in the golden climate and rich historic atmosphere that mark this lovely land, are friendly Hotel Del Monte and Del Monte Lodge at Pebble Beach.

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People who have been most everywhere will tell you that in all the world there is no place quite like Del Monte . . . no place with scenery quite so thrilling. They will tell you about Del Monte's 20,000 sea-rimmed acres, and about its four championship golf courses and one hundred miles of bridle paths. They'll tell you, too, about the swimming and shooting and tennis here. And about Del Monte's famous hospitality!

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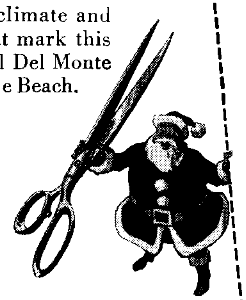

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FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK

approaches the holiday season with a century-old, New England tradition

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for Pierce has supplied Beacon Hill's and Back Bay's gracious tables with delicacies since the days when Daniel Webster's office was in the same building. Since the days when distinguished hostesses returning from Pierce's of a morning with brimming baskets used to bow to Oliver Wendell Holmes and William Gray . . . and then served to those same worthies at dinner that night, the oyster bisque, the shad roe, the succotash, and the orchard ripe fruits from Pierce's.

and now to all lovers of a good board, Altman offers New England holiday glories . . . mince meat with brandy, green turtle soup with sherry, whole cranberry sauce, fruit cake and plum pudding. Black bean soup, pride of Boston company dinners. Quahog chowder, and clam chowder and bouillon. Baked beans and brown bread, Indian pudding, lobster and preserves. Salmon steaks, and unforgettable codfish balls, to come piping hot to the Sunday breakfast table.

come and inspect our shelves. You'll find a bountiful harvest from orchard, field and shore . . . from rock ribbed Maine to the hot Jamaicas, direct from the greatest grocer of them all.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

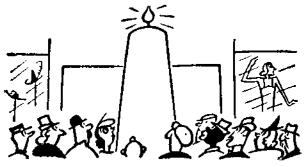
THE archeologists are still busy these days digging up ancient truths for our instruction. Dr. John F. Daniel of the Pennsylvania University Museum, for instance, has just solved the mystery of one of the earliest extant writings, the Cypro-Minoan. Cypro-Minoan was the script used on the Isle of Cyprus over three thousand years ago, and we wouldn't have thought it was worth bothering about. But Dr. Daniel spent years in excavation and research, and finally succeeded in deciphering a four-word inscription found on a jar. "Put the lid on," it said. Right now, we can't think of a more suitable inscription to resurrect from the stored-up wisdom of the past.

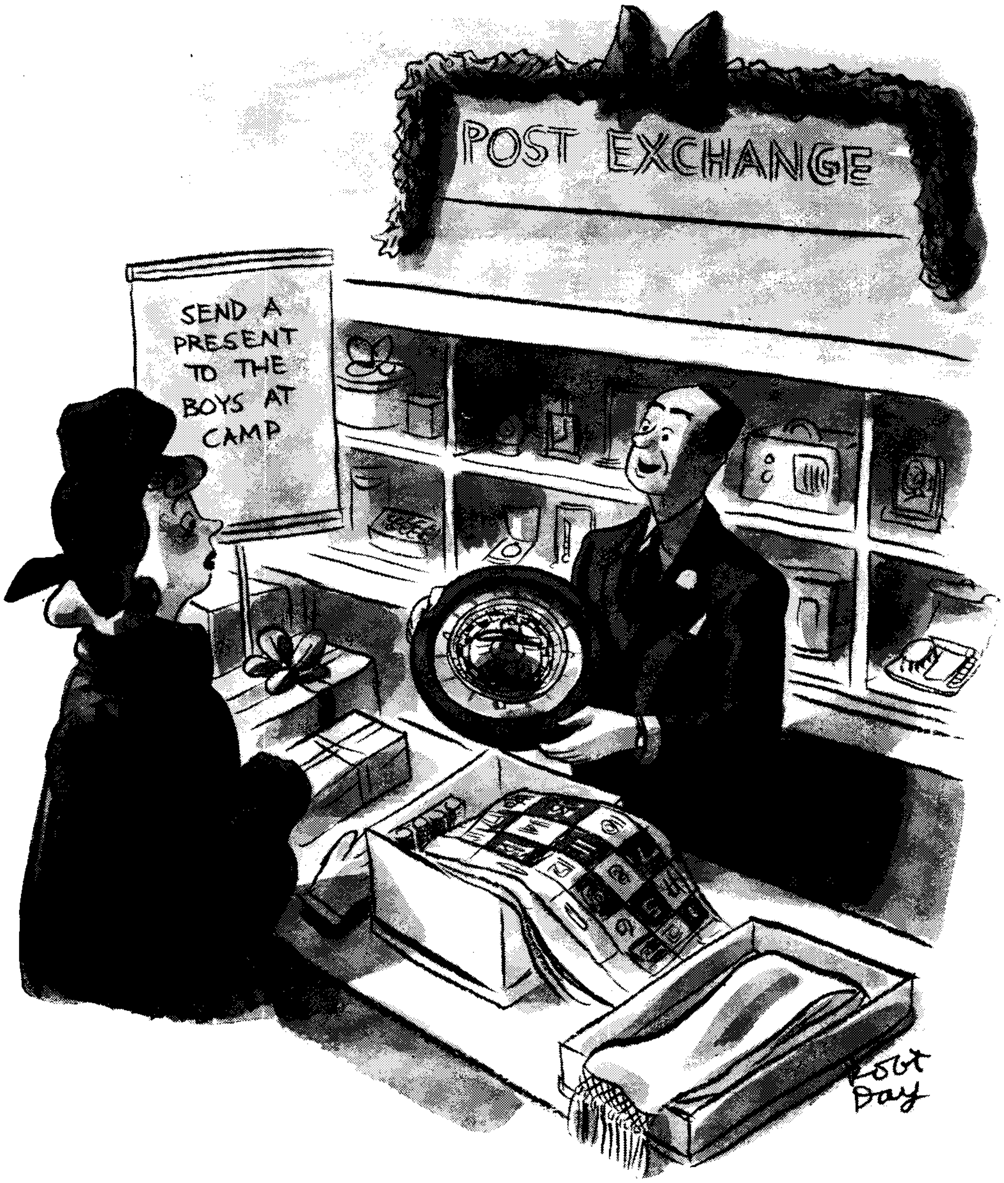
A FEW years ago, Stephen Vincent Benét wrote a poem about the revolt of the machines, telling how the concrete-mixers at last developed a taste for human flesh and the telephone switchboards put out their tentacles and strangled their operators with brisk ferocity. At the time we dismissed all this as no more than a product of the superheated imagination characteristic of poets, but now, after coming across a number of ominous little items buried away in the newspapers, we are half convinced that Mr. Benét was right and that our time is almost up. From Iowa comes word of a farmer who was caught by his bean-stripping machine and stripped down to his hat and one sock. In Seattle a washing machine grabbed a cat and scrubbed its tail off; in Nebraska a corn-binder seized a farmer's dog that came too near and wrapped him neatly in cornstalks. A soft-drink machine in New Jersey went berserk and poured out two hundred soft drinks for a nickel. Parachutes carrying food to two forest-fire fighters in California somehow failed to open, and the food came crashing down on the men's heads, knocking them cold. Thinking about these tiny symptoms of a world of machinery stirring in its chains, we sometimes find ourself looking warily at our own typewriter—its innocent, gleaming surface concealing a ribbon itching to wind itself about our throat, its gentle bell tolling an unmistakable funeral note, tolling for us.

A FRIEND of ours—a friend for life—tells us that she deliberately tipped a dish of *profiteroles au chocolat* into a lawyer's lap at dinner the other evening. She says she did it to bring him back to reality. The poor fellow had been trying to tell her about a case he had been working on and she felt that his language had reached a point of obfuscation which called for ruthless action. "In another moment," she says, "he would have been right out of the world." A passionate layman ourself, we have been turning her behavior over gratefully in our mind, and it occurs to us that the lady is not only an effective critic but an inspired prophet as well. Lawyers have been living in a fool's paradise. With their own set of ethics and their own special language, they have been drawing further and further away from the workaday world, creating for themselves a higher sphere in which they can act as they please and talk as they please. The time will come, however, when the gap grows too great, when the last slender means of communication between lawyer and layman snaps like a stretched rubber band and even a fee won't be able to find its way across the chasm. After that, no mere dish of *profiteroles au chocolat* will bring the lawyer back to earth. Nothing will bring him back. For a while, the legal profession will hang suspended in the sky, like pie. Then, as civilization plods happily along, the legal profession will at last disappear altogether. Or are we dreaming?

COROLLARY NOTE TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION: In one of the Southern states last week a patient shot his physician. Fatally.

ON the morning of November 9th, with exactly thirty-eight more shopping days to Christmas, a man in Anadarko, Oklahoma, phoned the police and told them he had distinctly heard the patter of reindeer hoofs on his roof during the night. It turned out to be an old billy goat with an overdeveloped sense of humor, and the police carted it off to jail. We think that this unhappy anecdote is the keynote for this year's Christmas, which promises to be a season of sadness and bleak disillusion, with little peace on earth and even less good will to men. In Britain, Christmas cards have been banned because of the paper shortage, and in our own Southeast electric lights on Christmas trees are forbidden as a power-conservation measure. In the occupied countries, it will be the lucky child that has a stocking, let alone an orange in it, and in the warring nations the peal of church bells will herald nothing more joyful than new raiders in the eastern sky. But hope springs eternally somewhere, and we are grateful to the Titche-Goettinger Department Store in Dallas, Texas, which has just bought a twelve-foot, two-ton Christmas candle and plans to burn it in front of the store from now to Christmas Day. Used sparingly, one month




POST EXCHANGE
SEND A PRESENT TO THE BOYS AT CAMP

"Are the men in his company gullible?"

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in every twelve, it will last two hundred years.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The ashtrays in the judges' library of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, down on Foley Square, are labelled "Not government property. Please do not take from Library."

Up on 180th Street, in the Bronx, is a shop named Shirley's Temple of Cut-rate Yarns.

There's a bald man-about-town who, when he has to take his hat off in a public place for any length of time, wears an embroidered doily on his pate. He was last reported in the Embassy Theatre.

The Forty-second Street Woolworth's has (or had quite recently) a display of salted nuts at a food counter with a sign advertising "Toasted Nuts from the Seven Seas."

Dire Tidings

A FASTIDIOUS matron of the East Sixties was given a turn the other day when she came upon a cockroach defiantly waving his feelers at her from the kitchen sink. She stumbled to a telephone and after some difficulty succeeded in discovering the number of an exterminator and turning in a hurry call. Not long afterward a very large man appeared carrying the equipment of his trade, a man who could well be described as portly. The lady explained her shame to the exterminator and he set about making a complete examination of the apartment, proceeding first into her bathroom. His client sat down in the living room and tried to compose herself. Some time later she heard a small, alarming sound which was repeated over and over. It was the sound which is produced by pushing one's tongue down rapidly from behind the back of the teeth and is commonly written "tchk, tchk, tchk." Our lady could only conclude that the exterminator had come upon as dire and grim a vermin situation as he had ever faced in a presumably long career. She hurried into the bathroom, her face white. The exterminator was standing on her scales, looking hopelessly and forlornly at the indicator, and going "Tchk, tchk, tchk."

Diamonds

HEREWITH a few highlights on the diamond situation. To sum matters up, a brisk boom is under way, stimulated by the increase of money in circulation and the popular notion that buying precious stones is a good hedge against inflation, but hampered by rising production costs and the limited number of skilled workmen. The war has not affected the volume of diamonds produced. As before the war, ninety per cent of the world's supply of rough diamonds comes from the African mines and fields controlled by DeBeers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., and sold to dealers by the Diamond Trading Company, which is a DeBeers offshoot. You can get all the rough diamonds you can afford direct from London, via Clipper. The price here for a finished diamond, however, is up from ten to thirty per cent over the peacetime level: ten per cent increase in the cost of producing and getting the diamond here; ten per cent increase in the cost of having it cut in New York, attributed to the fact that the Diamond Workers' Protective Union recently got the minimum weekly wage raised from seventy-five to a hundred and twenty dollars; ten per cent tax.

May, 1940, was a dark period for the diamond industry, because of the invasion of the Low Countries, where, in normal times, practically all diamonds were cut. The Nazis trapped most of the workers and merchants, and a goodish supply of rough diamonds, which, however, they haven't been able to replenish to any great extent. It is the loss of the skilled workers that the industry feels the most. Until the parachute troops came, there were twenty thousand at work in Amsterdam alone, and only a handful escaped. It is estimated by the trade that there are scarcely seven hundred good cutters in New York. The refugee Lowlanders have set up shop in England, and there's also some cutting being done in Palestine and South Africa, but manpower remains the bottleneck. This is primarily the reason for the return to fashion of the solitaire diamond. One chore that the Dutch and Belgian cutters handled much more inexpensively than has ever been possible in the United States was cutting the small stones used for ornamenting settings and known collectively as "melee." These are polished stones of one-tenth of a carat or less in weight, and having them cut by Americans, new to the work and drawing union scale, would make them prohibitively expensive. The local firm of Baumgold Brothers, the largest cutters in the country, is experimenting hopefully with a production-line technique, in which the melee is handled by a relay of apprentice cutters, each trained to do only one operation—a radical innovation, considering that, except for the adoption of the power saw, diamond-cutting has been done in exactly the same way for two hundred years.

It is an unromantic fact that only twenty-five per cent of the diamond output winds up as jewelry. The rest is used industrially, for precision work—truing grinding wheels, drawing wire, boring pistons, etc. Industrial diamonds must now be licensed for export, whether loose or in machine tools, and the OPM recently set aside $100,000 for the purchase of industrial diamonds in Brazil. In that market the Germans are bidding against us, driving the prices up four or five times higher than normal.

Similarity

ONE of the many services performed by the Hays office for the motion-picture industry is the registration of possible titles for future movies (so there won't be a squabble later) and the issuance of a daily *Title Registration Report*, which lists the titles preëmpted by the various companies for the period covered. This publication also points out similarities between new titles and ones previously registered. Well, Columbia recently registered the title "The Gallup Poll," and the *Title Registration Report* duly listed, under "Similarities," "Galloping Gold," "Gallopin' Gaucho," "Gallopin' Gals," and "Galloping Vengeance." Seems like an awkward situation.

Tibor the Terrible

THERE'S been a to-do in the liberal press about the activities in this country of Tibor Eckhardt, a self-exiled Hungarian statesman who has been lecturing here and is engaged in organizing an agrarian party, against the day when Hitler is defeated. He has been accused by the *Nation* of being a feudal reactionary, and, for all we know, he *is* a feudal reactionary. However, everybody agrees that he's a terrific duellist, so we were interested enough to hunt him up the other day and ask if he would grant us a non-political story about his duelling career. Mr. Eckhardt, a slender, sharp-featured man of middle age with steel-gray hair and darting eyes, agreed that such a story might be of interest. He reminded us that fencing is the national sport of Hungary. "So," he said, "I have been fencing since a small boy." His English, by the way, is quite passable; he was brought up by an English nanny.

Fencing remained merely a pastime for Mr. Eckhardt until, in 1922, he deserted a civil-service career and got elected to the Hungarian Parliament. A year later he became leader of the Opposition—in Hungary, the Farmers' Party, which is dedicated to land reforms. As Opposition leader, Eckhardt came in for a good deal of heckling, and he began to practice duelling. (Technically, it seems, duelling differs radically from fencing in procedure, in that there are no formalities such as waiting for your opponent to finish a thrust before counter-attacking; both sides just pitch in.) "If you are a good duellist, you are more respected in Parliament," Eckhardt told us. Respected or not, he has figured in fifteen duels during his political career, all of them strictly in the line of governmental duty. He says he has never been in a duel because of a personal row, nor has he ever been wounded. That's considered an excellent record.

Duelling is illegal in his country, Eckhardt told us, but the punishment is very light. A first offense would, if prosecuted, result in a small fine. "About the same as you get here for parking your car in the wrong place," he explained. Incorrigible duellists are sometimes confined two or three days, but not in a common jail; they're put in the officers' quarters of a barracks, where they can do as they like and have whatever visitors they want. Always, before two duellists have at each other, the duelmaster in charge of the affair says gravely, "I remind you, gentlemen, that duelling is against the Hungarian law and I earnestly advise reconciliation." No duellist ever accepts this advice; it's just for laughs.

Duels are generally fought in the halls of fencing schools, under rules laid down at a conference of the seconds—whether the sabres are to be blunt or pointed, and whether hostilities terminate after the first wound, the second, or when, to use Eckhardt's phrase, "one participant or the other is unable for further fight." Eckhardt's longest duel took place in 1935, when he and a deputy named Ladislaus Szalay hacked away at each other for thirty-five minutes straight; at the end of this time, Szalay had incurred two wounds and, what with the exertion, was unable for further fight. Eckhardt surprised us a bit by telling us that pistol duelling is nothing compared to a sabre duel. There's only one exchange of shots, and this usually is ineffectual, because the sights have been removed from the pistols and the combatants have only five seconds in which to aim. Eckhardt has never killed an opponent—duelling fatalities are unusual in Hungary—but he has wounded his man in all his duels except those fought with pistols. We gathered, in general, that whereas in this country Ham Fish can settle a matter by issuing a statement, he'd have to issue a challenge if he were a Hungarian deputy.

Love Call

AN eager fellow who visited Taos, New Mexico, last summer relates that one of the sights of the place is a ceremony which takes place on clear, moonlit evenings. The young bucks, clad in white robes, squat picturesquely on a bridge that crosses a roaring mountain stream and sing in their native language, while the maidens gather on either side of the bridge to listen. The first time he saw this pretty sight, our tourist timidly approached one of the Indian girls and asked, "What are they singing?" "Smutty songs," she told him.

Grand Old Lady

THE career of almost any actress seems odd, once you get to thinking about it, but the career of Mildred Natwick has its own special oddity. Although she is a slim and attractive little thing in her early thirties, she has for the past nine years specialized in what are called "character parts;" i.e., mothers, maiden aunts, grandmothers, and other elderly types. It's got so that almost any producer in town would rather have Natwick in a gray wig and false bosom than the genuine article. At the moment she is, if you don't identify her by name, one of the ornaments of "Blithe Spirit," the Noel Coward play, impersonating a brisk and extroverted spiritual medium—a middle-aged one, of course. In a pensive moment, Miss Natwick has figured out that the total ages of the characters she has played in her fourteen previous Broadway appearances is seven hundred and ten years, or an average of a little over fifty. People get in the habit of bracketing her with Lionel Barrymore and Madame Ouspenskaya, and she can't really blame them.

Miss Natwick's corner on stage senility resulted, she thinks, from the fact that she flunked a College Entrance Board exam in physics, back in 1927. It was her intention to enter Bryn Mawr, and that ain't Shubert Alley. However, in working out one of the physics problems in the exam, she forgot to take the square root of a certain number, and this resulted in her getting a mark one digit below the passing grade. Her mother sent her off to the Bennett School, in Millbrook, New York, where she got interested in the drama courses and was a gone goose. Three years later she was in a stock company in Baltimore, her home town. After a couple of years of this, she met Henry Fonda, who was then a member of a summer stock company on Cape Cod, along with James Stewart and Margaret Sullavan. Miss Natwick joined the company, stepping into the shoes of a departing character actress. She did so well that she landed a Broadway part that fall, playing a fifty-year-old woman in "Carry Nation."

Miss Natwick has had three young parts—one as a maid in "Love from a Stranger;" one in "Stars in Your Eyes," a musical in which she rumbaed with Jimmy Durante; and one as a twenty-five-year-old mother of nine children, in "Missouri Legend." She's worked in Hollywood only once; she was a young woman in the O'Neill film, "The Long Voyage Home," but a very battered young woman—a pr-st-t-te, in fact. She hasn't got any particular theory about how to play old women and thinks she unconsciously models some of her action after her mother; people are always telling her that, in makeup, she's the spitting image of her mother. This makes both Miss Natwick and her mother rather moody. She has never gone out of her way to frequent the society of old ladies, feeling, she told us somewhat sadly, that each of her mellow impersonations was going to be the last. It just shows how much she knows about producers.

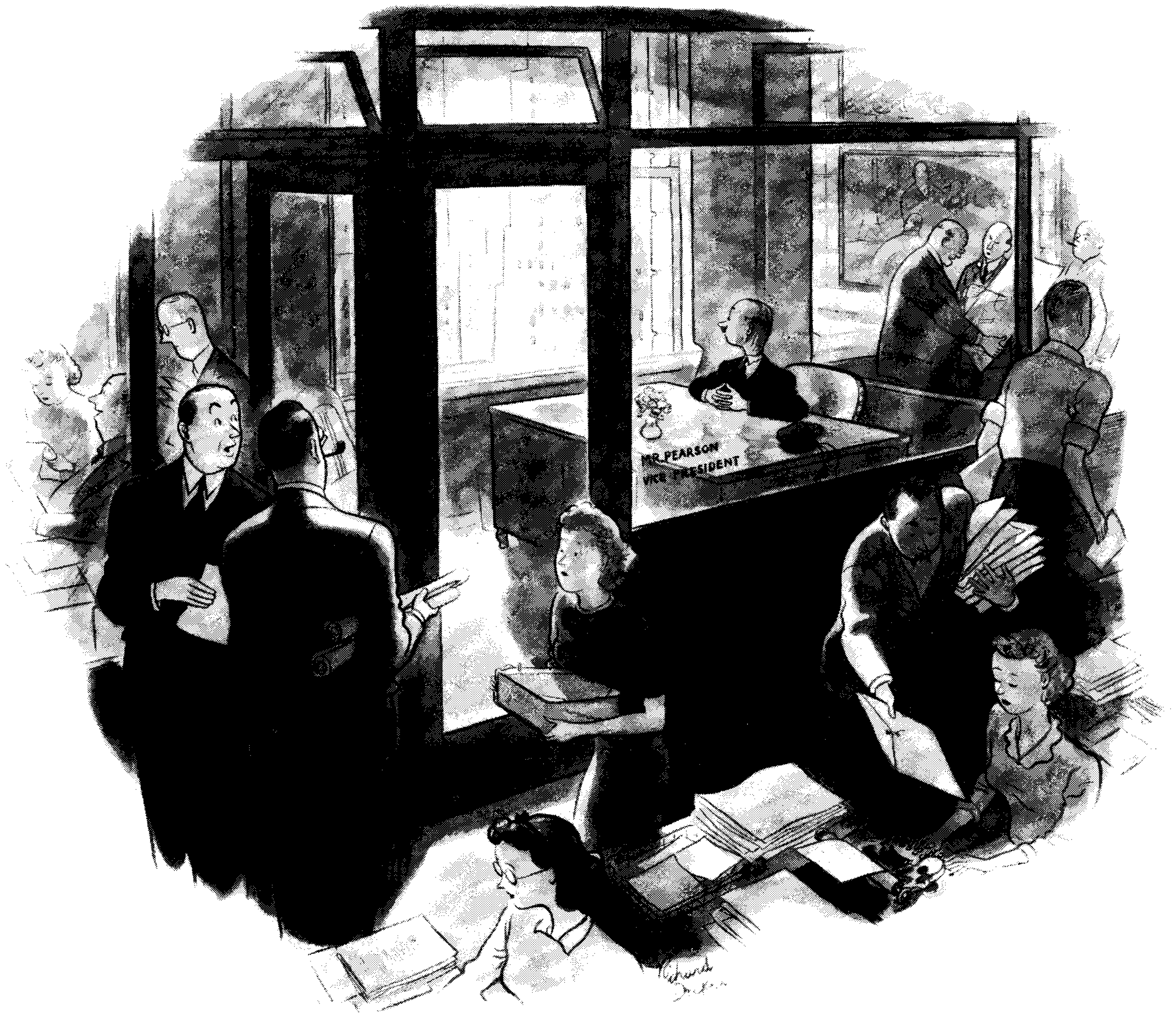
Unfledged

THE latest international military tale is about a young Swiss brought up in the United States who returned to his native land when the war broke out, joined the Swiss Army, and served a strenuous year as a member of an Alpine patrol. Tanned, healthy, and hard as nails, he came back to this country, and was soon summoned by his draft board. He was so sure of finding himself back in uniform that he wound up his affairs before getting final word on his classification. Turned out he should have waited, because he was classified under 1B, which means "deferred—fit only for limited military service." Seems he still had two of his baby teeth.

Plainfield Teachers

FULLY conscious that we were trailing a couple of other journals, we sought out Morris Newburger, the amateur humorist who founded Plainfield Teachers College, that institution of higher learning which appeared for three successive weeks in the Sunday-morning lists of football scores in the *Times* and *Herald Tribune* and, breaking into the sporting news elsewhere, was spectacularly headed for an undefeated season when *Time* spilled the beans, curt, clear, and complete. We found Mr. Newburger (Harvard '26) in his office at Newburger, Loeb & Co., brokers, and he told us that he had founded Plainfield Teachers during dinner on the night of Saturday, October 25th. He remembers it well. During the entire meal, for some reason, his mind dwelt on the problem of how obscure teams like Slippery Rock got into the newspapers week after week. "Slippery Rock, dickety-dock, Slippery Rock tickety-tock, Slippery Rock," he kept saying to himself, with variants. Suddenly he excused himself from the table and telephoned the *Times*. "I wish to report that Plainfield Teachers defeated Winona, twenty-seven to three," he said. "Thanks a lot," said the *Times*. He then called the *Herald Tribune* and went back to the table. As easy as that it began. The next morning both papers carried the score. Mr. Newburger was stunned. As he recovered, a kind of godlike feeling came over him.

On the following Saturday, Mr. Newburger attended a game in Phil-



"No, the boss married his *daughter."*

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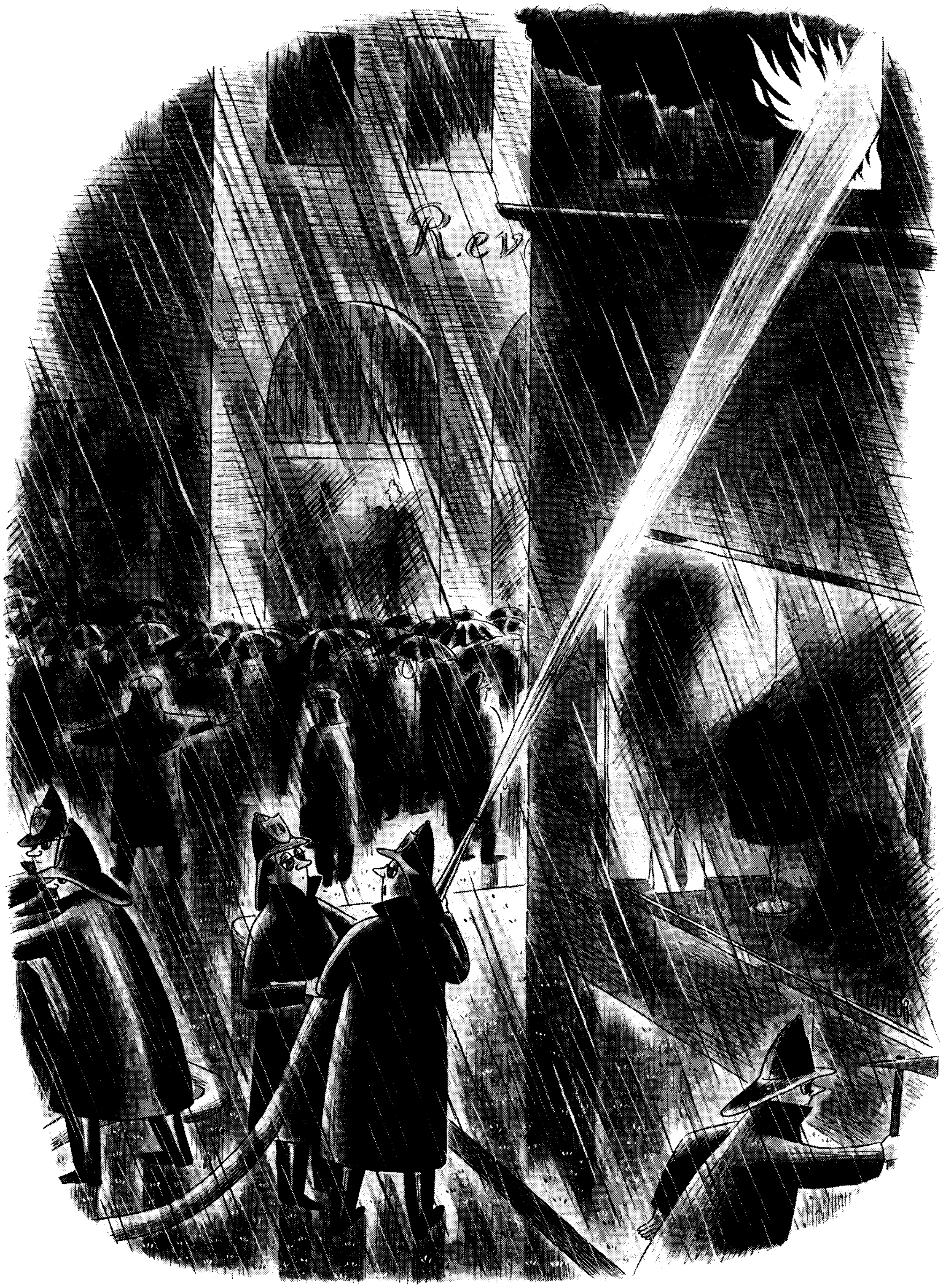
adelphia with a friend who had been let in on the secret. The two were waiting for a train home when they realized that they'd forgotten Plainfield Teachers. Newburger made for a phone booth, called the *Times* and *Tribune*, and they bit again. It was Plainfield Teachers 35, Randolph Tech 0 that day. During the following week, Newburger invented a phenomenal halfback named John Chung, a half-breed Chinaman, whose exploits were relayed to the press by a fictitious press agent he also materialized, one Jerry Croyden, complete with letterheads and mimeographing machine. Croyden sent out releases telling of Chung's prowess with such effect that a writer on the *Post* remarked knowingly, "If the Jersey dons don't watch out, he [Chung] may pop up in Chiang Kai-shek's offensive department one of these days." Plainfield Teachers trimmed Ingersoll 13–0 on November 8th. Chung ran forty-seven yards for a touchdown.

At this point Newburger was undone by his friends, who considered the hoax so funny they told other people about it. Word got pretty well around town and a *Time* man heard about it. "We begged *Time* to hold off until the end of the season," Newburger told us sadly. "We still had games with Appalachian and Harmony." *Time* was relentless. When Newburger knew the jig was up, he sent out a release, under the Croyden alias, announcing that six members of the Plainfield squad, Chung included, had failed their midterm exams and were forbidden to play for the remainder of the season. Nobody printed *that* one. "It's too bad about Chung," Newburger said. "He was stalwart, shifty, All-America material. He achieved stamina by eating rice between the halves." In the game with Appalachian, he'd have sprained his knee, but he would have returned doggedly the next week and downed Harmony 47–20.

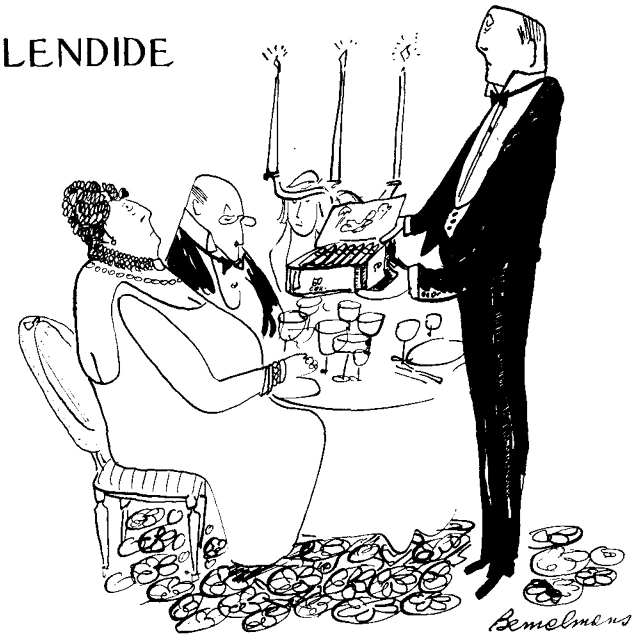
Correction

COUPLE of weeks ago, there was a party at a well-known uptown restaurant—for a retiring professor at Columbia, if we have it rightly—and one of the guests noticed, while the fruit cup was being served, that his soup spoon had an unmistakable spot of egg on it. He showed it to the waiter, with some such muttered remark as "What the hell!" The waiter smiled sympathetically, shook his head, and pointed to another spoon beside the diner's plate. "You've got the wrong one," he whispered.



"We must look like damn fools."

THE MURDERER OF THE SPLENDIDE



Mespoulets, who was the worst waiter at the Hotel Splendide when I was his busboy, and my oldest friend at the hotel, deteriorated both professionally and personally as the years went by. When I had become an assistant to the manager of the banquet department, he was still in charge of the section of the restaurant known as the monkeyhouse, a dismal corner where the carpet was patched, where the service doors banged, where drafts of cold air came down from the ventilators directly overhead, and cooking smells, mixed with the vapors of dishwater, came in warm waves from the kitchen. There, in the shadow of a dying palm tree, he functioned loudly and ineptly, breaking plates and glasses, spilling soup on people's sleeves, mixing up orders, and talking back to the guests. He was tired and miserable. In a dress suit shiny with the drippings of every soup and sauce on the menu, he could be seen leaning on a banister, biting his nails, looking into space, and waiting for the occasional undesirable customers whom Monsieur Victor, the maître d'hôtel, sentenced to Mespoulets' section as to a penal colony. He made barely enough to live on and had moved from his furnished room in Chelsea to a cheaper one in Brooklyn. It was hard to find anyone to work with him; no busboy wanted to share the meagre tips or suffer the abuse of Mespoulets. Once kind and patient, he had become like a mean old dog. I was afraid that Mespoulets would be fired any day.

The firing of employees usually took place about nine in the morning. At that time every day, Monsieur Victor arrived in a short black coat and striped trousers, sat down at a table in the empty dining room, drank a cup of English breakfast tea, ate a brioche, and smoked a few Dimitrinos. His secretary brought him the mail and sat at a table nearby, ready to take down whatever orders he might have to give. His first assistant hovered around respectfully. The manager of the banquet department and myself were responsible directly to Monsieur Victor, and it was our duty to hover around also at this hour. Captains, waiters, and busboys who were in trouble were called in and made to stand before Monsieur Victor, and a kind of court-martial was held. Victor, an expert at inflicting pain, moved his chair back and announced his findings slowly and usually with a smile. He treated the culprits to short, exquisite essays on promptness, on the relations between guest and waiter, on service, and on the particular circumstances of their cases. He loved to do this with deliberation. His essays nearly always ended in discharge. We three, the audience, stood by, limp and silent, hoping that someday some man would beat Monsieur Victor up or at least throw something in his face. His judgments were absolute and final. He wished no advice, no defense of his victims, no recommendations for clemency, and, above all, no explanations.

It was no surprise to me when one morning, while Victor was opening his mail, he smiled, looked up at me, and then, as he started to read a letter, said, "Go call Mespoulets. I am going to fire your friend. He is—" But there he stopped. He put the letter he had just opened into his pocket and abruptly dismissed all those present. I started to leave the restaurant and he got up from his table, ran after me, took my arm, and said, "Come here. Have a look at this." Behind a screen near the sickly palm under which Mespoulets' tables stood, he showed me the letter he had put in his pocket. It was a sheet of yellow paper decorated with daggers and skulls and a bleeding heart. Under this was printed in crude letters, "YOU ARE DOOMED, VICTOR." Victor no longer smiled; his voice had changed. He read the words over and over, looked at the drawings, held the paper against the light, and then looked at the envelope. It was postmarked "Brooklyn." "What do you think of it?" he asked me. "Should I call the police? My God, I have never—what do you think?" I said that I thought it was a joke. At that moment Mespoulets came in with an armful of tablecloths and began to put them on his tables, smoothing them out with his hands. He made a deep bow and said, "*Bonjour*, M'sieu Victor." Victor, who hardly ever spoke directly to an employee except to reprimand him and answered all greetings with a curt nod of his head, said, "*Bonjour*, Mespoulets." I thought he might be in the proper mood for leniency, and I asked him if, as a favor to me, he would let me take Mespoulets over into the banquet department, where I could give him a simple job in which his shortcomings would not be noticeable.

"Of course, of course," he said. "But about this—about the letter—should I call the police? Don't you think it would be better if I did? No, no," he answered himself. "I think you are right. It's a joke." He tore the letter up. Then he put the pieces together and read the message once more, shoved it into his pocket, and went to his office. Two more letters with the same decorations, the same warning of doom for Victor, and the same Brooklyn postmark arrived that week, and Victor remained nervous and subdued. No one was fired for days, and Mespoulets became a waiter in the banquet department.

The waiters who are engaged to work at banquets need not be as swift, as intelligent, or as presentable as those who serve in the restaurants of a hotel like the Splendide. Their duties are much simpler. At a banquet, each waiter has one table. At that table are seated eight guests, who naturally all eat at the same time. A signal—usually a green light somewhere near the ceiling—is given by the banquet headwaiter when the guests are to be served a new course, and the signal also tells the waiters when the plates are to be changed for the next course. It is all cut and dried. The waiter is a kind of conveyer belt that runs from kitchen to guests and then out into the pantry, loaded with the dirty dishes. The people on the dais, at the speakers' table, or, in the case of weddings, the immediate family are served by a few well-trained men. The rest are extras hired for the night. Although Mespoulets was worse than most of the extras, I put him on the regular payroll and assigned him to a table in the ballroom, where the big banquets were held. His table was just a few steps away from the pantry. He was teamed up with a younger waiter, another Frenchman, named Ladame, and it seemed to be working out about as well as I had expected.

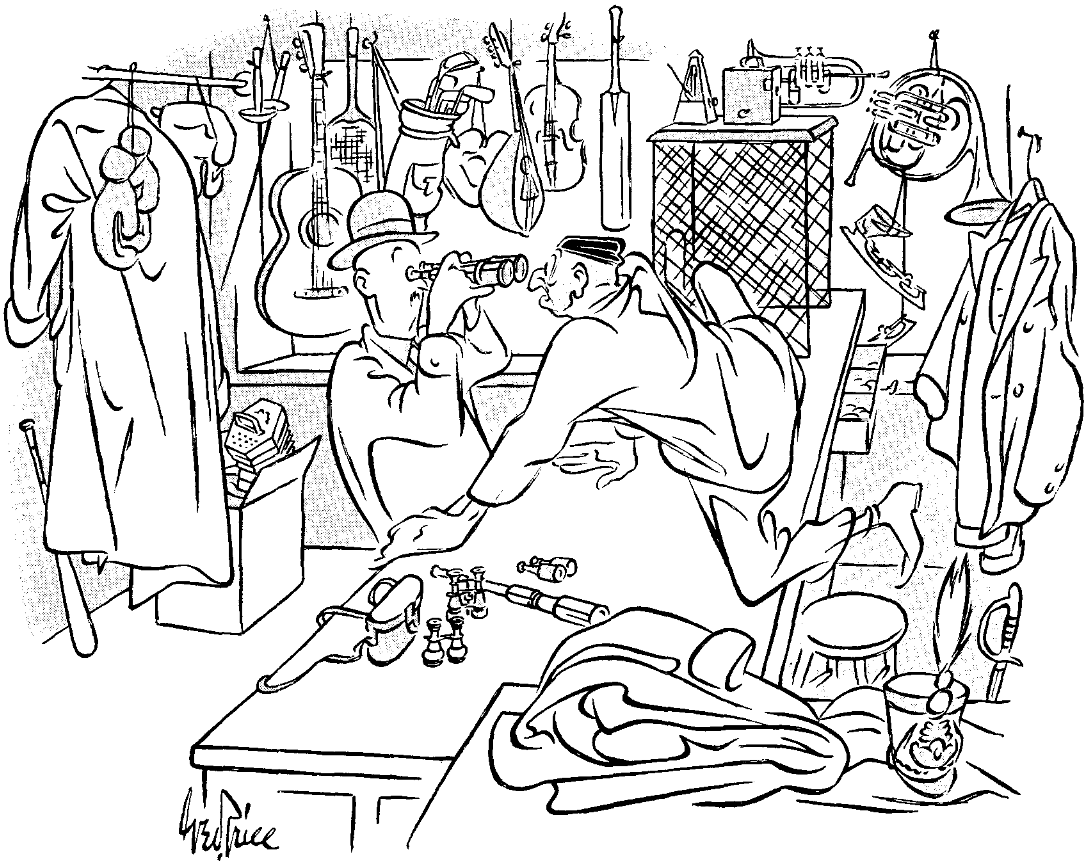
Every large hotel has among its waiters a group of malcontents. They congregate in groups in the pantries while they wait to serve; they stand in the kitchen or pantry and discuss the state of the world. In those days the Germans argued about their German problems; the Italians, in another group, waved their napkins in the air and shouted and made wild-eyed predictions. Mespoulets was soon the leader of the discontented Frenchmen. He was articulate, he had Communistic ideas, and in his harangues he rescued a few ominous bons mots from his failing memory. "*Ecrasez l'infâme!*" he would shout. The nervous French waiters who were in his group sometimes thought him too violent. The Germans and Italians would come up and listen to him. The pantry rang with his eloquence, and often I had to send a captain to tell him to be quiet, because the noise could be heard inside the ballroom above the voices of the speakers. Even the waiters sometimes said, "Sh-h-h! Quiet, Mespoulets."

When the signal to serve was given, Mespoulets usually came down from his pulpit, the second step of the pantry stairway, and ran to get a tray of dishes. Trembling, mumbling, and excited, he walked into the ballroom and served his guests. Then he retired to a corner, wiped the sweat from his forehead with a napkin instead of his handkerchief, and bit his nails until the little green light gave the signal to clear off. He would not see it, but his partner, Ladame, would say, "All right, Mespoulets, clear off," and Mespoulets would clear off.

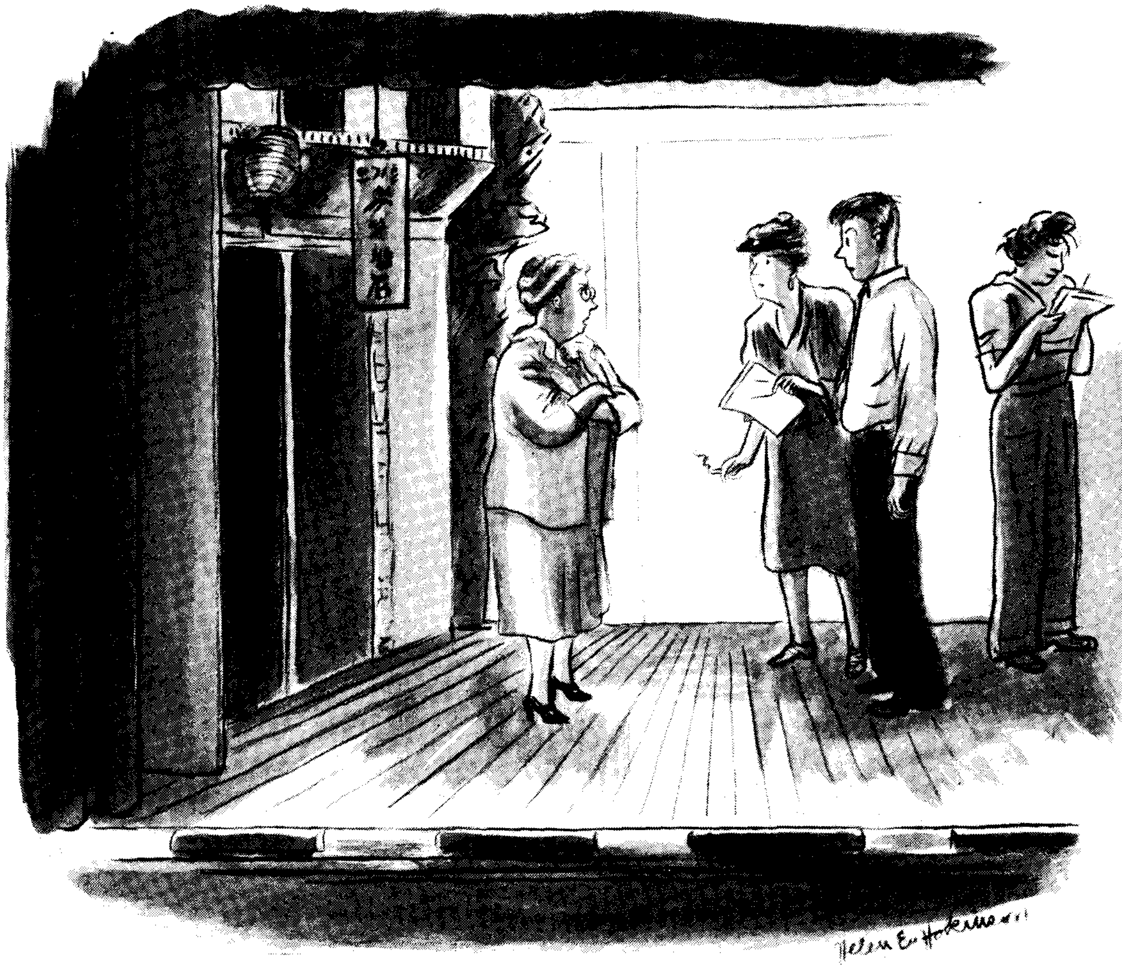
Mespoulets was moody. For several days at a time he would seem to be happy, almost elated. Around his mouth played a smile of self-satisfaction, and he talked confidently to the other waiters. From this mood he would sink into a torpid, sullen state and would complain of headaches. One time, after a long speech to the other waiters, he fell on the floor of the pantry in a faint. He lay with his eyes wide open and his hands turned into claws. When he came to, I got the house physician to look at him. The doctor said he just needed a few days' rest. I sent him to his room in Brooklyn in a taxicab and told him to stay there until he felt well again.

ABOUT a week later, he came back. After what had happened, I could no longer employ him as a waiter, but he could be used on other, easier jobs. I made him a captain. I thought there could be no waiter so dumb or so old that he could fail as a captain in the banquet department. A captain in the banquet department has a black tie instead of a white one, and for the rest, he nods to guests as they come in and smiles and shows people where the ladies' and gentlemen's rooms are—"Downstairs to the left, Madame. Downstairs to the right, Monsieur." He is engaged chiefly for decorative purposes, and the only other thing he has to do is pass the cigars while the coffee is being served. Mespoulets, however, proved he could not be trusted even with these duties. He did not take any cigars for himself, but he became absentminded and passed them to the ladies. He also gave both ladies and gentlemen the wrong directions. I had to take his black tie away from him and give him a job in which he did not come in contact with the guests.

He was a good penman and we had a job open for a man to make out lists of material that had to be ordered for banquets—long sheets of paper on which were printed the many things one needs to serve a mass of people. The lists started with demitasse spoons and ended with how many buckets of fine ice and cube ice had to be ordered to cool champagne, to shake up in cocktails, at which time all this had to be delivered, and to what pantry. Besides this, checks had to be sent out for various supplies which the department bought. To this job we assigned Mespoulets, and he did his work to everyone's satisfaction. He seemed very happy to have escaped into a job in which, he said, he was a gentleman and could use his mind. He kept clerical hours now, washed his hands at five, and at five-thirty went home. There was peace for a while in the ballroom. Below, in the restaurant, the letters on yellow paper decorated with dag-



"*A powerful glass, sir. Looks like I'm right on top of you, doesn't it?*"



"Zey call me Muzzer Goddam."

gers, guns, and bleeding hearts, and more recently with bombs blowing up tables and chairs, kept arriving regularly.

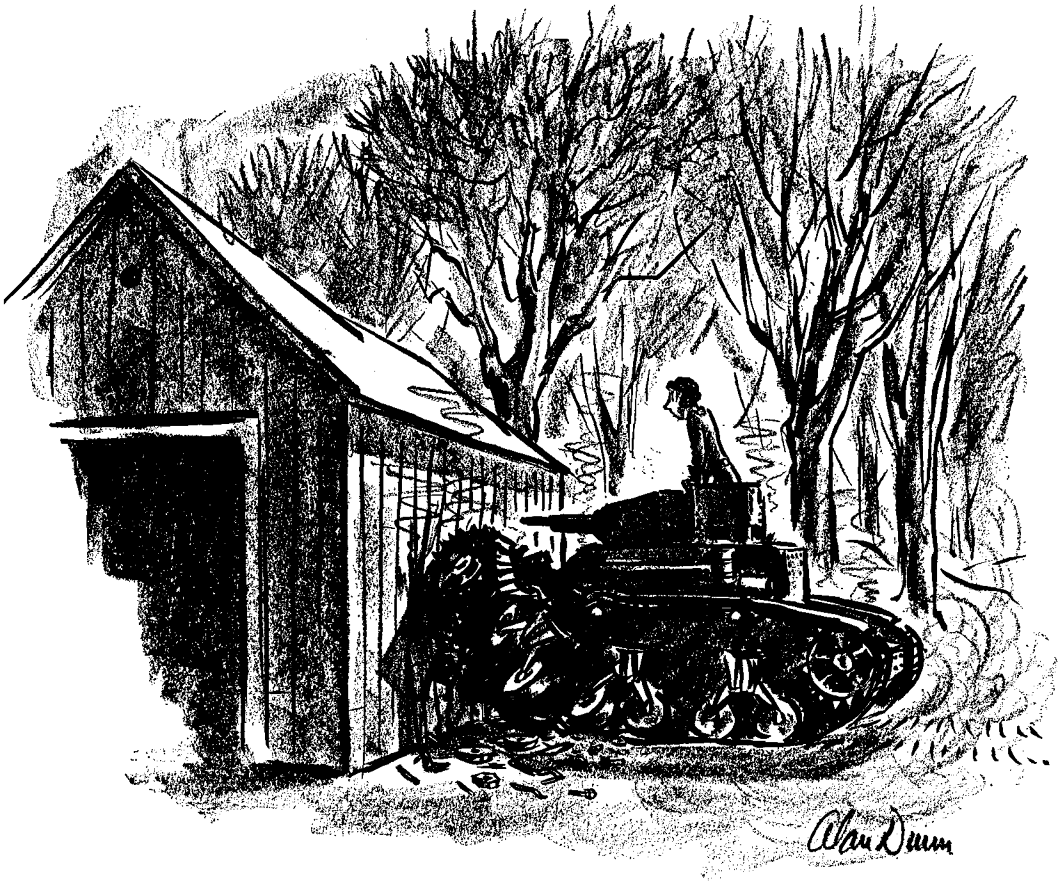
Victor had begun to get used to them, but he was still a little nervous. Von Kyling, the banquet manager, had shown them to the police captain of our precinct, who had said that they were clearly from a dangerous maniac but one who, since he put his fury into writing and drawing, probably would not try to put it into action unless he was further irritated by something. The police captain asked von Kyling if any of us had any suspicions as to who the writer of the letters might be, and von Kyling said that it could be any one of a thousand or so employees whom Victor had fired, or even one of the innumerable undesirable guests of the hotel whom Victor had insulted in the course of many years. The police captain said in that case he could be of little help. Victor continued to examine the letters morbidly and show them to us when they came in, but none of us could think of anything to do about them. His secretary filed them away, and there got to be quite a folder of them.

Late one afternoon, Ladame, the French waiter who had been teamed with Mespoulets in the ballroom, came to me with the face of one who is burdened. He twisted and squeezed a napkin in his hands and moved a chair and finally asked for a few words with me alone. He asked for my strict confidence, and then, looking around several times and leading me to a dim corner of the ballroom, told me that he did not wish to turn informer but he felt he had to tell me, and that he told me because I was a friend of Mespoulets and had always helped him, and so on, and that he told me only because he was worried. He finally whispered that Mespoulets had said if he, Ladame, would bring him his telephone and gas and electric-light bills, he would see to it that they were paid. Mespoulets had explained that he was the secretary of the banquet department now, and sent out checks, and that he would arrange to mix these bills with invoices and have them O.K.'d and paid. It was perfectly all right to do this, Mespoulets had said, because the hotel oppressed and exploited its employees. Victor, who was rich, was particularly tyrannical and this was just one little way in which he could make things even. To how many men Mespoulets had offered this assistance, Ladame did not know.

When I went to look for Mespoulets, I found he had gone home. I asked the night auditor to come over and we went through the invoices. We found several irregularities—checks Mespoulets had sent out for small sums, like two dollars and thirty-five cents, a dollar-eighty, and the highest for four dollars and thirty-six cents. I asked the auditor to keep the matter quiet for the time being.

Early the next day I looked for Mespoulets again. I could tell that he had come to work because his hat and coat were in the employees' cloakroom, but he was not at his desk. A bellboy told me he had seen Mespoulets go into a long corridor which runs under the ballroom stage. It was a weird place. The electricians went in there sometimes to replace fuses or to connect cables for projection machines when movies were to be shown. The parts of a long, horseshoe table were stored in there as well. On one side of this passage were switches and boxes with fuses, and on the other was a row of steel doors, behind which the elevators passed up and down, sucking in air and rattling the doors. The place was filled with the breathing of the heavy machinery, a mechanical intake and outgo, and a machine somewhere far below pounded in even rhythm like a beating heart. I walked in there and saw Mespoulets at the other end. He was leaning against a steel door, holding his head with both hands and whimpering like an animal. He had not heard me come in and he did not see me go.

It all fitted together now—the speeches, the feeling of persecution exhibited in the petty embezzlements, the resentment of Victor, the fainting spell, the periods of elation and depression,



and now this hysteria. Mespoulets lived in Brooklyn, and he was the man who had been writing the letters to Victor.

I WENT to Victor's secretary and asked her to give me the letters. A new one had arrived a few days before. On the yellow paper there was again the bleeding heart, the dagger filled in with red ink to the hilt, and a scene in which a bomb blew up tables and chairs. The chairs in the restaurant of the Splendide were of peculiar construction, very costly, and styled unlike the chairs in any other restaurant. Even in the crude fashion in which the chairs on the yellow paper were drawn, they clearly resembled our chairs. Someone who knew these chairs well and had worked among them was writing and illustrating the letters. The last letter was signed in something of a brownish shade. It was more violent and confused than any of the others had been.

Without telling either Monsieur Victor or von Kyling, I took the packet of letters and went to see the head of the psychiatric department of one of the city's largest hospitals, a man who often came to the hotel and with whom I was acquainted. He looked at them carefully and began to read them. Soon he became interested and started to nod his head. He thought that the last one was probably signed with blood. He swung his chair around and said, "This man is a killer." I asked him if anything could be done about the situation, and he said, "Sometimes—if there is a close relative willing to sign a commitment to an insane asylum. Has this man any relatives?"

"He has, as far as I know, a daughter who lives in France—Marseilles," I said.

"There you are," he said. "Without a relative, you can do very little. If you had a business out and away from everywhere, then, between you and me, I'd advise you to run him over with a truck and make it look like an accident. As it is, there's nothing much you can do. The laws governing the legal commitment of such people are themselves psychopathic. Why, only last year, twenty-one such cases were brought to me right here in this hospital. I had to release every one of them, identical cases, exactly like this one. Up to this moment seven of them have done murder, and I am waiting for the others. Under the law, you need a relative to commit them. It's practically impossible to have them put away without a relative. The law is on the side of these maniacs. This man is safe as long as he can take it out in writing letters, but God help you if he runs out of paper. Whatever you do, don't annoy him, and for heaven's sake don't fire him.

"There's always this comfort. Last year one of these fellows chased me all over the lobby of a hotel in Milwaukee. He fired four times and missed me three. The fourth shot was only a flesh wound." The doctor pulled up his right trouser leg and showed me a scar just below his knee. "They get into a high state of excitement, and the motor reactions are interfered with, and for those reasons he may quite possibly miss you."

The psychiatrist gave me back the letters, and at the elevator he said once more, "And don't forget—don't fire him, whatever you do, and try not to provoke him."

I went back to the hotel as quickly as I could and ran up to the ballroom. As I passed through the outer office, I saw that Mespoulets' desk was still vacant. But instead of the usual disorder, the ink, pens, and blotters were neatly arranged, and the books and various forms he used for ordering material had been put away. I asked von Kyling where Mespoulets was, and he said that Victor had found out about the checks and had fired him just before lunch. "How did he take it?" I asked. "He didn't say a word—just nodded, and went and got his hat and coat and left," said von Kyling.

I went over to the restaurant and asked Victor to come to the ballroom, where we could talk privately. I gave him back the letters and told him what the doctor at the hospital had said. Victor sat down. His face twitched and he said, "Oh God, oh God, oh my *God!*" He wanted to call the police, but, afraid of the publicity this might bring to the Splendide, he instead gave orders to the timekeeper not to let Mespoulets into the hotel. He stationed a maître d'hôtel at the entrance to the lobby and another in the pantry, and before he went to his office he called up his secretary and asked, "Is everything all right over there?" "Yes, everything is all right over here," she answered. He looked around corners as he left the office, slowly walked out into the open ballroom, ran down to the restaurant, and, in spite of all these precautions, complained of a headache and went home right after lunch.

He came to see von Kyling and me the next morning in the ballroom office before he had his brioche and tea. He said that he had not been able to close an eye all night. He had a drink, then called up his office, and asked, as he had the day before, "Is everything all right over there?," and his secretary answered that everything was all right. He took one more drink and went over to his office.

Von Kyling and I sat down. Von Kyling was a quiet man and always did the thinking when we were in any difficulty. He was bald on top of his head and over each ear was a patch of gray hair which he let grow very long. When he thought hard he twisted these hairs into curls. He had not slept either.

"Before we do anything," said von Kyling, "we want to find out how Mespoulets feels about this. We'll get hold of Ladame and send him over to Mespoulets' house. Ladame is to tell him that he is very indignant at his discharge and he is to try and find out how Mespoulets feels about it."

We sent Ladame over to Brooklyn. He came back and said that he had found Mespoulets sitting at a table, talking to himself and drinking brandy. He had bitten his fingernails, refused to answer questions, and looked out of the window.

When Ladame had left, von Kyling said to me, "Listen carefully and tell me how this sounds to you. The telephone bills and the gas and electric-light bills were paid with company checks. You go over with Ladame and see Mespoulets. He trusts you. You tell him that you have come to warn him. Say that the company has put the whole thing into the hands of the police and that the police are on the way to his house, but because you are his friend, you have come to warn him and help him to get away. We have to get him on a boat, get him out of the country. Once he's out, he can't come back. He's not even got his first papers."

For the next hour, von Kyling was busy telephoning. With the aid of the hotel's steamship agent, he found the office of a travel bureau which specialized in trips on tramp steamers. Their downtown office informed us of four boats that were leaving at dawn the next day. The most suitable of these seemed to be the twelve-thousand-ton cargo boat Sadi Carnot, sailing from Brooklyn for Marseilles. While von Kyling arranged for the passage, Ladame and I went to see Mespoulets in his rooming house. We found him bent over a table in his room. He listened quietly. We did not mention the letters and neither did he. He thanked us for our efforts to save him from the police, cried a little, and we helped him pack. We took him out to a late dinner, gave him more to drink, and put him on his ship toward morning. In his stateroom, we helped him into bed, left him some money, and sat with him as he fell asleep. We left him just before the boat sailed at sunrise.

As soon as Victor walked into the hotel that morning, he called von Kyling up and asked whether everything was all right, then asked us to come over to his office. He listened quietly to the report of what we had done with Mespoulets. When he had been troubled, he had become cordial. Now he was himself again. He spoke in precise, superior tones; he divided his attention between the telephone and a list of reservations beside which he was writing table numbers. He had realized that we might ask him for a contribution toward the cost of disposing of Mespoulets, so now, without asking what this sum was, he suggested that it might be broken up and charged against operating expenses. He hummed softly to himself and disappeared among his tables, placing reservation cards here and there.

VICTOR'S reprieve from anxiety was brief. Two days later, at the customary morning court-martial for employees about to be fired, Victor was opening his mail and prolonging the sentencing of a busboy with a little essay on service when he flung down a half-opened envelope and jumped out of his chair, pale and twitching. Protruding from an envelope was the familiar yellow paper, and when we unfolded the letter, there was the bleeding heart once more and the warning, "YOU ARE DOOMED, VICTOR." The letter had been mailed the night before, in Brooklyn.

—LUDWIG BEMELMANS

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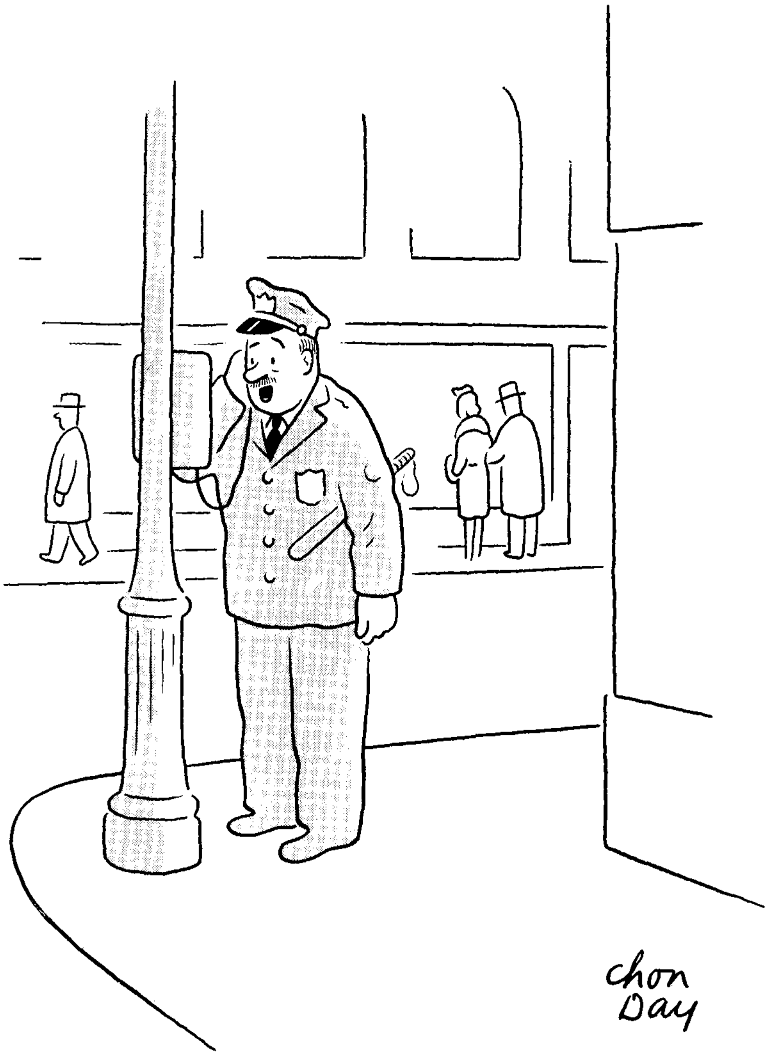
He is explaining the situation by pointing to headlines, because Mrs. Gibbs, Rumanian-born, still has difficulty with spoke Esglish.—*Kansas City Star.*

She shouldn't; there's nothing to it.



"No one's done anything wrong all day long, Sergeant."

A FAIR ANSWER TO A FAIR QUESTION,

OR THE QUEEN'S BENDER

UDGA TABLETS cure stomach or ulcer pains, indigestion, gas pains, heartburn, burning sensation, bloat, and other conditions caused by excess acid; if they don't, your money will be refunded. I know this because I saw it in an advertisement, and I read the advertisement because it was irresistible. "An intriguing story of Cleopatra," it began, "is the one where an admirer praised the beauty of two of her pearls, whereupon she dropped one into a glass of wine and drank it. She would hardly have done this had she suffered after-eating pains. Those who are distressed with stomach or ulcer pains—" But you know the rest.

The heading of this advertisement posed a question which, I am sure, the writer regarded as purely rhetorical, but which I do not: "Could Cleopatra Drink a Pearl with Stomach Ulcer Pains?" The writer obviously intended me to reply, mentally, "No, of course not." Actually, my reply is "Certainly." For the purposes of exposition, I might rephrase the question, without essentially altering its intention: "*Would* Cleopatra Drink a Pearl with Stomach Ulcer Pains?" or even "Would Anybody Except a Person Whose Manner of Life Had Made Her Liable to Ulcer Pains Do a Thing Like Drinking a Pearl in Wine Because Somebody Admired It?" Well, let's turn back the pages of history:

(*Scene: Cleopatra's apartment, a smart little two-room flat on Central Park South. It is well furnished, but at the moment terribly disarranged. All the lights are on although it is one-thirty in the afternoon. A pair of evening slippers on the dressing table, a gold lamé gown in the middle of the floor, a girdle and a pair of stockings on a chair. Cleopatra, a pretty little thing in her early thirties with the beginnings of a peptic ulcer, is asleep under a puff. In her hair is a small orchid, which she has evidently forgotten to remove before retiring. The telephone, a worldly-looking instrument of white enamel, begins to ring.*)

CLEOPATRA (*reaching for the telephone and picking it up without opening her eyes*): Hmf?

(*It is the voice of Charmian, handmaiden of Cleopatra and, incidentally, one of her classmates at Bryn Mawr.*)

CHARMIAN: Darling, what's *happened* to you? Have you forgotten we had a luncheon date?

CLEOPATRA: Whz lnchn da, hmm?

CHARMIAN (*laughs brightly*): Pull yourself together, dear. Iras and I are waiting for you at the Colony. After all, it was *your* idea.

CLEOPATRA (*opening one eye, cautiously*): Ouch! Charmian, I feel terrible.

CHARMIAN: Well, it isn't like you had more sleep than Iras and I. Didn't that man with the mustache take you home after we left Hamburg Heaven?

CLEOPATRA: What man? What mustache?

CHARMIAN: You mean you've forgotten him already? You seemed awful fond of him at Leon and Eddie's.

CLEOPATRA: Did we go to Leon and Eddie's?

CHARMIAN: Well, it was your idea, dear. You said you didn't want to stay at Jimmy Kelly's because it was too far downtown, and you wanted—

CLEOPATRA (*full of wonder*): Jimmy Kelly's?

CHARMIAN: You mean you don't remember about Jimmy Kelly's? About drinking one of your pearls in a glass of wine?

CLEOPATRA: You know I never drink wine, darling. Don't be stupid.

CHARMIAN: Well, you were drinking wine at Jimmy Kelly's is all I can say. You picked up this awful man with the mustache at the bar, and he ordered wine, and you drank most of it. Honestly, I could have died listening to you give these crazy toasts. You'd hold up your glass to this *drip*, and you'd say, "Well, here's rolling up in a rug and having myself delivered at *your* house!" Honestly—

CLEOPATRA (*her mind suddenly functioning*): I drank a *pearl?* Charmian, tell me the truth! Did I drink a *pearl* in that wine?

CHARMIAN: I'm *telling* you, darling!

CLEOPATRA: Wait a minute! (*She gets out of bed, somewhat unsteadily, and rummages about on her dressing table; finds one pearl earring*) Oh, Isis! Oh, my goodness! (*Returns to bed and picks up telephone*) Charmian, I can't find only one earring!

CHARMIAN: I'm *telling* you! This goon with the mustache said what nice pearls, and you said, "Oh, so you like them, huh?," and he said yes, he did, and you said, "Very well, then," and you dropped one of the pearls right in your wine and drank it. You should have seen the waiter—I thought he'd *pop!*

CLEOPATRA: But did I—did I—

CHARMIAN: Oh, you tore off the wire and screws and things. You just drank the pearl.

CLEOPATRA: Oh, my goodness! Oh, oh, *oh*, OH!

CHARMIAN: What you need is a drink and some food, darling. You get dressed and come on over, and—

CLEOPATRA: Charmian, I'm never going to drink again. (*She hangs up, gets out of bed, and starts toward the kitchenette for the Scotch and White Rock.*)

I HAD no sooner finished this piece of historical research than I picked up a newspaper and read, above the familiar news about Udga relieving stomach or ulcer pains, indigestion, etc., this new question: "Could Victoria Reign 63 Years with Stomach Ulcer Pains?" To this my answer is "Yes, but I'm too tired to prove it."

—RUSSELL MALONEY

•

THE BREAD OF FRANCE

For giving a crust of bread to a beggar without payment, a baker of Chartres was fined 200 francs, and his shop closed for a month.—*The Times.*

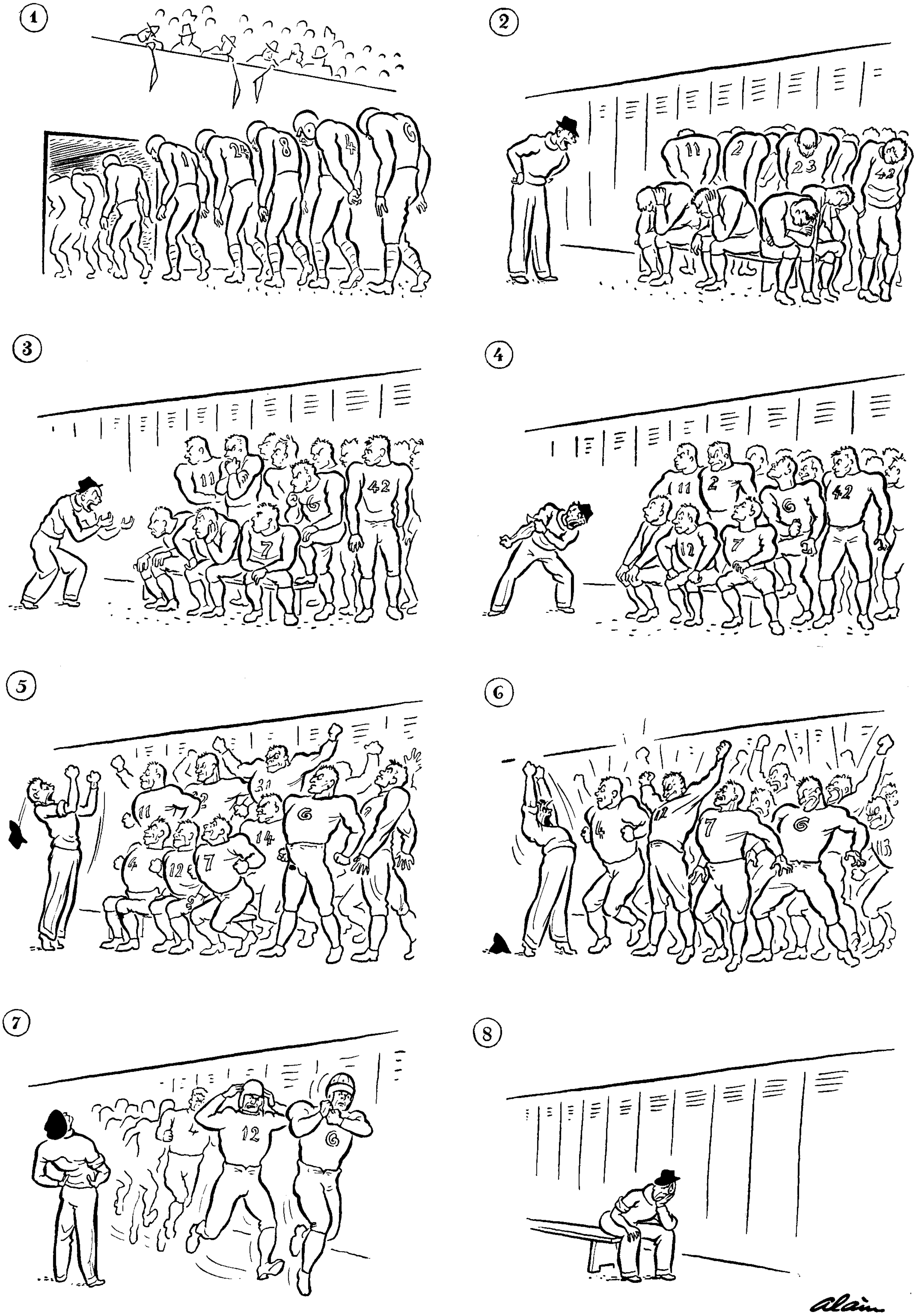
In the New Order, now, how stable
The world—and Justice how secure!
The dark loaf sits upon the table,
Safe from the hungry and the poor.

Now Charity's a felon's daughter.
Now he that asks receives a stone.
Cast but a crumb on any water
And for the sacrilege atone.

And if a man, in stubborn blindness,
Complain his share is dry as dust
Without the milk of human kindness
To moisten his immaculate crust,

Let him be humbler with his betters—
Present his coupons, bow his head,
Or learn to love by fines and fetters
The taste of this egregious bread.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY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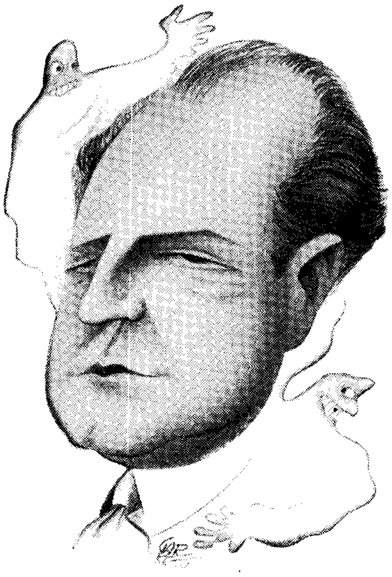
PROFILES

NOTHING UP HIS SLEEVE



Joseph Dunninger

WHETHER Joseph Dunninger, an accomplished magician who has sliced a coöperative lady into eight rejoinable pieces and therefore looks down upon ordinary, bisecting magicians, will ultimately be remembered as a sleight-of-hand expert, a mind-reader, or a determined foe of spiritualistic mediums is something that not even a Dunninger can state with precision. "I may turn out to be the world's greatest chemist," he said a while ago, startling a friend who had never heard of his being associated with the sciences at all. "I may become known as the inventor of the invisible battleship," Dunninger went on in dreamy speculation. "But, fundamentally, I am the last of the great name magicians." Just a few days before, the same friend had heard him say, "I am not a magician, though I have been looked upon as the world's highest authority on magic. Fundamentally, I am a mentalist, a demonstrator of telepathic communication." The friend refrained from pointing out this seeming contradiction, fearing that if he did, he might find himself a potential victim of Dunninger's malevolent generosity. The magician, or mentalist, has two notable characteristics: he is addicted to the use of the word "naturally" (as in, speaking of other manipulative artists, "Any trick that any one of them has ever done, I can, naturally, duplicate,") and he frequently proposes to give people whose theories annoy him large sums of money, provided, naturally, that they can substantiate their beliefs to his satisfaction.

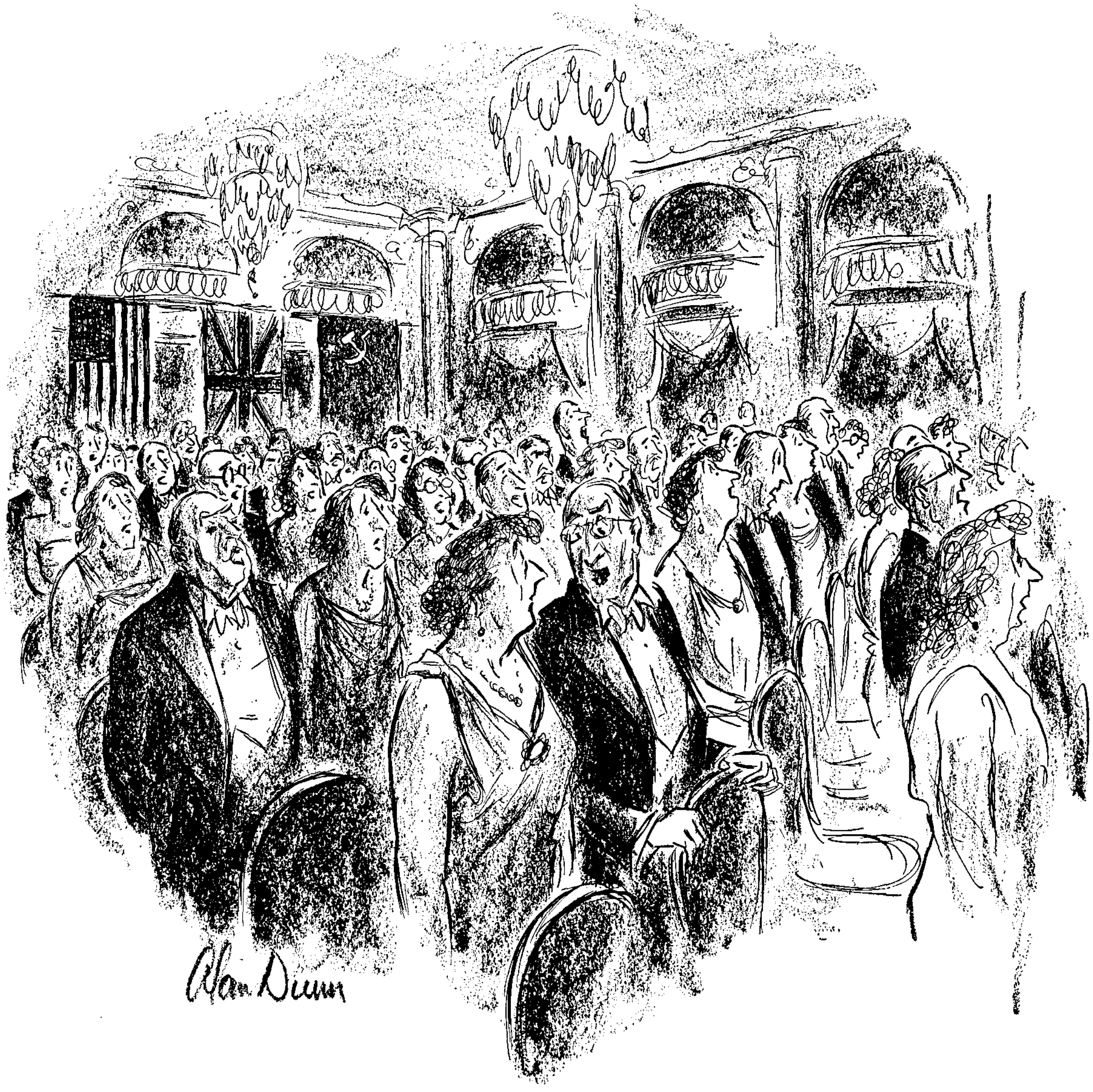
In the last fifteen or twenty years, Dunninger has made a number of such offers, the most prominent being one of $10,000, still standing, to anybody who can produce by psychic or supernatural means any physical phenomenon that he cannot reproduce by natural means or explain in convincing, materialistic terms. Dunninger is fond of that particular sum of money and from time to time has offered it to anybody who, with astral aid, can disclose the translation of secret code messages entrusted to him by the late Harry Houdini, the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and the late Thomas A. Edison, all of whom wanted to investigate the possibilities of communication with spirits. Dunninger has offered an identical sum to anybody who can introduce him to a real, house-haunting ghost. He also once offered it to a certain four-year-old girl who was reputed to have exceptional mediumistic powers and whom he invited to try to utter a three-letter word of his choice. On the advice of her mother, a spiritualist, the young lady declined to undergo the test, a decision which gave Dunninger, who feels that money talks, considerable amusement. "Imagine!" he says. "Ten thousand dollars for merely three letters!"

Dunninger, a tall, solid man in his forties, with a penetrating gaze, a receding hairline, and in general the appearance of a successful concertmaster, has not yet paid out a cent to any medium or budding medium, and never expects to have to. He is as certain as he is of the number of playing cards in a sealed deck that spirits do not exist and thus are in no position to help mediums extract even a half-dollar from his palm. If, however, he should be proved wrong and some unexpected spirits should contrive to relieve him of twenty or thirty thousand dollars, he would probably not be forced into bankruptcy. "I am the highest-priced society entertainer there is," he says on occasion. Although there are at least a few society entertainers whose talents are possibly better rewarded than his, he has nevertheless done all right for himself. Appearing as a magician and a mentalist at numerous banquets, conventions, and people's homes, he has since 1930 taken in between $25,000 and $35,000 a year, has induced countless citizens to profess themselves "amazed" and "spellbound" at his performances, and once prompted the general secretary of the Savings Bank Association of the State of New York to write, testimonially, "He kept our crowd of five hundred keenly interested for practically two hours, which in itself is an outstanding feat."

IT is often asserted by mediums that Dunninger is a medium himself but is just too mean to admit it. The manager of a distinguished practitioner once hinted, after watching Dunninger deftly rock some tables, levitate a chair or two, and cause an impressive amount of apparently ectoplasmic substance to dribble from the corners of his mouth, that he would gladly abandon his client and take up with Dunninger instead. Such reactions to Dunninger's activities delight him, since he feels they strengthen his contention that he can by trickery create ghostly effects just as spectacular as the ones mediums claim to achieve with supernatural assistance. Dunninger places mediums in two categories, but includes himself in neither. "There are those," he says, "who set out by fraudulent practice to make money, and there are those who are likewise taking money but sincerely believe the things they do are genuine. They really think they hear things." Dunninger feels sorry for mediums who, sometimes because of self-hypnosis, have unswerving faith in the authenticity of their psychic powers, but he scorns those who are merely out to enrich themselves at the expense of gullible people eager to chat with their ancestors. "If spirits were going to communicate with the earth," he says, "wouldn't they get directly in touch with the nearest of kin and not with a fifty-cent medium in a fourth-floor walkup? Why should spirits push tambourines around, anyway, and whisper through trumpets? It's absurd. Just where, moreover, do these spirits get their clothes from? Why aren't they all naked?" Such questions unsettle most mediums, who do not enjoy submitting themselves to Dunninger's stare, which always seems hypnotic and occasionally, in the case of a susceptible person, has been. As a rule, Dunninger does not care, he says, to upset spiritualistic séances by intruding his skeptical presence, but sometimes he cannot resist the temptation to have a little fun. Once, for instance, wearing a disguise, he sneaked into a meeting of the New York branch of the United College of the Attuned Impulse and caused a pint and a half of beer to flow from a spirit trumpet through which the dean had guaranteed to deliver the disembodied voice of somebody's grandfather. Another time, Dunninger distracted the New York General Assembly of Spiritualists by turning up at a convention of theirs in the Hotel Pennsylvania bearing a certified check for $21,000, payable to John Slater, the medium in charge. Rising to his feet and brandishing an envelope, Dunninger challenged Slater to tell him what was written on a sheet of paper inside it and offered the check as a reward for success. The chief medium, realizing with horror that the enemy had stormed the gates, reacted swiftly. "It's Dunninger!" he shouted. "Throw him out!" Dunninger was thrown out.

TO the best of Dunninger's telepathic knowledge, there is nothing hereditary about his magical or mental skills. His father, who never palmed an ace or consciously read a thought in his life, was born in Bavaria and became a textile manufacturer in New York. His mother, at whose apartment in the Bronx Dunninger now lives when he is in town, was not telepathically inclined and was content to be a housewife. She raised three sons, the two others of whom turned out, rather prosaically, to be a violinist and a painter. Joseph, the youngest, began to act somewhat eccentrically at the age of five, when he took to palming money; he used dimes for this trick, his hands then being too small to conceal a fifty-cent piece, the coin mature magicians are partial to. He also became interested in playing cards and persuaded his parents to buy him a dozen sets of miniature ones, which he shuffled with enthusiasm and dexterity. He practiced diligently with these and other apparatus in his spare time, and when he was sixteen and able to handle full-size cards, he obtained an engagement at the Eden Musee at Coney Island, competing successfully with the waxworks and remaining for more than a year. Dunninger likes to point out that he can regard his career with complete objectivity. "I started at the bottom," he says in a detached way. "And worked clear to the top," he adds.

On his way up, Dunninger stopped off at most of the vaudeville houses in the country, appearing first as a single act and eventually being headlined as "Dunninger, the Master Mind of Mystery, and His Company of Temple Dancers from the Far East." The company included fifty assistants, notably a dozen charming dancers whom he made disappear from a templelike cabinet suspended in mid-air. In addition to reading minds in the audience in a masterful and mysterious way, he levitated a thirteenth temple dancer, passed still another neatly through a sheet of glass, and persuaded an especially hardy one to retain her composure while seven sharp meat cleavers, hanging over her reclining body, were loosed from their moorings and fell upon her, seemingly chopping her into eight portions. When giving a comparatively restrained performance, he merely sawed women in half, using for this operation a contraption containing one hundred and twenty-five pounds of aluminum. In his avocational capacity as a citizen mindful of his duty, Dunninger recently donated this metal to the government, which presumably will find some more permanently destructive use for it. At times Dunninger performed the Indian rope trick, induced spirit paintings to appear on blank canvases, and induced a live elephant to disappear. He also performed some smaller tricks involving only sleight of hand. Dunninger is proud of his hands, an exceptionally agile pair, on which, for a while, he carried



"It's the 'Internationale.' If you don't know the words, just mumble."

$50,000 insurance. "These ten digits," he recently said, gazing at them objectively, "can do what any other sixty can." Statements of that kind irritate most magicians, who are not a particularly clubby bunch but have nevertheless formed a number of professional societies, from which Dunninger has kept aloof. "Things that appeal to the average magician do not appeal to me," he explains.

DUNNINGER maintains that every human being is telepathic to some degree and that he himself just happens to have been endowed with unusual mental equipment for transmitting and receiving thoughts. He began to take serious notice of these gifts when he was in his teens. He developed the novel habit of casually informing his parents, after hearing a telephone or doorbell ring, of the identity of the caller. "Naturally, they were amazed and dumfounded," he says. Dunninger still occasionally dumfounds an acquaintance who has telephoned him by triumphantly announcing the caller's name before any words have been exchanged. He also has a highly developed knack of remembering telephone voices and once told a comparative stranger who had called up, "I can hear a voice on the telephone and remember it for thirty years. Call me back thirty years from now."

Dunninger has been putting on demonstrations of telepathy at parties as well as on stages almost since he became aware of his abilities in that line. As a professional mind-reader, he has naturally often been accused of having accomplices, and, as Dunninger, he naturally stands ready to present $10,000 to anybody who can prove such a dastardly accusation. Since 1928, he has appeared, without accomplices, at dozens of dinner parties attended by fashionable minds and at larger functions of organizations like the International Association of Milk Dealers, the National Hardwood Lumber Association, and the National Freight Traffic Golf Association. Many of these affairs are for men only, and his business manager, a performers' agent named Frances Rockefeller King, is proud of her ability to book him for them. "People come in and ask me for a girl show," she says, "and I give them Dunninger." Miss King is perhaps his greatest fan. "You ought to see him quiet a lady drunk by threatening to read her mind," she says admiringly. Dunninger has received as much as $1,500 for a single evening of mind-reading. Like all magicians and mentalists, he is reluctant to disclose any of his methods. He has about sixty or seventy engagements a year, and at most of them he warms up with a few card tricks and then passes around slips of paper, requesting his audience to put down dates, addresses, telephone numbers, or questions like "What was my mother's maiden name?" Dunninger instructs the crowd to concentrate hard on their questions, and then, without bothering to collect the slips, begins calling out answers. He is astonishingly accurate. He has by such procedure read the mind and so won the respect of every President from Theodore Roosevelt on, of Pope Pius XII (when he was Cardinal Pacelli), of the Duke of Windsor (when he was the Prince of Wales), and of the Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow (when she was Barbara Hutton). The Cardinal momentarily confused him by thinking in Latin; Dunninger says he could visualize the words clearly enough, but they just didn't seem to make sense. The others, however, thought in English and were easy. "The Prince concentrated the word 'Johnny,' all too simple a name," says Dunninger, reminiscing in a strange, transitive way. "When I got it, the Prince said, 'I'd love to have the folks see this.' The King and Queen! Rather a unique comment, wasn't it? Barbara Hutton concentrated a nice thought: 'If you have two loaves of bread, sell one and buy a lily.' You can grasp the significance, naturally."

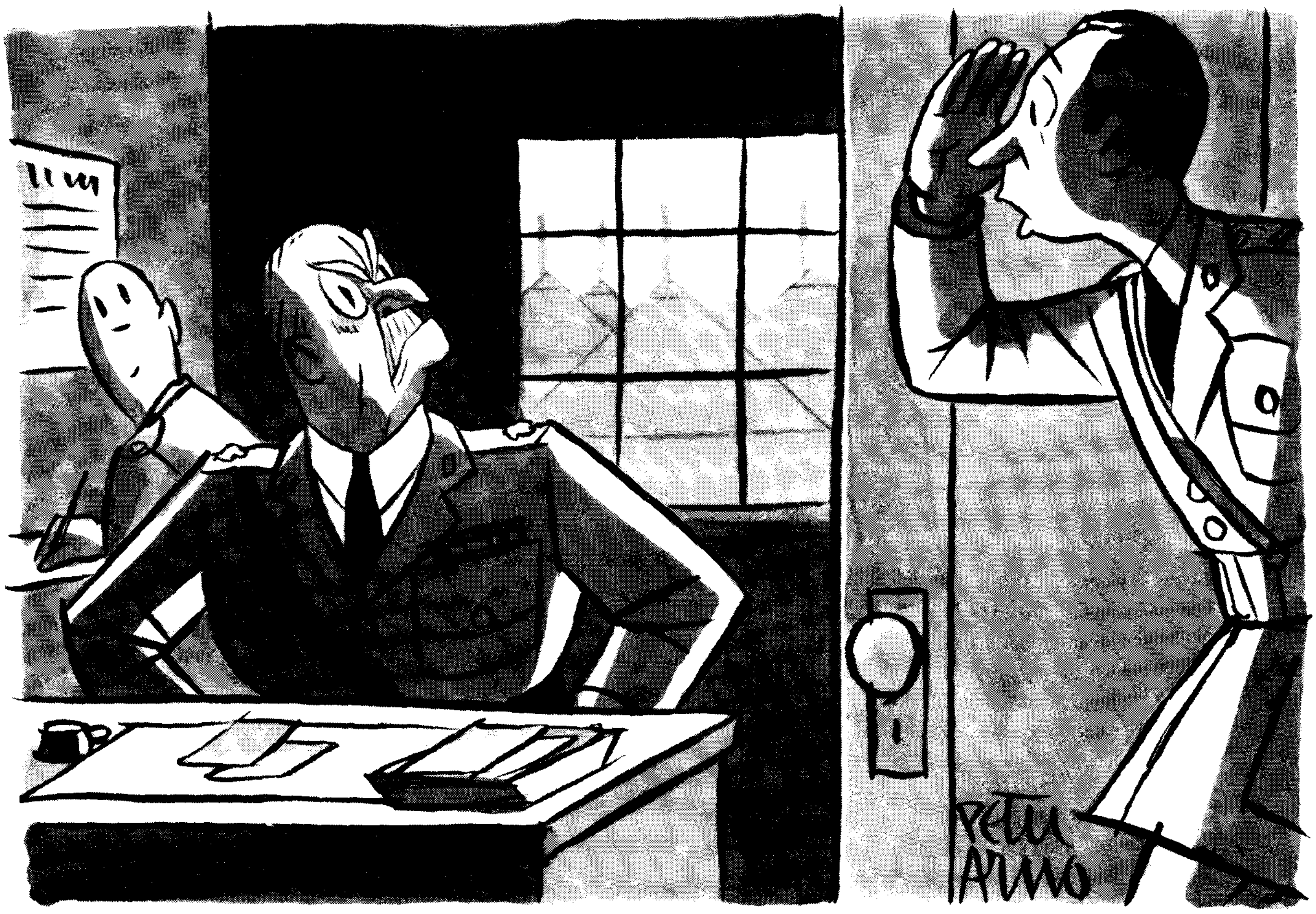
Dunninger rarely indulges in extracurricular mind-reading, although he is fond of doing magic on the side and sometimes astonishes companions by causing lighted cigarettes to vanish or pencils to emerge from the air. People who have seen him in action tell him now and then that he ought to be the world's greatest stud-poker player, but he modestly disagrees. "I cannot look a man in the eye and read his thoughts," he says. When acquaintances look him in the eye and ask him just to read a few of their more obvious thoughts, he is apt to look back at them severely and say, "Would you ask a doctor who removed appendixes to prove his ability by removing one for you? Mine is hard work, requiring great concentration. I lose from two and a half to three pounds a performance." Dunninger, a fastidious man, hastens to explain that his lost weight has nothing to do with perspiration. "Energy," he says mysteriously. Occasionally he sacrifices a little energy when it seems likely that the newspapers will mention the effort. When his car was stolen a few years ago he thought

WHO SHALL I SAY IS CALLING?

Once there was a man named Mr. Deronda James
And he gave over his life to names.
It began one day when he sipped first half a beer and later an entire beer,
And a drinking companion told him the difference between Biedermeier and Meyerbeer,
And he considered it an omen,
And he got interested in everybody's cognomen.
The day he discovered that the Barrymores' name was really Blythe,
Why, you could have knocked him down with a scythe,
And half a dozen taxis wore out their meters
When he carried the news to his friends that Carole Lombard was born Jane Peters.
He would positively purr
As he traced Joan Crawford back to Lucille Le Sueur.
He made a new will cutting a canary hospital off with a dollar and leaving everything else to his kith
Because a second cousin told him about Mary Pickford and Gladys Smith,
And if anybody mentioned Robert Taylor, he would superciliously murmur, Who?
I suppose you are referring to Spangler Arlington Brugh.
Success was to Mr. James a dangerous drug;
I am afraid he grew a trifle smug.
Poor Mr. James, you remember how his clothes were found on the banks of the Rappahannock.
That was half an hour after a spiteful canary finally convinced him that Darryl Zanuck's name is Darryl Zanuck.

—OGDEN NASH

• •



"Did you bellow, sir?"

• •

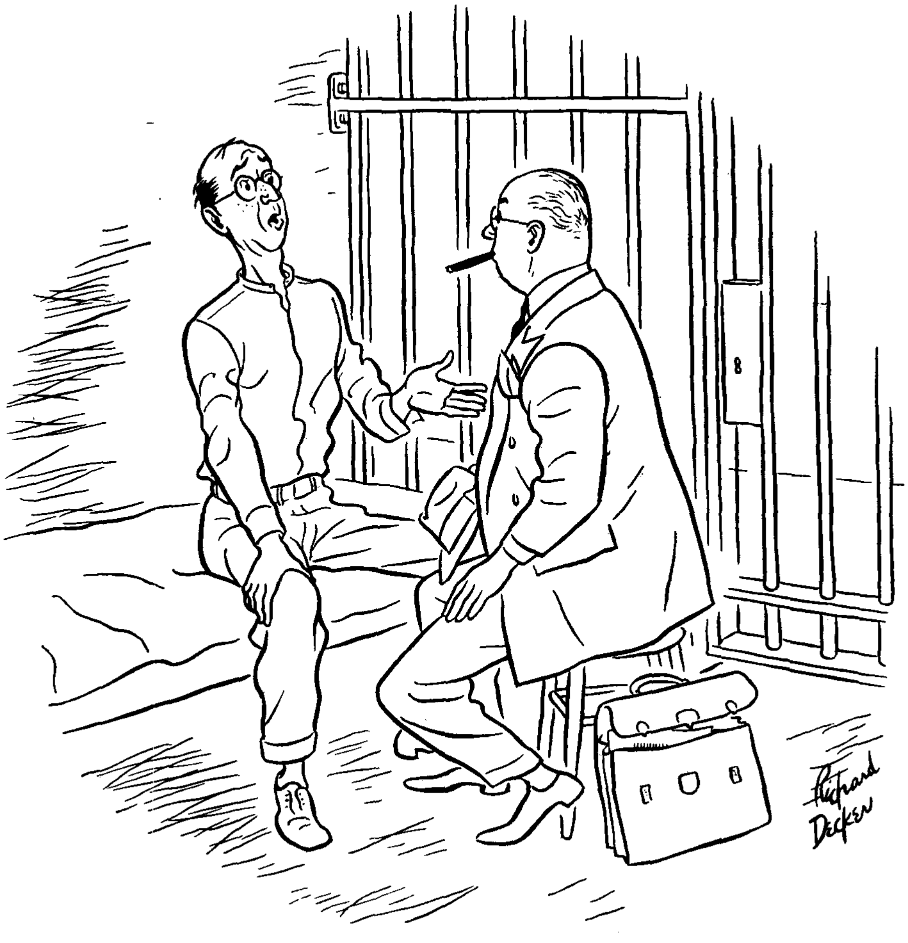
hard and told the police where to look for it, enabling them to find it almost instantly, wrapped around an "L" pillar. Another time, when he was suing a janitor for $50,000 as a result of a fall that injured his arm and compelled him to abandon mind-reading for a few months, he concentrated a prediction that the jury would award him $2,750, which it did. Both these incidents were considerately reported by the press, with which Dunninger has frequent and amiable relations. He keeps a huge collection of scrapbooks but rarely bothers to look at any of them except the one he calls his first-page book, a volume reserved for items about himself which made the front page.

DUNNINGER dislikes being thought of as a crusader, but for the last sixteen years, as chairman of a loosely organized scientific body called the Universal Council for Psychic Research, he has been tilting away at mediums in a crusading manner. He began to devote himself to the cause in June, 1923, a banner year in which he also sufficiently hypnotized a man by radio to enable some friends to stick pins into the fellow without making him jump. That year, too, a magazine called *Science & Invention* offered a prize of $10,000 for spiritistic phenomena of a physical nature which Dunninger, one of the magazine's editors, could not reproduce or explain. A few months later an additional award of $1,000 was offered by Joseph F. Rinn, a psychic investigator who had helped to expose such distinguished mediums as Eusapia Palladino of Italy and Margery of Boston and who had debated publicly with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge, both of whom believed it was possible to communicate with the spirit world. In 1925 Dunninger, in the name of the Universal Council, added an offer of $10,000 to the fund, and in 1926 Mrs. Harry Houdini, widow of the magician, did likewise. The sum of $31,000 was available for a short time only; Mrs. Houdini and Rinn withdrew their offers after a while. At present the sum to be won is $15,000—Dunninger's original $10,000 and $5,000 put up by the *Scientific American*, whose editors have recently organized a Committee for the Investigation of Psychic Phenomena, of which Dunninger, naturally, is chairman.

Since Dunninger became interested in spirits, some two hundred thousand letters have been sent to him or the groups of which he is chairman by people who claim to be in almost daily touch with one ghost or another. Currently, this mail is filtered by the staff of the *Scientific American*, which brings the least illegible and least illiterate parts of it to his attention. Whenever a man claims he can levitate a chair without employing mechanical devices, Dunninger gets in touch with him. "After the second or third letter I often have the complete answer," Dunninger says. "I inquire into the *modus operandi*. Then, when he says that in order to levitate the chair he burns incense, keeps a full glass of water at the foot of his bed, and sleeps on his left ear, I know he's cracked." When Dunninger has reason to believe that a correspondent is sincere, or at least uncracked, he attempts to make it possible for the person to demonstrate his talents in the presence of the psychic-phenomena committee. Recently, Dunninger tried unsuccessfully to arrange séances for a couple of mediums who employ *modi operandi* of a rather striking nature. One of them promised that if he were seated in the electric chair at Sing Sing, he would produce the spirit of Ruth Snyder, with whom he was eager to converse. The other, with an equally nice flair for morbidity, guaranteed that if he were brought together with an obliging corpse, he would persuade it to talk to him.

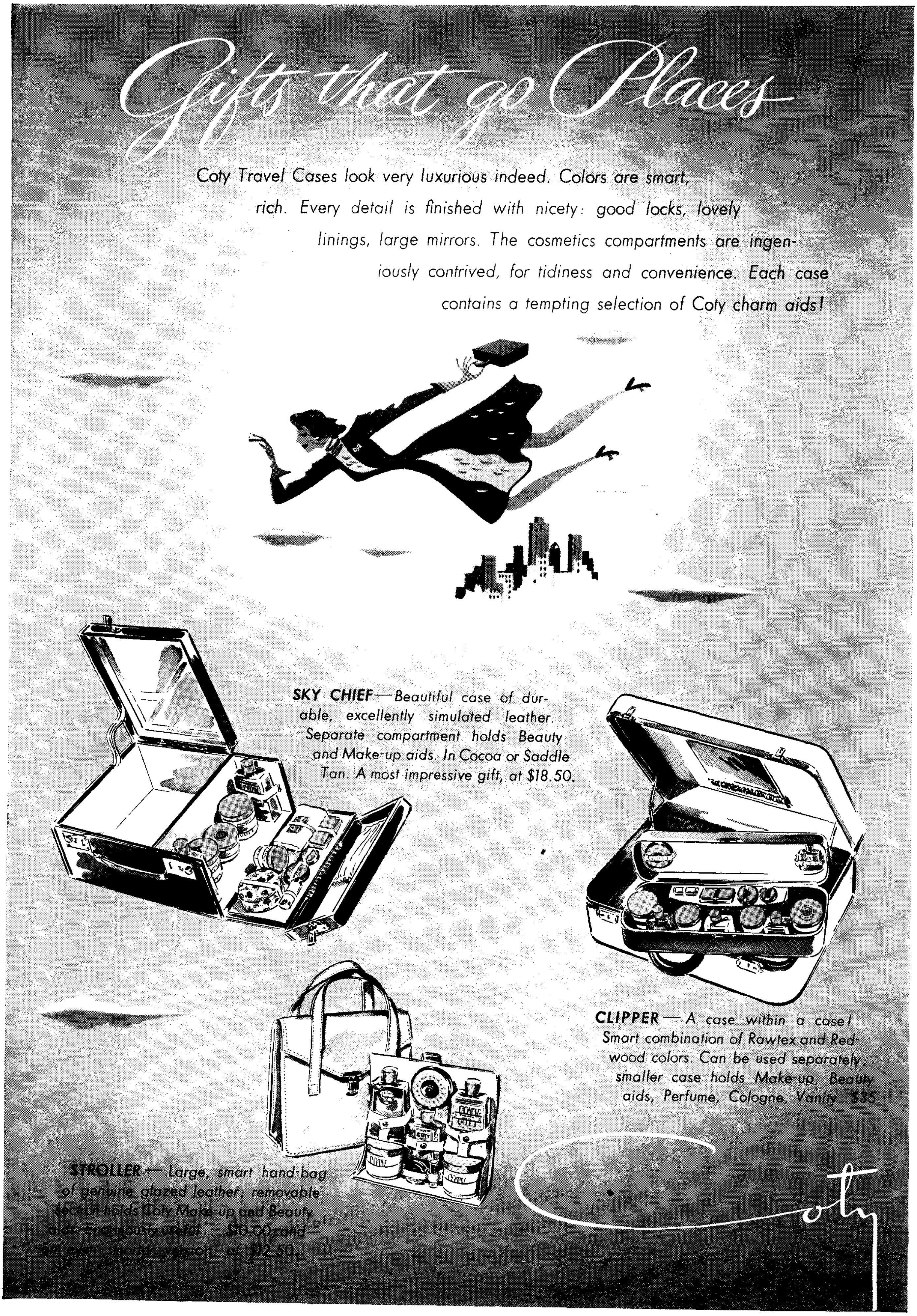
Dunninger has supervised some two hundred and fifty test séances, most of which have produced little in the way of tangible spiritistic phenomena. The mediums who have appeared before him have generally explained that they failed to do better because no self-respecting spirit would be seen dead in a room with Dunninger. With Dunninger looking on intently and sometimes clutching their arms and legs, countless mediums have gone into trances, hundreds of tables have wobbled in darkened rooms, and thousands of words have been chalked up on slates. Often such seeming improbabilities occur after the mediums have been bound with ropes. Exhibitions of that sort do not faze Dunninger, who is adept at getting out of ropes himself and used to make a practice of escaping from a safe when he was in vaudeville, until one evening he was accidentally locked in without a screwdriver and had to be dragged out, breathing heavily. At test séances he frequently has himself trussed up inside a cabinet and then proceeds to duplicate the mediums' performances or go them one better, activating three floating trumpets for every two conjured up by a medium.

Like most séances, Dunninger's test ones are held in almost total darkness, but mediums have the privilege of instructing a photographer to take a flash-bulb picture whenever they feel sure that some spiritistic presence is in the room. One medium, who was thought to be securely roped and had made a piece of white paper flutter in front of the cabinet in which he was locked, called loudly for a picture of this astonishing event, but called a little too soon; when the negative was developed one could see not only the paper but, holding it, the medium's hand, which he had intended to withdraw just as the camera shutter clicked. To date, Dunninger's tests have failed to reveal any photographic evidence of spirits. He does not often have to wait for the development of photographs to confute a medium. One singularly gifted lady medium, who insisted on holding her séance near the top of the Empire State Building because of the spot's relative closeness to the spirit world, puzzled him briefly with a series of seemingly inexplicable raps. He soon figured out that she was equipped with an unusual set of toes, which she could cause to snap loudly inside her shoes. "I cannot duplicate that effect," he apologized later. "I am not a toe-snapper." The lady, while flattered, wouldn't admit that his theory was correct. Dunninger's most persistent adversary was Nino Pecoraro, a frail Italian medium skilled at extricating himself when tied up in ropes and getting back into them after creating a lively clatter which he unassumingly credited to spirits. In the nineteen-twenties, Dunninger matched his prowess with Pecoraro's twenty times, in a series of séances, both of them squirming in and out of ropes on monotonously even terms. In 1931, to Dunninger's immense satisfaction, Pecoraro confessed in a newspaper interview that he had no mediumistic powers and was an outright fake.



"... *and you can imagine my surprise when I found out the government was making one just like it.*"

Dunninger frequently exposes mediums who have not applied for a hearing and would be just as happy if they had never met him at all. When a Hindu arrived in this country six years ago with the reputation of being able to walk without discomfort on white-hot coals and with the evident intention of putting on a few profitable demonstrations of this art, he was greeted with a statement by Dunninger in which the magician offered not only to duplicate the visitor's footwork but also to pick some white-hot coals up in his hands, to dip his hands into gasoline and set fire to them, and to engage in other pyrotechnical diversions. "I am Public Enemy Number One for phony fakirs," Dunninger announced at the time, no doubt thoroughly disillusioning the Hindu about American hospitality. In that capacity, Dunninger has distressed many mediums by invading their headquarters and subjecting them to his scrutiny. A few years ago, in an investigating mood, he called unexpectedly upon a lady medium in Harlem who weighed close to three hundred pounds. "When I got to her place," he says, "she peered out and said, 'You look like Dunninger, the world's greatest hater of mediums. No, you're better-looking. You can't be him. Come in.' " Dunninger, not offended, went in, and when the lady asked if he wanted to communicate with any partic-



Gifts that go Places

Coty Travel Cases look very luxurious indeed. Colors are smart, rich. Every detail is finished with nicety: good locks, lovely linings, large mirrors. The cosmetics compartments are ingeniously contrived, for tidiness and convenience. Each case contains a tempting selection of Coty charm aids!

SKY CHIEF—*Beautiful case of durable, excellently simulated leather. Separate compartment holds Beauty and Make-up aids. In Cocoa or Saddle Tan. A most impressive gift, at $18.50.*

CLIPPER—*A case within a case! Smart combination of Rawtex and Redwood colors. Can be used separately; smaller case holds Make-up, Beauty aids, Perfume, Cologne, Vanity $35.*

STROLLER—*Large, smart hand-bag of genuine glazed leather; removable section holds Coty Make-up and Beauty aids. Enormously useful [illegible] $10.00, and an even smarter version at $12.50.*

Coty

A Theatre Guild Production
HOPE FOR A HARVEST
An American Comedy by SOPHIE TREADWELL with
FREDRIC MARCH
FLORENCE ELDRIDGE
ALAN REED
GUILD THEA., W. 52 St., Mats. Thurs & Sat. CO. 5-8229

The Theatre Guild and
The Playwrights' Company present
Helen Hayes
in Maxwell Anderson's New Play
Candle in the Wind
Staged by Alfred Lunt
Shubert Theatre, W. 44th St., Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

HERMAN SHUMLIN presents
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S
"WATCH ON THE RHINE"
LUCILE WATSON
PAUL LUKAS
MADY CHRISTIANS
MARTIN BECK Theatre
W. 45 Street
Eves. 8:40
Mats. Wed. & Sat.

ETHEL BARRYMORE
in
"THE CORN IS GREEN"
by EMLYN WILLIAMS
ROYALE Theatre
W. 45 Street
Eves. 8:40
Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"GRAND-SCALE SMASH HIT!"
—LIFE MAGAZINE
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
in the Musical Play
"LADY IN THE DARK"
ALVIN, 52 St. W. of B'way—Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Mail Orders Promptly Filled

"A PERFECT COMEDY" ATKINSON, Times
LIFE WITH FATHER
with HOWARD LINDSAY and DOROTHY STICKNEY
EMPIRE Theatre

"A gay, bright, and brilliant farce"—Watts, H. Trib.
JOHN C. WILSON presents
Clifton WEBB • Peggy WOOD • Leonora CORBETT • Mildred NATWICK
BLITHE SPIRIT
A farce by NOEL COWARD
MOROSCO Thea., 45 St. W. of B'way. CI 6-6230
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:40

HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
with BORIS KARLOFF
FULTON, W. 46 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

ular spirit, he capriciously put in a bid for a mythical horse named Edna. He was presently kicked painfully in the shins, presumably by Edna, who, the medium said, was that glad to see him. Dunninger, who would never kick a horse, or a medium, himself, decided that the lady had changed her mind and had identified him as the world's greatest hater of mediums. Before limping out to the comparative safety of the street, however, he stayed around to watch the lady produce some ectoplasm from her mouth. While she lay trancelike on a couch, he stepped up boldly and examined the ectoplasm. "I leaned over and poked it delicately," he reported later. "I peeled off a little bit and examined it. Madam had introduced a marshmallow."

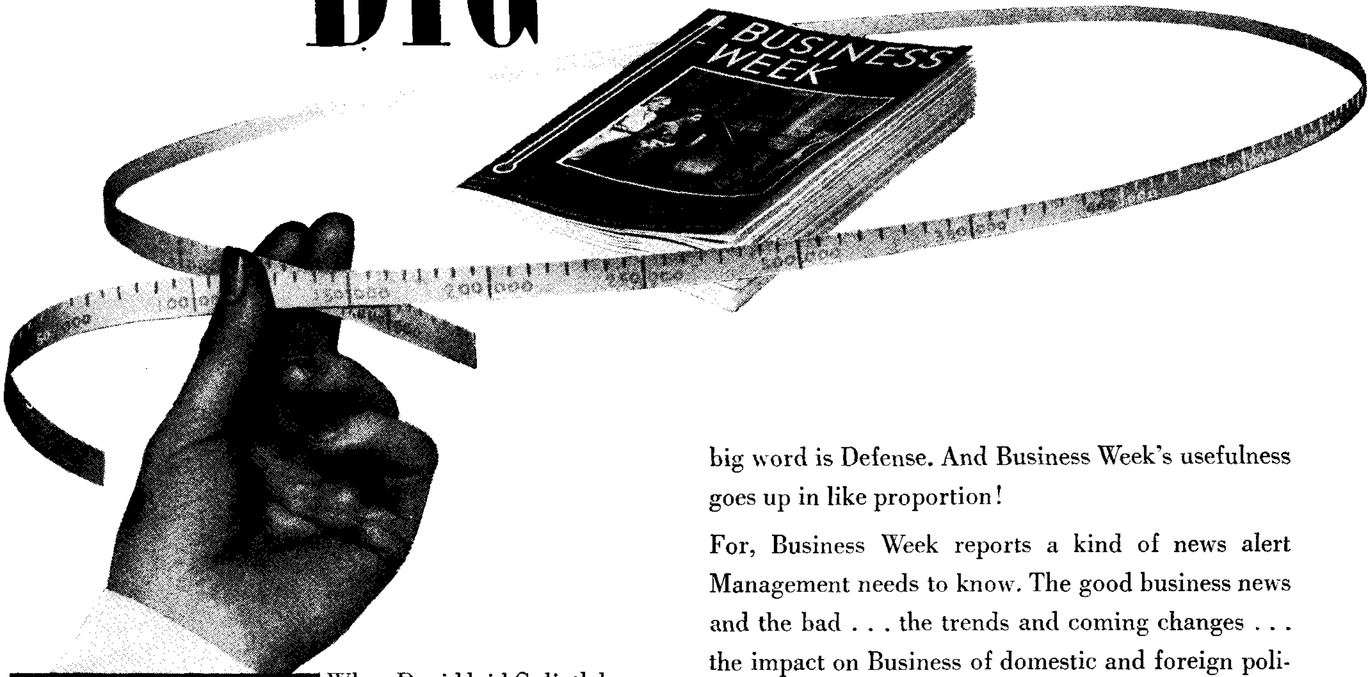
Mediums whom Dunninger has offended seldom take such forthright action as kicking him, preferring to sulk and complain to their spirits. One lady who did try to embarrass him publicly was a Mrs. O'Hare of Brooklyn, known professionally as Elizabeth the Transcriber. Four years ago, at a test séance presided over by Dunninger, her spirits suggested to her, among other things, that Aristotle had returned to earth in the shape of Arthur Brisbane, that she was unable to communicate with Shakespeare because he had died drunk and had not yet sufficiently sobered up, and that Dunninger had once been an Indian fakir and would eventually be reincarnated as a Jewish messiah. Dunninger, who has no such plan, vociferously questioned the accuracy of her remarks. Elizabeth the Transcriber shortly afterward had a large sign made up saying, "This is a challenge of Conan Doyle the Spirit vs. Joseph Dunninger the Liar!" She marched around Times Square waving it at passers-by, many of whom had no idea what the controversy was about and assumed that the lady was merely an advance man for a couple of obscure preliminary fighters.

For years people who aspire to mediumistic powers have been sending Dunninger what they believe to be correct transcriptions of his secret code messages from Doyle, Houdini, and Edison. Dunninger says that these valuable words are in envelopes sealed with mysterious chemicals and locked in a bank vault. He carries a key to the codes in his wallet and sometimes coquettishly exhibits the key to acquaintances, holding it at a safe distance. To prevent another telepathist from extracting any of the messages from his head by professional methods, Dunninger refuses to keep them clearly in his memory. "If I have anything to conceal," he says, "don't think I'm going to run around with nothing else on my mind." Surrounded by a swirl of blurring mental images, the messages have so far remained undiscovered. Critics of Dunninger's cynical attitude toward astral communications have pointed out that aspirants for his $10,000 offer who approach him bearing supposed duplicates of the messages have to take his word that they are mistaken, since he understandably refuses to display the right messages in order to refute somebody else's wrong ones. Dunninger is not flustered by such petty sniping. "It's my money," he says. "I'll handle it in my way. They'll have to take my word for it." There are some people, including Denis P. S. Conan Doyle, Sir Arthur's son, who do not even take his word that he *has* such messages. In answer to Denis Doyle's angry and repeated charges that no message from his father exists, Dunninger retorts impassively that when Sir Arthur was here in 1923 and gave it to him, Denis was a small boy in England and was hardly in a position to know what his father was up to across the Atlantic Ocean.

DUNNINGER, a bachelor, leads a quiet social life. "I am never seen in night clubs," he says. "I am very happy to get to my home and delve about my hobbies and pastimes and books and research and Oriental art and all that sort of thing." He is fond, for instance, of accumulating Buddhas, several dozen of which are scattered about his mother's nine-room apartment. The rest, numbering into the thousands, are stored in a warehouse. "I have perhaps the best collection of Buddhas in the nation," he says. He also possesses a collection of autographs, and he is especially delighted with a Button Gwinnett and a Thomas Lynch, Jr. "The two rarest of signatures in Americana," says Dunninger.

Another rarity he keeps in his mother's house is a sensitive automaton known as Psycho, which reacts to sound vibrations and, by pointing with mechanical fingers to lettered or numbered cards, answers questions put to it by its master. Dunninger has never used it in his act, but other magicians have, including some of its former owners. "It was built in London after being worked on for fifteen years and was sold to Harry Kellar for twenty thousand dollars," Dunninger says impressively. "Kellar sold it to Houdini for ten thousand, and Houdini got fifteen thousand for it from Thurston. It was sold back to Houdini for ten thousand dollars. Houdini willed

How BIG is a magazine?



When David laid Goliath low, he struck a telling blow for the magazine business.

He dispelled (for the benefit of future advertising and magazine men) the odd illusion that bulk is ALL. He proved there are better measures for *bigness* than cubits, tonnage, . . . or circulation figures.

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For, this magazine has a kind of readership matched by few publications of any kind. Its audience . . . more purely packed with Management-men than any other . . . is perhaps the most influential single group in America, and the key men who make it up wield the decisive OK on ideas (and on orders!).

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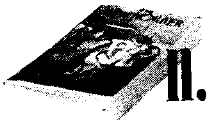

n. b. You're reading this advertisement in a "small" magazine. (The New Yorker has only 166,000 circulation.) The important thing is *you're reading it.*

"A HONEY OF A SHOW"
—Walter Winchell
MY SISTER EILEEN
BILTMORE, W. 47 St. Ci 6-9353
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

Max Gordon *presents*
JUNIOR MISS
A New Comedy
by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields
Based on the stories by Sally Benson
Directed by Moss Hart
LYCEUM THEA., 45 St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

MAX GORDON *presents*
The LAND IS BRIGHT
by GEO. S. KAUFMAN and EDNA FERBER
MUSIC BOX, 45 ST. W. of B'way—Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"One of Miss George's most enchanting performances."—*Atkinson, Times*
Guthrie McClintic presents
GRACE **GEORGE** and C. AUBREY **SMITH** in
SPRING AGAIN
A Comedy by *Isabel Leighton & Bertram Bloch*
HENRY MILLER'S, W. 43 St. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"A SMASH HIT!"—Walter Winchell
B. G. DE SYLVA presents
ETHEL MERMAN in
PANAMA HATTIE
COLE PORTER Songs
46 ST. THEATRE, West of B'way: Eves. at 8:30
Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30

"NO AUDIENCE CAN RESIST 'THE WOOKEY'."—Time Magazine
EDGAR SELWYN presents
THE WOOKEY
by FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
with EDMUND GWENN
PLYMOUTH Thea., 45th St. W. of B'y.
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"A honey for your money."—Winchell
GEORGE ABBOTT'S musical hit
BEST FOOT FORWARD
with ROSEMARY LANE
Book by JOHN CECIL HOLM • Music & Lyrics by HUGH MARTIN & RALPH BLANE
BARRYMORE Thea. W. 47. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"The finest production of 'Macbeth' in the modern American theatre."
—WATTS, *Herald Tribune*
MAURICE **EVANS** and JUDITH **ANDERSON**
in Shakespeare's
MACBETH
Directed by MARGARET WEBSTER
NATIONAL Thea., W. 41 St. PEnn. 6-8220
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

OLSEN & JOHNSON'S NEW
HELLZAPOPPIN
4th YEAR
Majestic Theatre, 44 St., W. of B'way

it to me." Before Houdini's death in 1926 he accompanied Dunninger on a few spirit-hunting expeditions, and they would also meet occasionally for dinner and discuss whatever lock Houdini had just outwitted. After dining together one rainy night in midwinter, they extricated themselves from a restaurant and tried to get into Dunninger's car, which he had locked. The keyhole was coated with ice. Houdini and Dunninger, who between them probably knew more about opening locks than any other two men on the streets that night, examined the situation carefully, took out all the lock-picking and ice-breaking equipment they had with them in their pockets, and worked on the door for an hour, but got nowhere. They finally entered the car by the practical if slightly amateurish method of breaking a window.

While delving about the apartment two years ago, Dunninger hit upon a notion from which he has derived a good deal of interesting but somewhat ambiguous publicity. The idea consists simply of making planes and, for that matter, battleships, invisible. Dunninger, who has no intention of giving away the details of this stunt, says that his data have been turned over to the government. He has not yet made a battleship, or even a canoe, disappear, but he has demonstrated his scheme on a small model battleship. Dunninger, whose interest in the war is as great as any man's, enjoys pointing out that shortly before the Germans were reported to have been mystified by the fact that apparently invisible British planes had flown over German-occupied territory, he had been in correspondence with an English magician, now dead, who had heard about Dunninger's illusion and written him a number of inquisitive letters. Dunninger suspects that the Englishman, to whom he would naturally divulge only the outlines of his method, nevertheless managed to grasp the entire idea and turned it over to his government. "I don't mind saying, on the basis of his letters, that he had it ninety-five per cent correct," Dunninger admitted generously a while ago, adding, "The principle is the same as that of my disappearing elephant."—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

Corporal Beaudette and Mary Louise Lord of New York were divorced. They have a 5-years-old daughter. who recently spent $1300 to charter a plane to get back to Fort Lewis after calling on her.—*Hartford Courant.*

Well-heeled little thing.

MOTION PICTURES

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
Held Over—Second Week!
CARY GRANT JOAN FONTAINE
"SUSPICION"
Directed by Alfred Hitchcock
An RKO Radio Picture
GALA STAGE REVUE ● SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
First Mezzanine Seats Reserved Circle 6-4600

WM. POWELL • MYRNA LOY
"SHADOW of the THIN MAN"
2nd Week!
An M-G-M PICTURE
Funniest "Thin Man" film yet!
Capitol
B'way & 51st Street

Your Gift Will Open New Vistas to
BLIND CHILDREN
Gifts of New and Used
RADIOS • RECORDS
TOYS AND GAMES
THEATRE TICKETS
PIANOS
CLOTHING
Will be gratefully received and will help us brighten the lives of blind children
Call
THE NEW YORK INSTITUTE FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE BLIND
999 Pelham Parkway, Bronx
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SERVICE MEN
on furlough in
New York City and vicinity
may obtain admissions
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BROADWAY STAGE PLAYS AND
FIRST RUN MOTION PICTURES
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RECREATION COMMITTEE
99 Park Avenue, New York City

Piano Instruction
Rodolphe Mathieu, father of the well known André Mathieu—ten year old pianist and composer—is now in New York and will be pleased to communicate with a limited number of pupils who wish elementary and advanced instruction in piano, harmony and composition. Mr. Mathieu specializes in testing unusual talent.
362 Riverside Drive ACademy 2-9674

How many legs has a Syllogism?

ACCORDING to Webster, a syllogism is a logical argument standing upon three legs . . .

1. **The major premise;**
2. **The minor premise;**
3. **The conclusion.**

If the premises are true, then the conclusion *must* be true. For instance...

MAJOR PREMISE: The advertiser's prime need is to reach the biggest group of potential customers.

MINOR PREMISE: LIFE reaches the biggest audience of any magazine—21,900,000 readers weekly. NO.5

CONCLUSION: Therefore, LIFE is the advertiser's *basic mass magazine* — the hardest-working magazine on his list.

Logical? Reasonable? True? Unquestionably. This syllogism reflects why "America's Most Potent Editorial Force" is also "America's Most Potent Advertising Force."

LIFE

"AMERICA'S MOST POTENT EDITORIAL FORCE"

NO.5

Revealed and authenticated by latest figures in Report No. 5, LIFE's Continuing Study of Magazine Audiences—just released.

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Blackie: "People have a lot of faith in us, Whitey"

Whitey: "Naturally—we always lead them to pleasure, Blackie"

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EIGHT
YEARS OLD

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86.8 PROOF

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OF ALL THINGS

MOST Americans were delighted when they heard that John L. Lewis had called off the coal strike. Some politicians and industrialists, however, preferred a shooting war on the Appalachian front.

●

The recent success of the British in Libya was due to the fact that their mechanical equipment was at least equal to that of the Axis. Machines are almost as important as hearts of oak and Eton cricket.

●

The best thing we can wish the Russians in this critical hour is terrible weather. If we knew how, we would gladly send them all of our winter's blizzards.

●

The sinking of the Ark Royal was a blow to Britain, but the Axis spokesmen will miss it, too. It was such a lovely ship to sink when the day's news was bad.

●

Dr. Goebbels' friends, if any, fear he is not the peppy prophesier that he used to be. He has postponed the destruction of the British Empire from next Thursday to Eventually.

●

On our books, the most consistent isolationist is Hamilton Fish. He will have nothing to do with the war, the Reds, or the federal grand jury.

●

According to the latest estimate, there are now eighty thousand stenographers in government offices in Washington. We have to admit that Uncle Sam is getting to be quite a dictator himself.

●

Senators Wheeler, Van Nuys, and Nye assail the Navy Department for its secrecy about U-boat sinkings. Look who are asking for seats on the fifty-yard line!

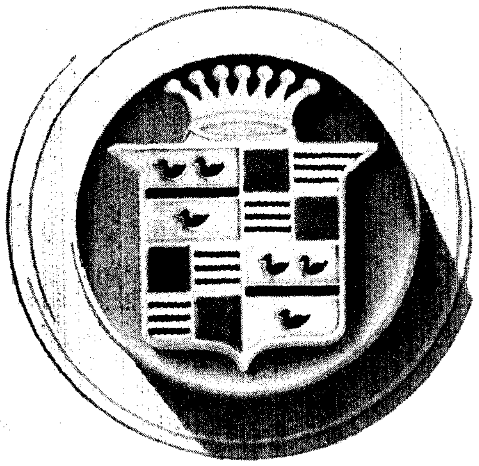
●

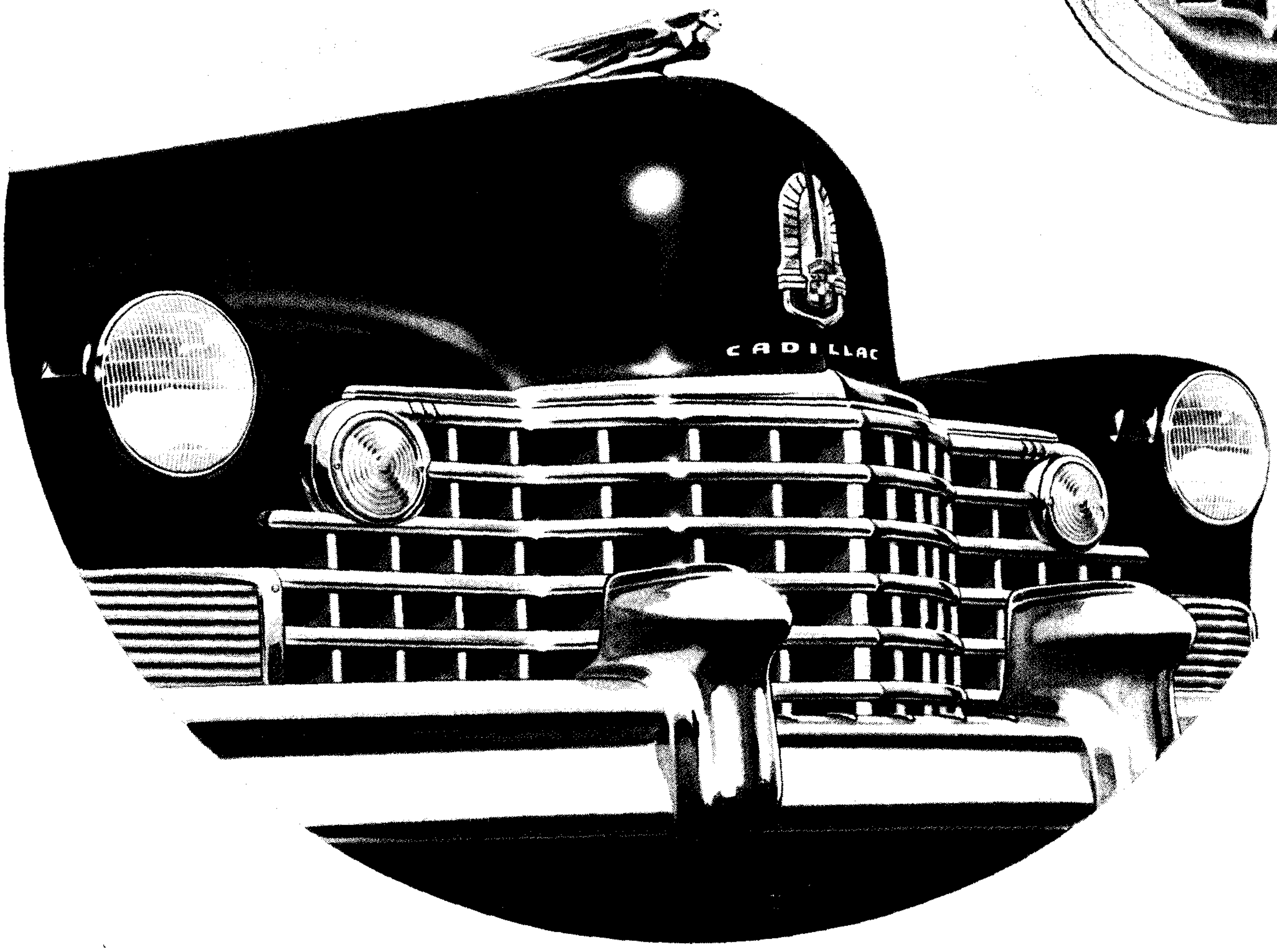
An eminent engineer declares that the government's silver hoard will prove useful as a substitute for copper. Yet we ignorant students voted the New Deal's silver policy the least likely to succeed.

●

Lovers of antiques are finding bargains in Wall Street these days. Old Stock Exchange seats which once brought $625,000 apiece are going begging at $20,000.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



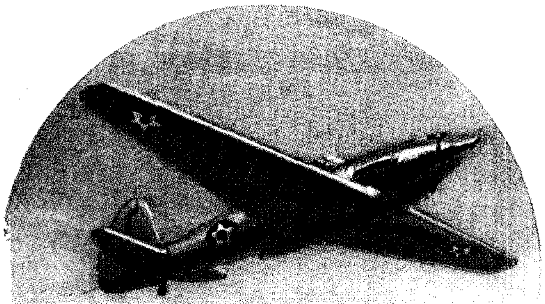


AGAIN—THE FINEST CAN BE YOURS!

LOOKING AHEAD—wouldn't you rather have a Cadillac to see you through the months and miles? Wouldn't you rather put your trust in Cadillac's advanced design and uncompromising quality?

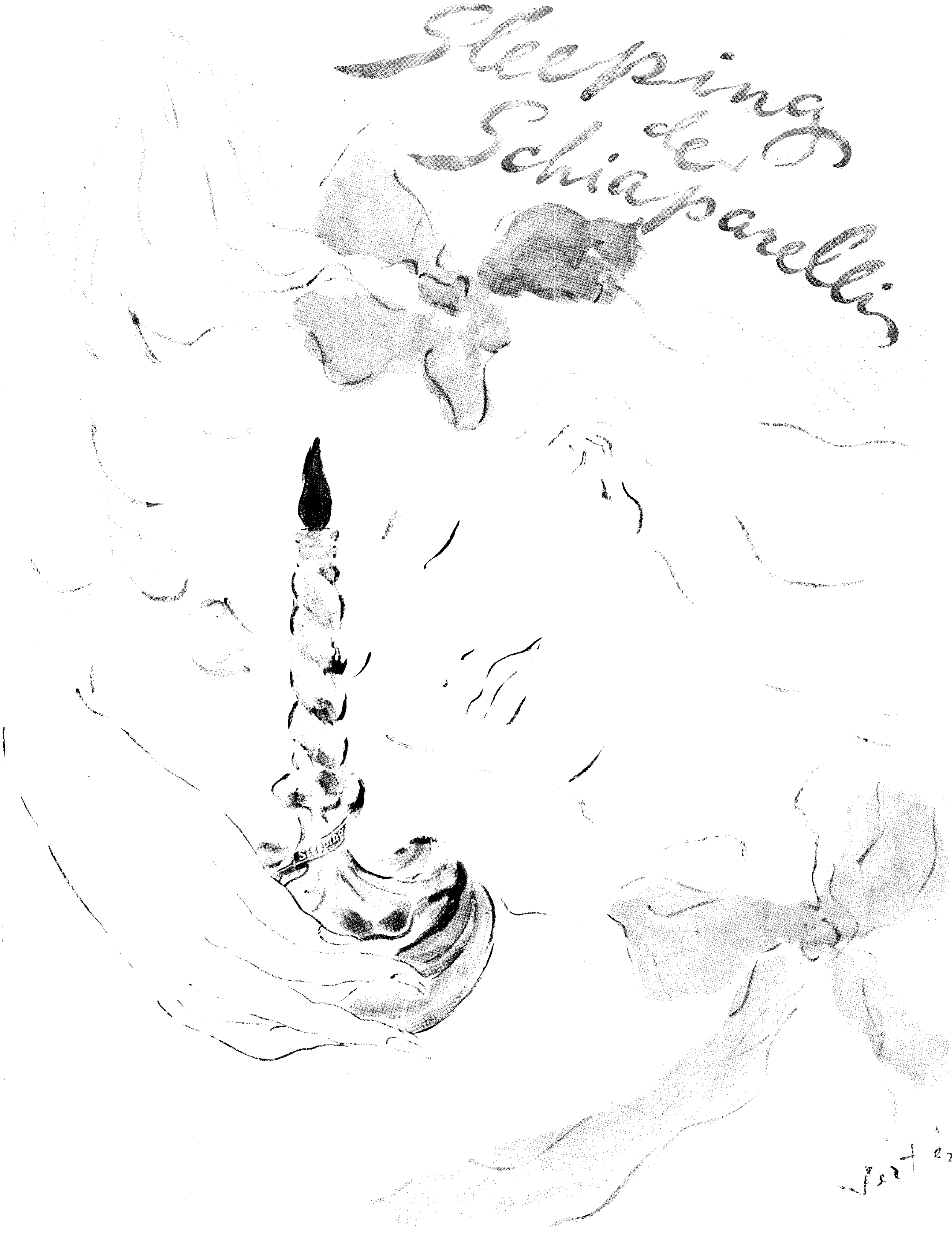
You can! You can look forward to almost endless trouble-free miles behind Cadillac's mightiest V-8 engine. You can contemplate years of restful riding in the most comfortable interiors ever created by Fleetwood. *You can do it because again there's a Cadillac at a low price.*

Compare it with any other car. Ask owners what Cadillac's matchless engineering does for stamina and long-range economy. Then let your foresight tell you why, this year, more than ever, *it's wise to buy the best.*



CADILLAC'S THIRD YEAR OF DEFENSE PRODUCTION. Selected in 1939 to make parts for Allison airplane engines, Cadillac has consistently exceeded production schedules.

40TH ANNIVERSARY CADILLAC


Sleeping de Schiaparelli
SLEEPING
Vertès

THE THEATRE

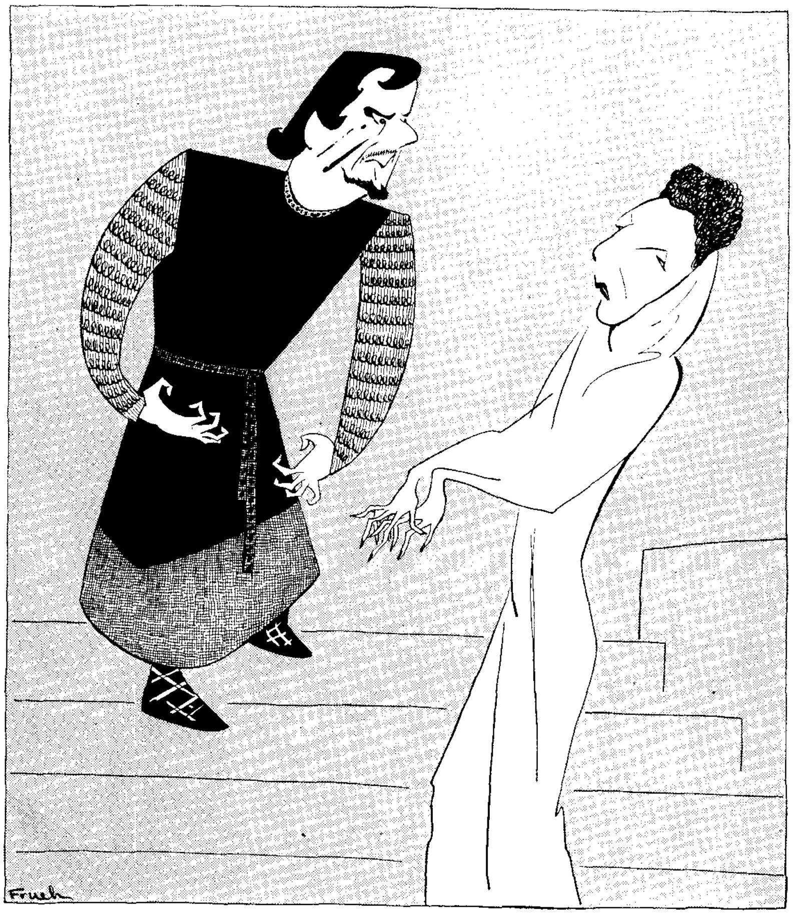
A WOMAN OF THIRTEEN

THE mystery of what goes on in the head of a thirteen-year-old girl was dispelled forever when "Junior Miss" came to town and settled down at the Lyceum. The answer isn't simple, and for those who were properly brought up on "Little Women," it may even seem a trifle sinister. According to Sally Benson, who first produced Judy Graves from God knows what bloodcurdling experiences of her own, and Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields, who have dressed her up for the stage, little girls these days spend most of their time in a passionate struggle to make life as interesting as the movies. Like all ambitious crusades, this involves a certain amount of suffering and the massacre of a good many bystanders, but it is never dull. I'm not altogether sure how comfortable it would be to have busy little Miss Graves as a permanent fixture around the house, but seen from a safe distance, she is almost as fascinating and deadly, on her own small scale, as one of the Borgias.

The plot devised by Mr. Chodorov and Mr. Fields to put Judy to work in the theatre isn't, I guess, a distinguished product of the imagination, and it needn't detain us long. Basing her conclusions on evidence that would convince nobody but a student of the cinema, Judy decides that her father is in love with his employer's daughter and that her uncle, unaccountably missing for several years, has spent them in jail. Her efforts to rehabilitate both these wayward gentlemen with one magnificent, Hollywood stroke bring her family close to bankruptcy and madness, and only some rather frantic sleight of hand by the authors makes everything come out all right in the end. This is obviously fairly routine material, but it is unobjectionable and, since it properly leaves the emphasis on character rather than story, I think it serves its purpose.

Unquestionably, Mrs. Benson's adolescents are a wonderful crew. In addition to the heroine herself, we have Fuffy, her bosom friend, a militantly plain child, with an equally superheated fancy and a voice like a frog; Judy's sixteen-year-old sister, Lois, whose worldly behavior causes her father to wonder if she may not grow up to be a tramp and her young relative to speak of her sardonically as "charming Lois;" and a terrible assortment of juvenile males, guaranteed to embarrass any member of the audience who dares to face the memory of his own lost youth. With an extraordinary delicacy of touch, all these characters are kept safely on the right side of burlesque. They are extravagantly funny, but the humor is happily based on recognition rather than distortion, and the pathos of their struggle to be adult and polished and offhand gives them all considerable charm. Judy herself, in spite of her fierce determination to rearrange the cosmos along Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lines, is about the most attractive and certainly the most believable little girl to reach the stage in several years.

Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan, as Judy and Fuffy, are so good that they have no need for the indulgence customarily granted to child actors, and the other young people in the cast are also remarkably engaging and self-possessed. The grownups, who aren't asked to do much except keep out of the way, do this good-naturedly enough. They include such reliable performers as Alexander Kirkland, Matt Briggs, Francesca Bruning, and Barbara Robbins.



"MACBETH"

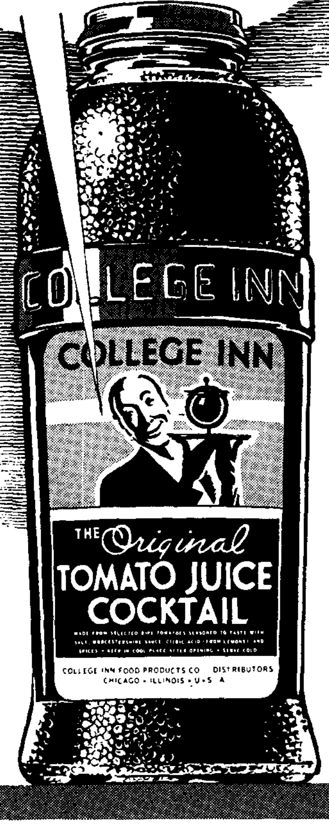
Here we have Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson as they are appearing these nights at the National. Scholars may claim that the Thane of Cawdor wasn't around in the sleepwalking scene, but it makes an interesting picture.

THE season, already rich in frail and aimless comedies, produced another last week when "Ring Around Elizabeth" strayed into the Playhouse. Presumably operating on the theory that eccentricity has something to do with charm, the author, Mrs. Charl Armstrong, filled her stage with as exasperating a collection of freaks as I can remember. Grandma, a dealer in fake antiques, wanted somebody to buy her a new furnace; Mercedes, a stout, precocious child, wanted to go to Chicago and practice vivisection; her older sister, Jennifer, wanted to marry a sinister divorcé; their father, modestly described as a dull man, merely wanted to buy a cabin cruiser and fish for pickerel, which he seemed to imagine live in salt water.

Not wanting anything in particular, but

More than Mere Tomato Juice Plus New Zest because . . . . .

this is a "VINTAGE tomato year


COLLEGE INN
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THE Original TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL
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• **"BEST EVER!"** Mother Nature really splurged on this year's crop of tomatoes. Juiciest in years . . . zestier, richer in flavor and bursting with natural goodness. It's no wonder this year's Tomato Juice COCKTAIL is best ever!

• **WHAT'S MORE** you get the subtle seasoning and mellow aging exclusive with COLLEGE INN. Get Tomato Juice COCKTAIL in the 26 oz. glass shaker bottle at your grocer's today!

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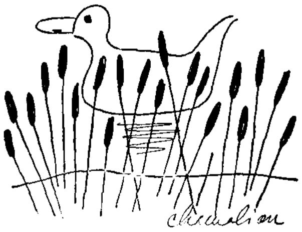
equally strange, were a hymn-singing cook; a local society woman, vaguely addicted to plagiarism and kleptomania; and, most desperate comic expedient of all, an amusing old nuisance who had installed a private fire alarm which rang vehemently whenever the audience showed signs of going to sleep. All these weird types badgered the heroine, a long-suffering, Christian woman, until she pretended to have amnesia and told them exactly what she thought of them. By the simple logic of the theatre, this brought them to their senses and the play to what I suppose was a happy conclusion.

Jane Cowl, assisted by her beautifully expressive hands and a script which obligingly permitted her to repeat the other characters' lines in a superior way that made them sound remarkably silly, had quite a time with the central rôle, and when she was on the stage the proceedings sometimes seemed almost gay. When she was absent, however, you were very apt to wish you were dead.

PREWAR Gallic wit often has an odd flavor these days, not unlike a wormy apple, and André Birabeau's "Little Dark Horse," as adapted by Theresa Helburn and offered at the John Golden, was probably wormier than most. M. Birabeau tells the story of a provincial French engineer who, as the result of an informal romance in the Congo, presents his family with an illegitimate son of embarrassing hue. Just what drew the normally perceptive Miss Helburn to this comedy (program's definition, not mine) is one of the season's small mysteries, since it is a silly, shapeless piece of work, often in cruelly bad taste. With the exception of four rather amiable children and a couple of game but suffering adults, the actors also seemed very sad and perfunctory the night I saw them.

ONE of the most bewitching characters I have ever seen turned up in "Walk Into My Parlor," a maniacal little exhibition at the Forrest. While a nervous audience watched him closely, this singular man ate two goldfish, took a live coal out of the stove with his bare hand, attempted to seduce a pregnant lady after kicking her husband genially



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Unpainted, imported briar root. No tubes or gadgets. No breaking-in, color like meerschaum: $1 to $8. Rare straight grains: $10 to $100. Pipes repaired while you wait.

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Fine tobaccos skilfully blended to your taste at our original Tobacco Bar. Send for catalog N.

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in the shins, persuaded his dear old mother to take up counterfeiting, and finally disappeared into a confetti snowstorm. He wasn't a bad man really, just high-spirited.

IT was at the end of the week, however, that the cruellest blow fell. "The Seventh Trumpet," by Charles Rann Kennedy, defied classification. It was a theological argument, in which no coherent arguments were ever advanced; it was an exercise in symbolism, with no key to the symbols; it was a melodrama slaughtering a whole cast, in which nothing dramatic ever happened; it was a miracle play, in which there was no miracle except its presence in a New York theatre.

"Why are you here? Who sent you?" asked a character once in the gloom. Nobody in the audience could have answered him. Nobody knew.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

. . . Ernest Schelling was present as soloist in the preparation of his "Impressions of an Artist's Life" for piano and orchestra. According to his custom, Toscanini was conducting without score while Schelling, the composer, had the music propped up on the rack before him.

The rehearsal progressed without incident for some minutes, then Toscanini, listening to Schelling expound a solo passage against a light orchestral background, suddenly rapped his stick imperiously on the stand beside him and called to Schelling, "What are you playing there?"

Schelling looked up in surprise and repeated the measures he had just played.

"No, no," said Toscanini. "Let me see the score."

He raised the score close to his eyes in the legendary way, peering intently at the page. Suddenly he looked up. "Just as I thought," he said. "You were playing wrong."

Schelling confirmed this astounding dictum by returning to the piano and playing a minutely different form of the passage he had just delivered. As he said afterward, he had always played it that way, never bothering to check it against the notes he had originally written.—*From "A Smattering of Ignorance," by Oscar Levant, published January, 1940.*

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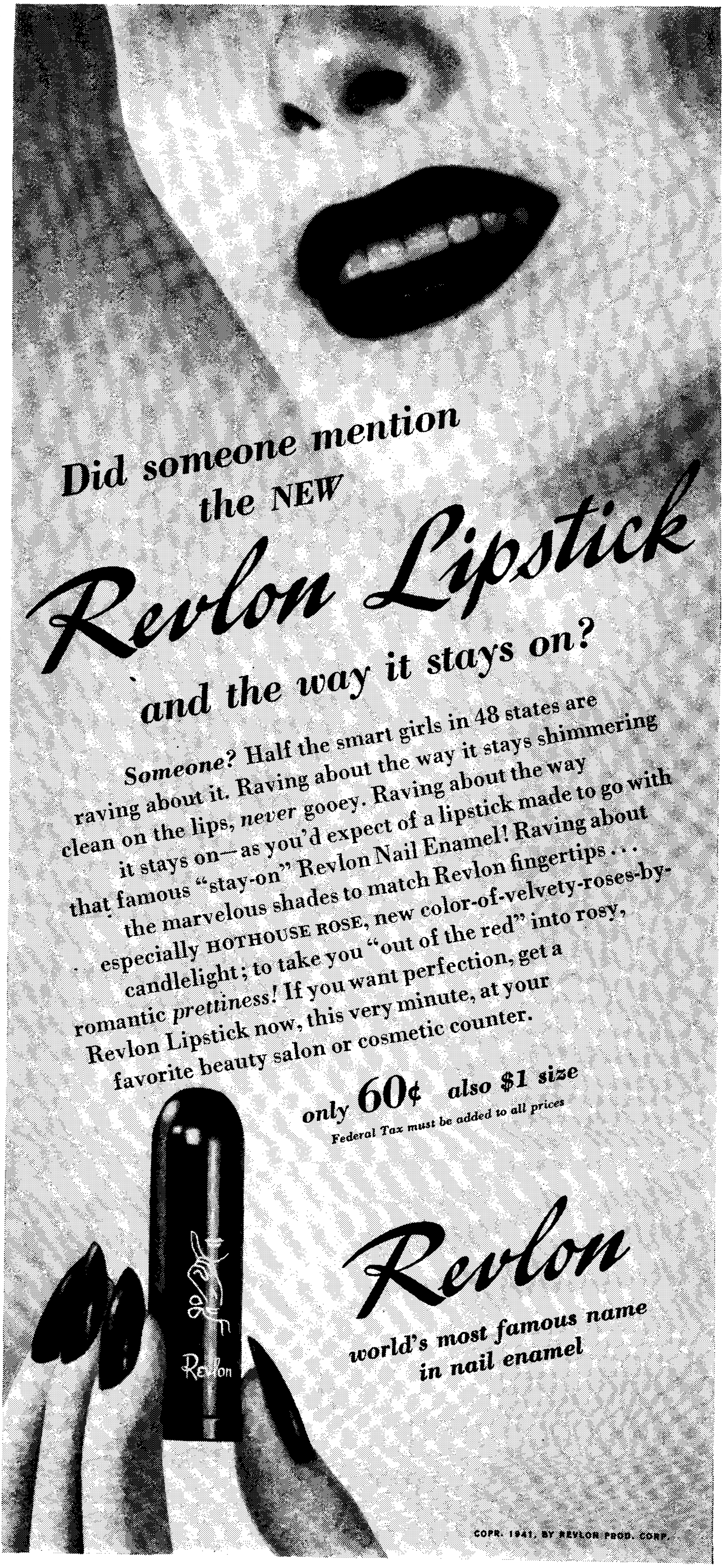
Did someone mention the NEW Revlon Lipstick and the way it stays on?

Someone? Half the smart girls in 48 states are raving about it. Raving about the way it stays shimmering clean on the lips, *never* gooey. Raving about the way it stays on—as you'd expect of a lipstick made to go with that famous "stay-on" Revlon Nail Enamel! Raving about the marvelous shades to match Revlon fingertips . . . especially HOTHOUSE ROSE, new color-of-velvety-roses-by-candlelight; to take you "out of the red" into rosy, romantic *prettiness!* If you want perfection, get a Revlon Lipstick now, this very minute, at your favorite beauty salon or cosmetic counter.

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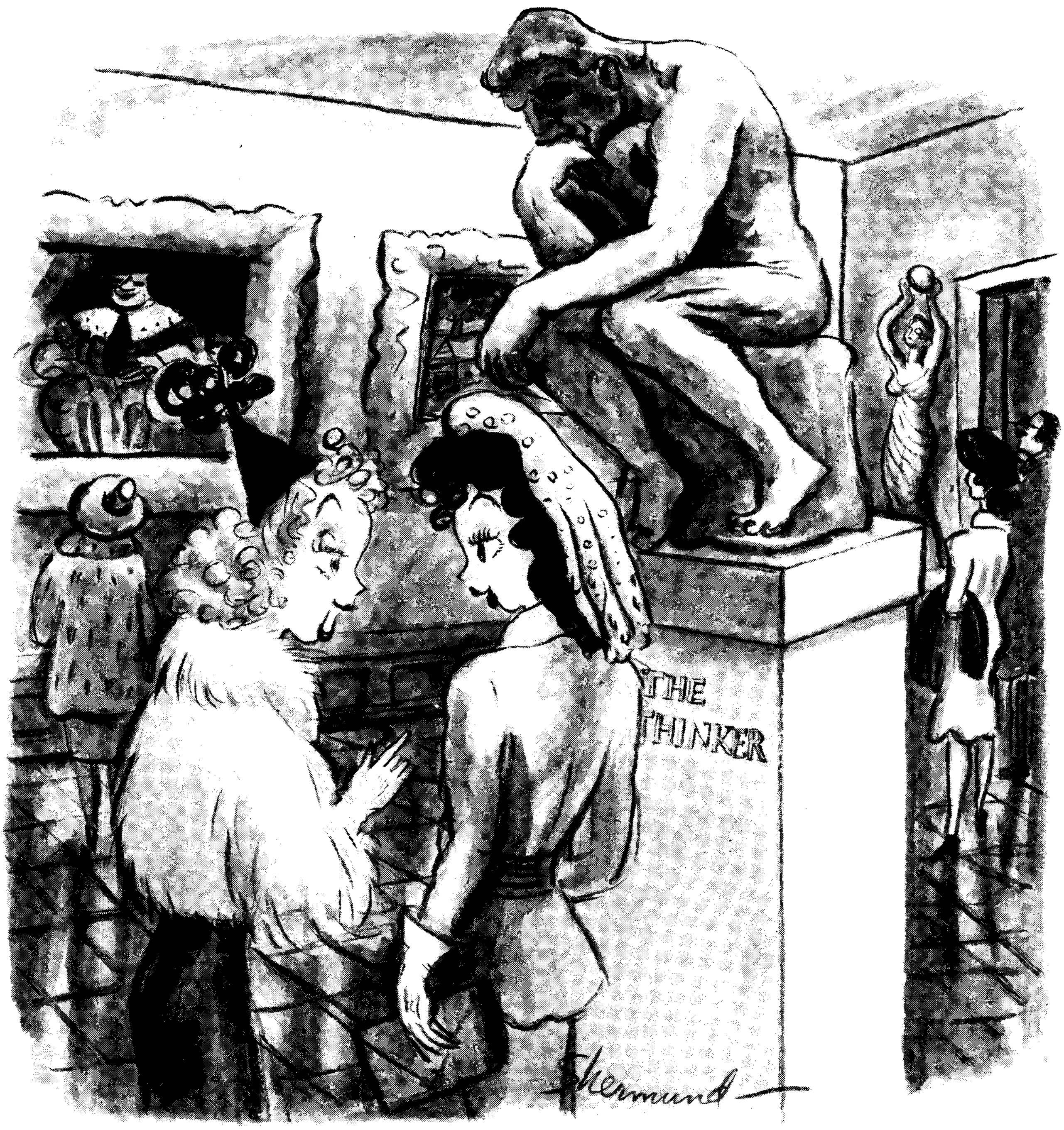
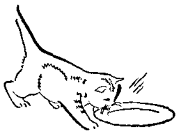


"I bet he's trying to figure out how the new RCA Victrola plays records on both sides without turning them over!"

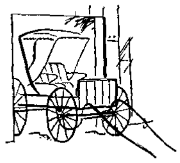
IT ISN'T recommended that you try emulating the gentleman created by Rodin . . . unless you have a lot of spare time on your hands. But to discover the answer, and get yourself a thrill at the same time, it *is* recommended that you take a peek at the new Magic Brain RCA Victrola with Tandem Tone Arm.

This newest masterpiece from RCA Laboratories provides two solid hours of music, without interruption or attention. You choose the records you want to hear, place them on the instrument, push a button, and then relax. It's as easy as giving milk to a kitten. While you listen, the Magic Brain works. It plays records, not on one side, but on *both* sides—and does it without turning them over! If you don't think that statement makes very much sense, take a stroll down to your RCA Victor dealer's and see this amazing development for yourself.



A LONG TIME AGO, the energetic engineers in RCA Laboratories realized the need for a *simple* way to play both sides of records. A way that wouldn't require building a cabinet large enough to hold the family buggy. After a lot of back-breaking research, the Magic Brain with Tandem Tone Arm sprang into being.

It's nothing short of sensational. It plays the top side of a record with its upper arm—then the lower side with its under arm. The turntable, guided by the unfailing Magic Brain, rotates in one direction for the top side playing . . . in the reverse direction for the lower side. When both sides have been played,



(Advertisement)

(Advertisement)

the Magic Brain, with the gentleness of a mother, deposits the record in the felt-lined storage chamber, out of sight. And—when your two-hour concert is over, this thoughtful invention automatically shuts itself off. All of which, we think you'll agree, is wonderful—but only part of the story.

The Magic Brain RCA Victrola also puts an end to needle worries, by eliminating them. Annoying mechanical noises like "needle chatter" are among the missing, too. Your records last longer. Tone attains new heights of richness and reality—is vibrantly alive. Lid-lifting and ornament-moving are things of the past.

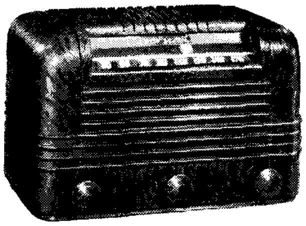
Of course, you'll want to hear the latest news reports and other programs sometimes, too. That's why radio is a vital part of this RCA Victrola. And an excellent radio it is. It gets standard, shortwave and foreign programs, brings you extra special performance with many brand new features.

As suggested awhile back, see it all for yourself. You'll have a grand time.

A Service of the Radio Corporation of America

Trademarks "RCA Victrola," "Magic Brain" and "RCA Victor" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by RCA Mfg. Co., Inc. For Canadian models, write RCA Victor Co., Ltd., Montreal. RCA Victrola models may be purchased on C. I. T. Easy Payment Plan.

GOOD THINGS IN SMALL PACKAGES



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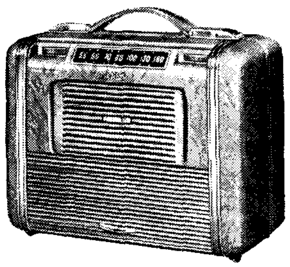

RCA VICTOR FLY-WEIGHT Pick-Me-Up . . . It's a *car* radio—a *home* radio—a *portable!* Plays on batteries . . . on either AC or DC house current. Features amazing new Magic Wave Magnifier (available as an accessory) . . . Retractable Roll Front . . . Supersensitive Circuits . . . new "Coverlite" Case . . . new RCA Victor Tynetron Tubes! . . . . . . Model 26BP.

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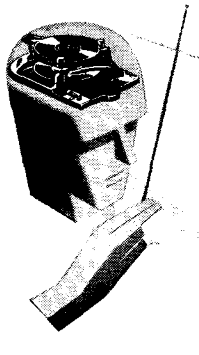
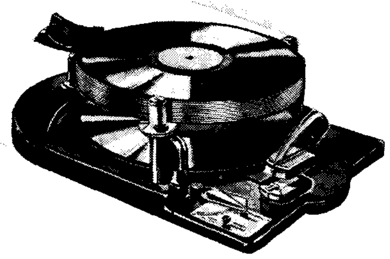


Magic Brain

RCA Victrola

—with Tandem Tone Arm



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2 REAL LIFE TO YOUR MUSIC. Magic Tone Cell with Jewel-Lite Scanner recreates each record with undreamed of fidelity of tone . . . flawless, colorful and *alive*.

3 NO NEEDLES TO WORRY ABOUT. Old-fashioned needles are entirely eliminated by tiny sapphire point of Jewel-Lite Scanner of Magic Tone Cell.

4 RECORDS LAST INDEFINITELY. By exerting astoundingly light pressure on your records, the revolutionary Magic Tone Cell extends record life greatly.

5 RECORDS PLAY ON BOTH SIDES, STOP, CHANGE—AUTOMATICALLY. You can enjoy a 2-hour concert of the music you want—without lifting a finger.

6 TELETUBE RADIO. Standard, shortwave and foreign reception with powerful push-button set containing Teletube and new Audio System for finer amplification.

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FEWER BUT FINER!

RCA Victor is cooperating to the full with national defense priority requirements. Because of these requirements, shortages exist in certain raw materials needed for radios and phonograph-radios and there will be a universal decrease in the number of instruments to be made.

Hence, RCA Victor products for the home will be *fewer*. But they will be *finer* than ever. For, as a result of defense work of which, we, too, are doing our share, RCA Victor quality standards, always the highest, are now more exacting than ever.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

RABBLE ON THE AVENUE

I TELEPHONED the America First headquarters, at 515 Madison Avenue, one day recently and the switchboard girl there said, "America First, good morning!" I asked to speak to the public-relations man, if there was one, and she said, "Yes, in*dee*dy, that's Mr. Mooberry," and rang him. I told Mr. Mooberry I was a reporter and wanted to know if I could arrange to talk to some of the speakers who have been conducting the Fifth Avenue rallies and perhaps go along to one of the rallies with them some night. I had expected the America First people to be somewhat standoffish, but Mr. Mooberry said, "Why, sure, old man! Let's see—suppose you just go to our branch on Forty-seventh, east of Fifth, around half past seven next Wednesday. The speakers will be there—four of them—getting ready to start out. The rally that night is at Fifty-seventh and Fifth, and it starts at a quarter past eight. I'll tell them, and they'll be expecting you."

This branch office, I found, is on the ground floor—a vacant store taken over by the America First Committee some months ago and now decorated with placards saying "Welcome! Come in and join us!" There were five or six men and two women in the place when I walked in, all of them young. I went up to the nearest young man, who was sitting at a desk, and explained my business. "Oh, yes," he said, and got up and called to a second young man. The second young man came over and shook my hand. "I'm Bob Riley," he said, "and I'm in charge of the speakers tonight. I understand you want to talk to some of them. Let's see—there's Armstrong over there. Do you want to start with him?" I said that would be fine. He introduced me to Armstrong, showed us to a couple of chairs, and left us. I suggested that Armstrong tell me something about himself.

"Sure," he said. "The name is Donald B. Armstrong, Jr. Harvard. My prep school was Middlesex. Thirty-two."

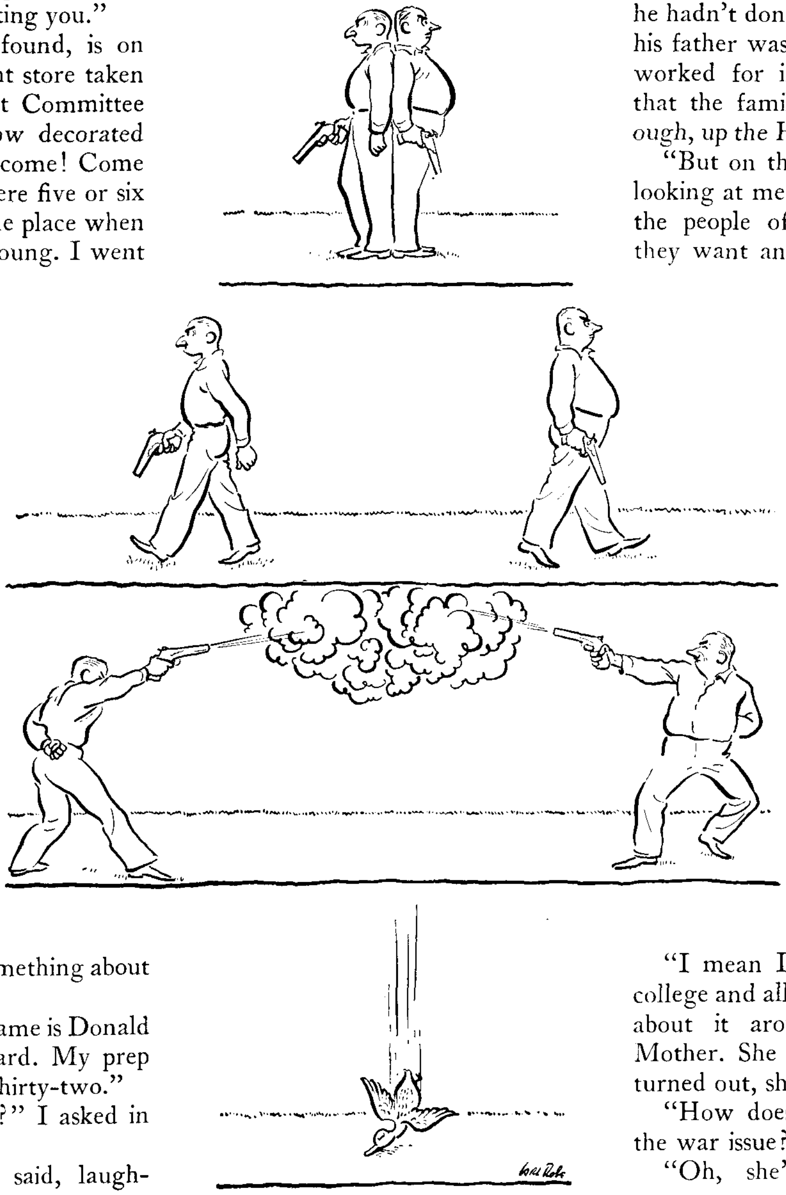
"Thirty-two years old?" I asked in surprise.

"Oh, Lord, no!" he said, laughing. "I'm not thirty-two. Hardly! I'm twenty-six. I meant that 1932 was my class at Middlesex. My Harvard class was '37."

"What sort of work have you been doing since you left college, Mr. Armstrong?" I asked.

"Well, I worked for two years for a drug-manufacturing house and now I'm with one of the big advertising agencies. Doing market research. I'd just as soon you didn't mention the name of the agency. Not that I'm ashamed or afraid, either, but—you know—they might not like the publicity."

ARMSTRONG was tall, clean, and neat, with straight, blond hair, and his face was eager and full of confidence. He told me he had married, a little over a year ago, a Brooklyn girl whom he had known since he was a child. "Both our families went to Fire Island—place called Saltair—every summer. A grand place. She's sitting over there reading the *News*—see, there in the corner. She usually goes along to the meetings with me. Her father's a businessman in Brooklyn—paint business." He went on to tell me that in the summer of 1936, when he had finished his junior year at Harvard, he had bummed all over the country, following the wheat harvest in the Dakotas and working in a mine in the Rockies. "A friend of mine went along," he said. "A member of the wrestling team at college. I wrestled in college, you know. Our idea was to get strong and all. We started out with twenty dollars between us and came back with twenty-three. I crossed the country on four dollars, riding the freights and all. That's been a boast of mine all my life—crossing the country on four dollars." He explained that he hadn't done this out of necessity, that his father was a well-to-do doctor who worked for insurance companies, and that the family home was in Scarborough, up the Hudson.



"But on that trip of mine," he said, looking at me soberly, "I learned about the people of this country and what they want and all. They don't want war. They're complaisant. They know they'll get rooked, as they've always gotten rooked before. On that trip I really got to know the people. For instance, I predicted that Landon wouldn't get elected that year. I was for Roosevelt. I thought he was the greatest man in the world and agreed with all his domestic policies. It is only on the war issue that I disagree with him. Why, I even fought for the Supreme Court-packing bill."

"You mean you were actually active in the fight?" I asked.

"I mean I argued in favor of it in college and all," he said. "I even argued about it around the house—against Mother. She was against it, and, as it turned out, she certainly was right."

"How does your mother feel about the war issue?"

"Oh, she's against war. We're

all against war. Mother's always been against any kind of war for this country except in case we are actually invaded by a foreign power. Even before the America First Committee started up, Mother was against allowing conscripted soldiers to be sent outside the Western Hemisphere. So was I. I fought against having them sent outside the Western Hemisphere."

"Is your mother a member of the America First Committee?"

"Oh, sure. She was in charge of part of the public-education program for a while and is doing some other pretty big job now. Before that she was active in the League of Women Voters."

"I wonder if you would try to remember just when you began to feel this way about the war issue."

"Oh, sure," he said. "That's easy. In college, when I was only a freshman, I wrote an essay saying that if we didn't look out we'd find ourselves in a war with Germany and that something ought to be done to prevent it. It attracted a lot of attention around the college at the time."

"It might be interesting," I suggested, "if you could try to remember just when, before that, you began to get the ideas that you later put into the essay."

"Well," he said, "before that, of course, we always talked about these things at home. Mother has always been a regular maniac on the subject of not going to war unless we are attacked. We all feel, of course, that while Hitler is perhaps the cause of the present war, England is not altogether free from it—from being a contributory cause, you might say."

"How do you feel about Hitler?"

"Oh, I think Hitler and Hitlerism are the worst thing, or things, on the face of the earth. The only worse thing is if we let it happen here by getting in the war ourselves. Our entrance into war now will mean a dictatorship here. War produces dictatorships. The aftermath of war also produces dictatorships. Ask anybody and they'll tell you that. How are you going to demobilize ten million men without bringing about a dictatorship, even if you haven't already got one by then? I mean that rhetorically, of course."

Riley at this point brought another of the speakers over and introduced him to me. He looked a good deal like Armstrong, only his hair was dark instead of blond. I asked this young man what college he had attended, he said "Dartmouth," and I made a note of it. "All the speakers are college men?" I asked

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Riley. "Oh, sure," he said. "We're all volunteers here too, of course—no pay or anything like that." The Dartmouth man had a clipping in his hand and he held it out to Riley and asked, "Have you seen this clipping from Boake Carter's column? I'm going to use it tonight." "Fine," said Riley, without looking at the clipping, and then turned back to me. "I'm afraid it's almost time to start for the rally," he said. "There's just one other speaker you haven't met. That's Miss Jean Bennett, a Hunter College girl. You can meet her and talk to her at the rally. There'll just be the four of us speaking, including myself. You can come along with Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong in one of the cars if you like."

Armstrong introduced me to his wife, an attractive young woman in a tweed coat and without a hat. With her, I got into the back seat of one of the cars parked out front while the young men carried out of the office a furled American flag on a pole, an America First placard, and a folding stepladder. "The ladder's the speakers' platform," Mrs. Armstrong explained to me. "They climb halfway up it and rest their arms on the top. It works fine." The young men shoved the ladder across our knees and poked the flag in from the front seat so that it stuck out the back window, over my shoulder. One of them was holding up the placard, waiting to put it in the front seat, when a car drove by and a woman inside it leaned out and yelled, "Hey, you stinkers! How's Hitler?" The young people paid no attention to her and we started off.

As we got to the northeast corner of Fifty-seventh and Fifth, Mrs. Armstrong pointed to a little group of people standing on the sidewalk and said, "That's what I call crust! Those are the organized hecklers. They pretend to be just ordinary passers-by, you know, and here they are actually standing here waiting for us." "It certainly is crust!" said Armstrong from the front seat. "Who are they exactly?" I asked Mrs. Armstrong. "We aren't sure," she said as we got out of the car. "Probably Communists."

We walked past them, Armstrong and Riley carrying the ladder, the flag, and the placard, and I looked at them closely but got no particular impression except that they appeared to be the sort of people you might see on Fifth Avenue any night. There were five men and two women. None of them looked shabby. The women had on fur coats. It seemed to me that these people pointedly did not notice our unusual procession as it went by them.

The young men set up their ladder on the sidewalk of Fifty-seventh Street, some distance from the corner, and fitted the flag and the placard on it. I leaned against the office building directly behind the ladder and watched the crowd gather. A few people walking by stopped and stood around, and Riley climbed halfway up the ladder and began to speak. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "this is a meeting conducted by the America First Committee, a patriotic organization which represents fifteen million good American citizens." He talked along earnestly, all about how the United States is being led into the war by Roosevelt. "He's amazing," said Armstrong, who was standing beside me. "Just gets up and talks—no prepared speech or anything."

The people who had been standing near the corner walked over toward us and joined the crowd, which was growing.

"They're all familiar faces," said Armstrong. "Most of them are here every time we hold a rally." "Are *they* subtle!" said Mrs. Armstrong.

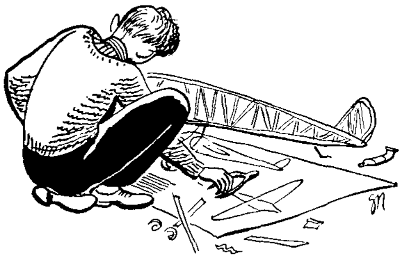
I noticed one of the men particularly because he stood with his arms behind his back, looking up at the speaker with a smirk on his face and now and then glancing about self-consciously. I noticed another because he wore nose glasses with a black ribbon attached to them. The two women in fur coats were there too.

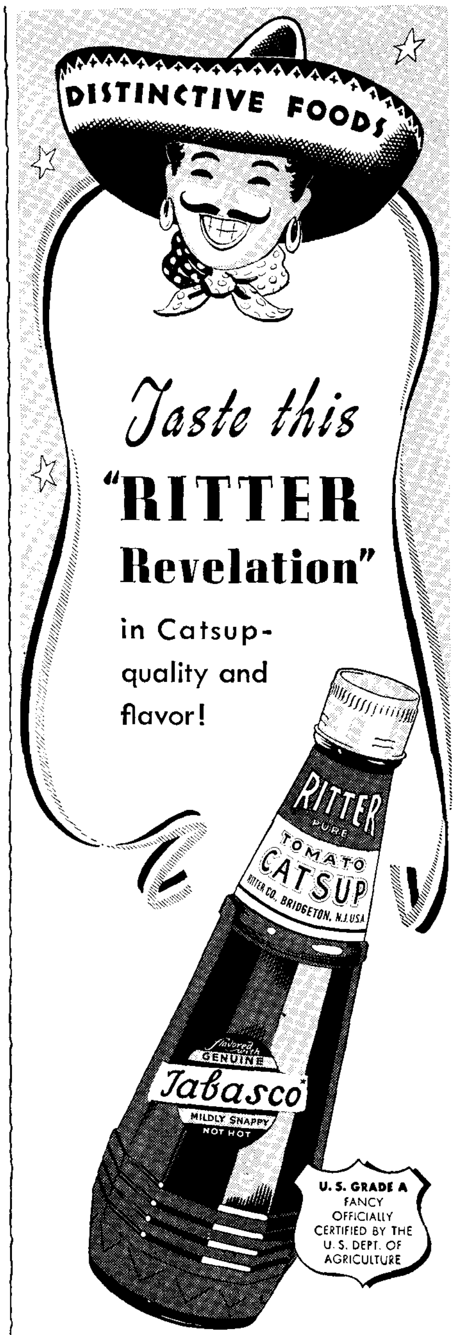
In three minutes thirty people were in the crowd; in three more minutes, over a hundred. Now and then there was a spatter of applause and, less frequently, some subdued booing. When Riley finished his speech, which had lasted about ten minutes, I counted two hundred in the audience, including twenty policemen, who stood with their backs to the speaker, forming a blue fringe around the outside edge of the crowd.

The Dartmouth man began to talk now, holding the Boake Carter clipping in his hand. The burden of his message was that the administration had held back the true facts on the Greer incident and that Carter, the columnist, had finally wormed them out of the Navy Department. Riley came over to me with Miss Bennett, the Hunter College girl, who was to speak soon and who, like Mrs. Armstrong, was an attractive young woman in a tweed coat and without a hat. She told me that she had been waiting for a Fifth Avenue bus one night this summer, had noticed that an America First speaker was giving a talk, had become interested in what he was saying, and had forthwith joined up as a speaker herself. I asked her if her family agreed with her views, and she said, "Oh, sure." The Dartmouth man said something from the speakers' ladder about "twisting the facts," and Miss Bennett spoke to Armstrong in a low tone. "He shouldn't say 'twisting the facts,' " she said. "A fact is either a fact or not a fact." "Uh-huh," said Armstrong politely. "Of course, you could twist a *truth*," said Miss Bennett. She pursed her lips and looked up at the Dartmouth man intolerantly.

ABOUT halfway through his speech the Dartmouth man mentioned Roosevelt by name, and a loud cheer went up from one section of the crowd. I walked over and looked at the people who were cheering and recognized among them the man with the smirk and the man with the nose glasses. The cheering kept on for some time. There were shouts of "Shut up!" and "Let the guy speak!" from other people in the crowd, and policemen began to leave their stations and work their way in toward the place where the cheering came from. The crowd began to mill around and there were angry shouts everywhere. "Impeach the President!" a woman yelled. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" yelled another, looking at her indignantly. "Let the speaker go on!" somebody else yelled, and then I heard a very loud voice say, "Shut up, you damn sheenies!" A policeman moved in and separated two men who seemed to be about to fight it out with their fists. The man with the nose glasses was saying, "I demand that you arrest this man who called me a sheeny." The policeman just said, "Move along, move along," and shoved both men off toward Fifth Avenue.

I went back to the space near the ladder and found Mrs. Armstrong leaning against the building, surrounded by the speakers. "Somebody kicked her in the shin," one of them told me. "It wasn't bad but it hurt," she said. "They always try to start a riot," said the Hunter College girl, who was rubbing Mrs. Armstrong's shin in a sisterly





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way. "Their basic idea is to cause a riot and break up the meeting." "I think even the man who shouted something about sheenies was one of them," said Mrs. Armstrong. "They know that's likely to start a fight and break up a meeting. Just after that man shouted another one of them kicked me in the shin."

"Who are they, anyway?" I asked. "Is it some organization, or what?"

"We aren't sure," Riley said. "Personally, I think it's just an independent group of Jewish people who think we're anti-Semitic. We're not, but ever since that Lindbergh speech we've been running into this everywhere. Or, of course, they may be Communists or Fight for Freedom people."

"But sheenies means Irish people, doesn't it?" asked Mrs. Armstrong.

"No, no," said Miss Bennett. "It means Jewish people."

Armstrong was speaking from the ladder now, and I took down this excerpt: "Instance after instance has arisen showing the dictatorial trend in Washington. I shall not go into any more of them. This method of twisting the truth, and of deceiving the American people again and again and again, is not democratic. It is exactly the method used by Hitler and Mussolini and Stalin. And that is not what we want in America."

Every time Armstrong mentioned Roosevelt, there was the same overdrawn cheering and the same angry shouts of "Let him speak!" from the crowd. There were no fights, as far as I could tell. Armstrong finally got down, having talked for fifteen minutes. Miss Bennett mounted the ladder after him, said, "I come to speak to you of fear," and talked for ten minutes about various kinds of fear, her point being that the administration was trying to scare us into war.

When Riley got up on the ladder after Miss Bennett's speech, the same people who had been cheering Roosevelt's name began cheering noisily again. "I appeal for fairness!" Riley shouted. "I appeal for fairness!" The cheering kept on, and he said, "Well, ladies and gentlemen, our speakers have concluded their speeches and there is no use trying to continue any longer with this unfairness going on, so I will close the meeting." Riley stepped down from the ladder and began folding it up.

Armstrong appeared at my elbow and said excitedly that he had just had one of the organized hecklers arrested and that the police were taking him to the station house on East Fifty-first

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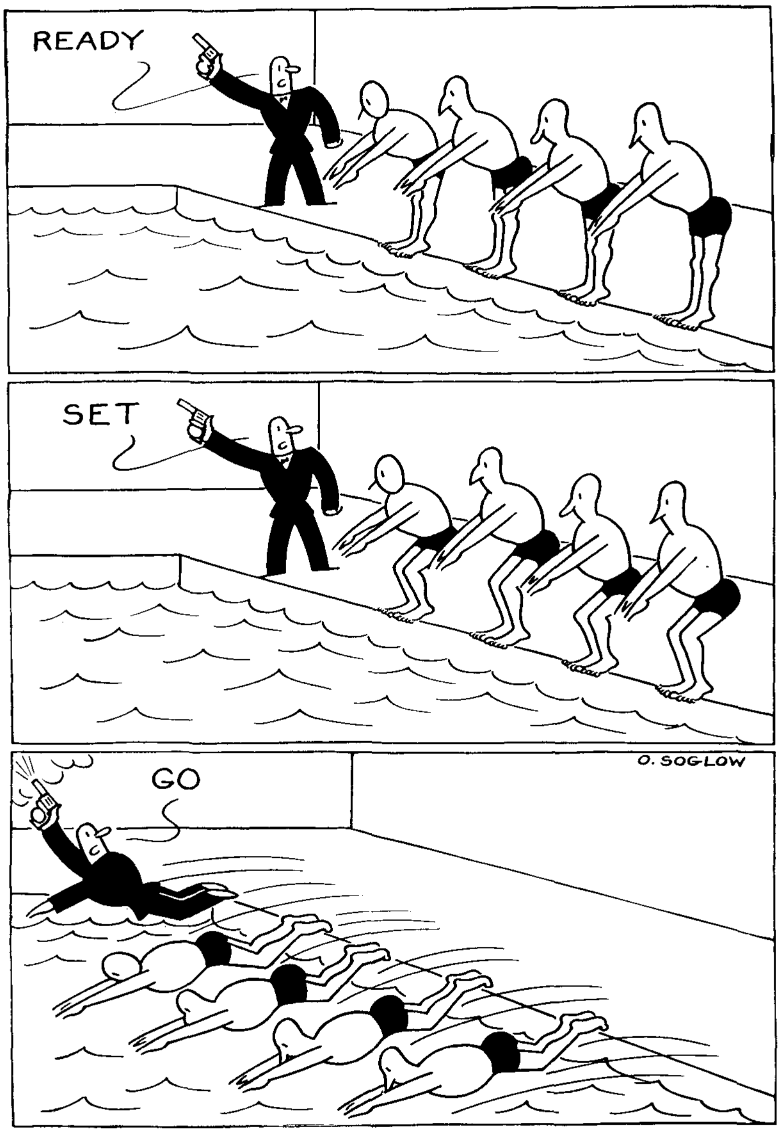

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Street. The police were breaking up the crowd, urging people to move along, so I went to a nearby Childs for a cup of coffee and then took a taxi over to the East Fifty-first Street station.

THERE were a dozen or so people outside the station house when I got there, and I recognized the man with the nose glasses and two of the women in fur coats I had seen at the rally. A policeman was telling them they couldn't go into the station house, but he let me go in when I showed him a press card. Inside, standing at the sergeant's desk, were Armstrong, Riley, and the man with the smirk. "I wish to make counter-charges against these two men," the man with the smirk was saying. "I hereby charge—"

"Listen," the sergeant said. "Shut up until I get to you."

The Dartmouth man came in the door breathlessly, and the sergeant asked who he was.

"I'm with the America First Committee. A witness," said the Dartmouth man.

"Outside," said the sergeant, and the man at the door put the Dartmouth man out.

The sergeant took all three names down then, and I learned that the man with the smirk was Joseph Ferber, forty years old, an attorney, of 20 Park Avenue. Riley and Armstrong charged him with disturbing the peace by heckling a licensed street meeting and he charged them with "inciting to riot, besmirching the names of the President and his wife, and using insulting and seditious language concerning the United States Navy."

The sergeant began to write this down, making a face and shaking his head, and Mr. Ferber leaned over toward me and whispered, "May I ask whom you represent in this case?" I told him I was a reporter and he looked pleased, and nodded and smiled. "Good," he whispered.

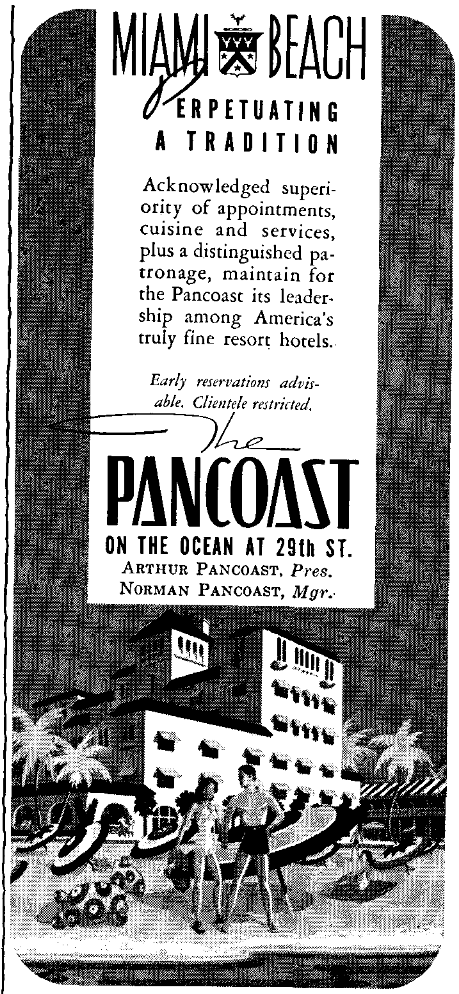
"You charge both men with the same things?" asked the sergeant, speaking to Mr. Ferber.

"Uh—no," said Mr. Ferber, giving me a knowing look. "The first man, the blond fellow, I also charge with assault—striking of the fist against the jaw."

"Closed fist?" asked the sergeant.

"A closed fist," said Mr. Ferber. "And the second one I charge with using besmirching language against the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, and with inciting to riot."

"How about the Navy?" asked the



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sergeant. "Did he insult the Navy too?"

"No, that's just for the first one," said Mr. Ferber, smiling happily.

"All right. Now goodbye, all three of you," said the sergeant, and a policeman shooed them out into the street, where a patrol wagon was waiting.

The sergeant told me that they would be taken to Night Court and that there a hearing would be set for some day later in the week. About ten such arrests and counter-arrests had been made, he said, at the America First street meetings since spring, and usually the charges and counter-charges were dropped, because neither side could ever prove anything. I later found out that the Armstrong-Riley-Ferber case had been postponed several times, and it is still pending.

I DIDN'T know what I thought about all that had happened that night. Then, outside the station house, I found one of the policemen who had been at the meeting, and got to talking to him. "Hell, it's all just rabble stuff," he said when I asked him how he felt about the America First street meetings. "Both sides are rabble people. It's just like Columbus Circle or Union Square. You get nuts speaking and you get nuts heckling. They ain't got anything more important to do with theirselves and neither have the dopes that stop and listen to them. What's said at them meetings don't just go in one ear and out the other; it don't even go in the one ear."

I pointed out to him that the America First speakers were all college men and that the man they had had arrested was a lawyer who lived on Park Avenue.

"They're all rabble people just the same," he said.

—St. Clair McKelway

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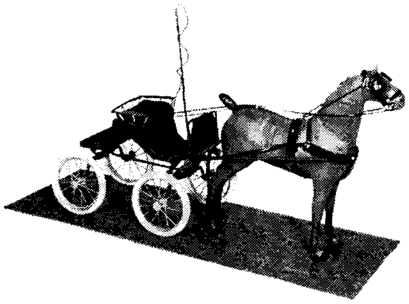

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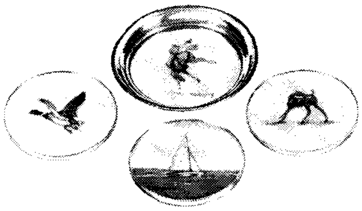

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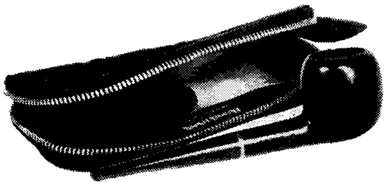

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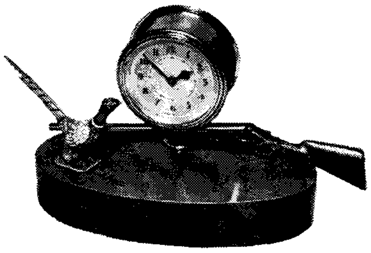

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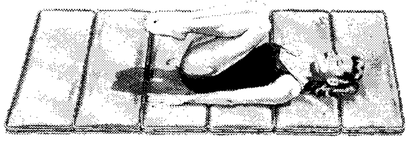

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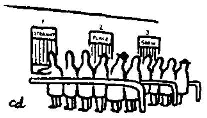
Memorials



THE season, going out like an old turtle, closes with the Bryan and O'Hara Memorial Handicap at Bowie this weekend. This race is named for the men who built the track in 1914 and for years operated it so successfully. The event used to be much richer. In 1928, when it was called the Gadsden D. Bryan Memorial Handicap, the late Jim O'Hara put up a purse of $40,000 to show how much he thought of his former partner. Thumbing the pages of an old book of past performances, I got a turn of nostalgia at discovering that Misstep won that year from such famous runners as Victorian, Sun Beau, Jock, Display, and Chance Play. Now, although the management gives eight races a day instead of seven and there is a larger turnover in the pari-mutuel, the purse is only $10,000. If pressed for an opinion, I'd say that the present eligibles are not $40,000 horses. They'll put up a good show, though.

AONBARR, who won the Prince George Autumn Handicap last week, seems to be a horse worth keeping an eye on. He did particularly well in Kentucky before going to Bowie, and for the benefit of skeptics I might say he knows how to behave in big fields; he's slow to get started, but he keeps out of trouble and finishes fast. Rosetown, who won the Thomas K. Lynch Memorial Handicap (Bowie is strong on memorial handicaps), was no match for him when he caught her in the stretch.

Aonbarr is a three-year-old by Boatswain, is owned by Miss Helen Hickman, and has won seven out of thirteen starts and a total of $13,840. He is a half-brother to Arabs Arrow, who was always winning stakes races at Churchill Downs, and a not so distant blood relative of Alsab. Hedemora, his mamma, and Winds Chant, the mother of Alsab, are half sisters. Baylor Hickman, who bred both mares, sold Winds Chant to Tom Piatt for $90 some years ago. Last month, Piatt sold a yearling foal out of Winds Chant to Bob Kleberg for $7,100.

IF the Endurance Handicap had not been the season's last important race for two-year-olds, there wouldn't be

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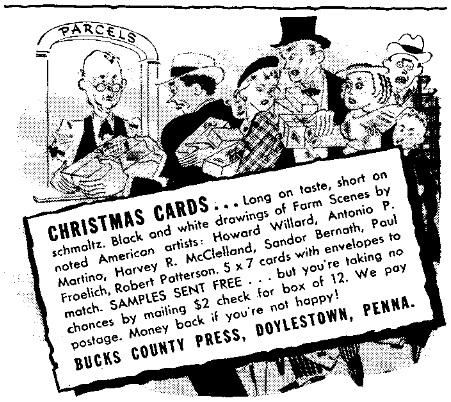

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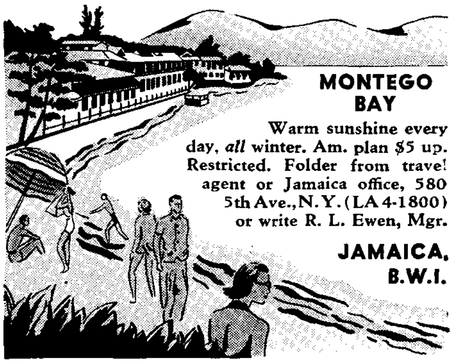

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much excuse for going into it seriously. Sweep Swinger, who won it, was practically sold down the river by the Greentree Stable in Florida last March, and T. D. Buhl, who bought him, has not done at all badly with his purchase, picking up around $11,000 in prize money. You probably know that Sweep Swinger has run against Alsab half a dozen times this year, always losing to him badly except on one occasion, when he managed to come in second. I can't say much for the other runners in the Endurance, especially Chuckle, who, you may remember, brought off a 10–1 chance in the Autumn Day Stakes at Empire City.

I WISH someone would explain the fascination which match races hold for so many people, including myself. There was nothing remarkable about the past performances of Sweet Willow or Wise Moss, who ran in the $5,000 Special at Rockingham last week. I daresay they were the leading fillies on the New England tracks this season, but that really isn't such an overwhelming distinction. Yet I confess I was more interested in the Special than I was in what was happening at Bowie. The management of Rockingham did not depend on the betting to draw a crowd—as a matter of fact, no mutuels were sold on the race—but the attendance was close to the top for the meeting. As you know, Wise Moss won, and in pretty fast time for the six furlongs. If I'd guessed, my choice would have been Sweet Willow.

COLONEL TANTIVY MARTINGALE, who will stick it out to the end at Bowie, will picket all the beaten favorites. He will carry a sandwich board with "Unfair to Disorganized Horseplayers" printed on each side.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Miss Sylvia Szechenyi has returned to Newport after passing several days at the Weylin with Mr. and Mrs. Marc Sevastopoulo. Mr. Sevastopoulo, whose first marriage to the former Miss Diana Guest ended in a divorce, was married three years ago in Paris to the present Mrs. Sevastopoulo, who was formerly the Princess Elizabeth Cantacuzene-Speransky. She is a niece of the Princess Julia Cantacuzene, a granddaughter of President Grant and is a daughter of Prince and Princess Cantacuzene-Speransky of Paris. The family of Mr. Sevastopoulo lived in Russia until the time of the revolution.—*The Sun.*

My, that seemed like a long trip back to Newport!

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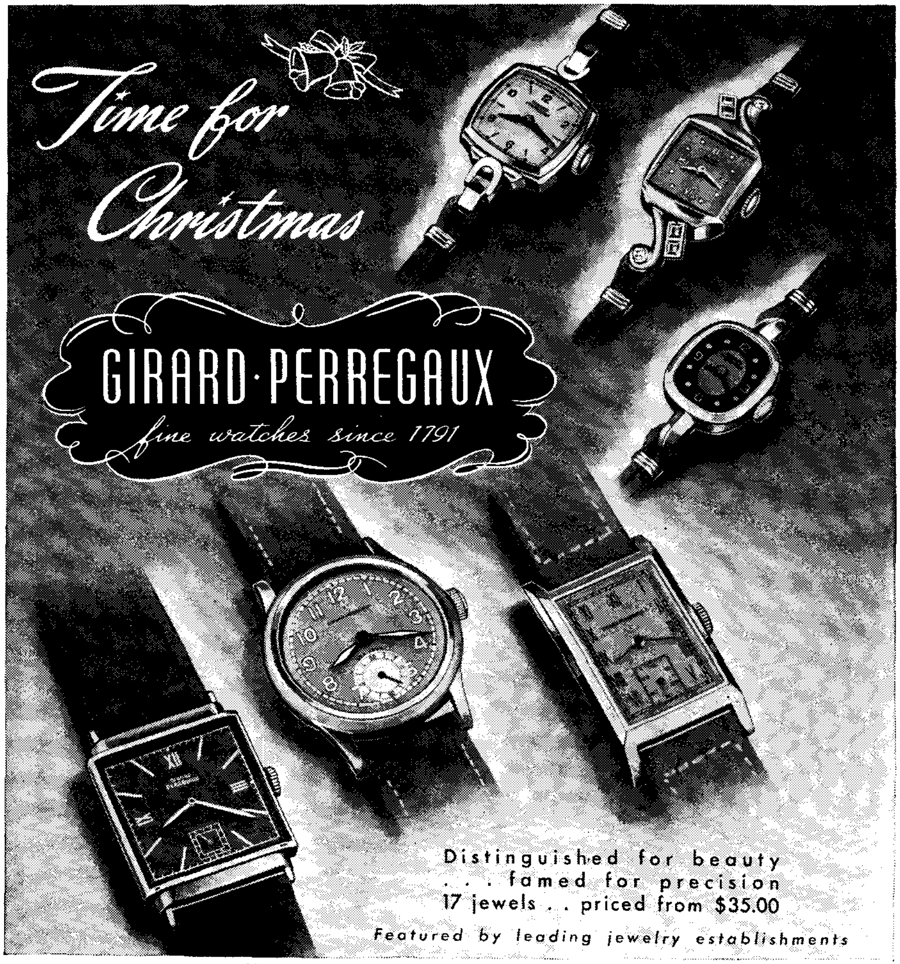
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THE ART GALLERIES

Had Any Good Dreams Lately?

FOR its big fall showing this year, the Modern Museum has turned to the surrealists, with a double-barrelled exhibition of the works of Joan Miró and Salvador Dali. Both collections are major affairs, broadly retrospective in scope and soundly arranged to show the two artists' development. Both should help to clear up some misconceptions about the surrealist movement in general. We tend too much, I'm afraid, to think of surrealism as a private manifestation of Dali's, a personal dream book to which he alone has the key, and hence to praise or blame it according to our feelings about Dali himself. That is unfortunate, for it not only does damage to the other men who belong to the school, men as diverse in style as Lurçat and Tanguy and Masson, and—in this country—Peter Blume, Philip Evergood, and James Guy; it also tends to get us mixed up in our minds between surrealism as art and surrealism as an escapade of Dali's, such as hanging pianos in trees or arranging peep shows at the World's Fair.

The truth is that the movement means more than that. I have moments, and fairly frequent ones too, when it seems to me to be the strongest and most promising style in painting today; certainly, it means more than can be expressed by falling through a show window at Bonwit Teller. Stripped of its antic embellishments, surrealism is simply a technique for introducing metaphor into painting, and though this has been done before (indeed, all good art has its overtones of allusion), the surrealists, as a group, are the first to do it deliberately. It seems to me they are only just beginning to exploit the method fully.

The metaphor can be based on Freudian symbolism, as in Dali's work, or on the simpler aspects of dreams, as in Tanguy's; it can be used to sharpen social commentary, as most of the American surrealists do. In any event, the possibilities of the method are wide; how wide one has only to turn to this show to discover, for it would be hard to think of any other school large enough in its scope to include two such oddly dissimilar men as the pair who are featured in this show. Of the two, I must say that it's Miró who comes off better. Dali, I fear, is one of those who suffer from the fact that their exhibitions are too comprehensive. His field is the deeper recesses of the mind, and he has frequently announced that his purpose is to shock and revolt us with what he finds there. The difficulty is that even the most violent shocks, too often repeated, bring immunity, and one has not progressed very far through the collection before such phenomena as ants crawling over watches, breasts that open like bureau drawers, and so on have lost a good share of their intended impact.

There is a great deal more than mere shock value to Dali's work, of course. As sheer painting, it reveals an absolute mastery of the craft that is equalled by no other artist alive today, and there are passages in a number of the pictures—the scaly glitter of the fish in "Imperial Violets," the opalescence of "Apparition of a Face and Fruit-Dish on a Beach"—which one can linger over almost indefinitely in enjoyment of the effortless skill displayed. On the whole, though, the group brings more disappointment than anything else. Little progress is displayed, except in a technical sense, and though some of the canvases achieve real heights of moody grandeur—his "Palladio's Corridor of Dramatic Surprise" and his "Old Age, Adolescence, Infancy," for example—there's a sense of shallowness about most of the work that more than offsets these successes. Dali's very virtuosity is his severest handicap, for it has kept him thinking too much of surfaces and too little of content; it seems somehow significant that one of his earliest canvases and one of his latest, "The Basket of Bread" and "Two Pieces of Bread Expressing the Sentiment of Love," should have the same subject and much the same treatment. In the latter the bread is done much more expertly, that's all.

Going from the Dali section to the Mirós is like moving from some dark, solemn chamber—say, a room where clinical photographs are studied—to the gaiety and light of a children's nursery. I speak, too, as one who has heretofore never admired Miró greatly, and I still think him overrated in some quarters. A good deal of his work seems to me to be mere blown-up whimsy. In his case, however, the size of the show operates to his advantage. Here real progress is shown, and it must be added that from his earliest Cubist dabblings, such as the "Nude with Mirror" of 1919, through the Breughelesque fantasies of the nineteen-twenties, to the strongly personalized style of more recent years, the progression has been not only toward greater mastery of his medium but also toward a richer and more varied expression. The result is that the more one sees of his work the better one understands it, and I myself had never before realized how sound a grounding in the strict formulas of design lay behind his apparently aimless compositions, or how penetratingly descriptive those oddly amorphous figures of his can sometimes be. Note, for instance, his "Catalan Landscape—The Hunter," in which the hunter is reduced to an eye, a triangular face, and a Tartarinesque pipe and mustache, and the rabbit to ears, whiskers, and a spiral of speed. Miró, I suppose, will never become as finished an artist as Dali, but he is even now a better one.

ODD teammates also crop up at the Buchholz, which is showing sculptures by Lehmbruck and Maillol. This combination works out more successfully than you might think, for despite their differences in style—Lehmbruck's strong Gothicism as opposed to the classicism of Maillol—the two men have a common feeling for mass and sculptural dignity. . . . At the Metropolitan, there is an exhibition of Australian art. On the whole, it is pretty much what might be expected—a certain amount of experimentation among the younger men, a great deal of outworn academicism among the older ones—but it is worth seeing, I suppose, if only in deference to the distance the collection has travelled. While you're at the Museum, don't miss the show of eighteenth-century prints by Piranesi. These are the imaginary architectural subjects—the fantastic prison interiors, the part-hypothetical Roman reconstructions, and so on—which have influenced everyone from De Quincey (who dreamed about them) on down to the modern surrealists. It's easy to see why. Sombre, massive, completely dreamlike in effect, they are as impressive in their way as anything in the whole field of art.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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[*Headlines in the Easton (Pa.) Express*]

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A REPORTER IN LONDON

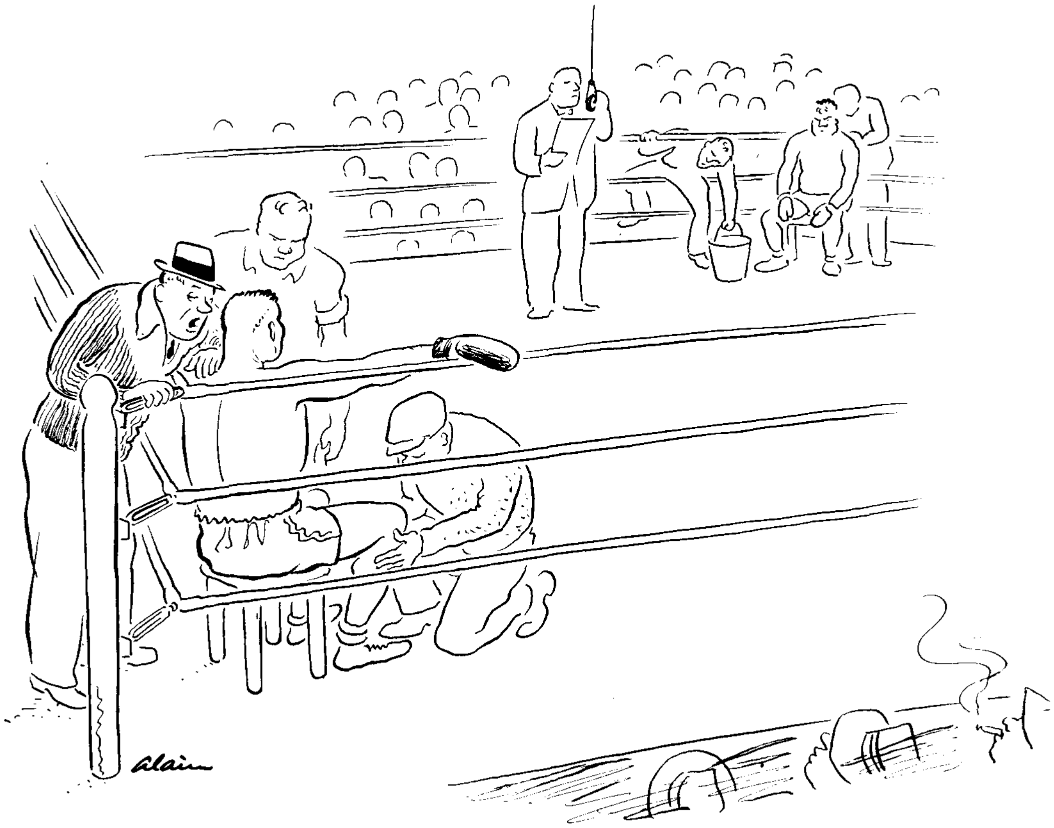
BUNDLES FROM BRITAIN

THERE are over sixty thousand British prisoners of war in Germany and Italy, most of them in Germany, which is dotted with prison camps all the way from the borders of Holland, Belgium, and France to Danzig and Marienburg in the northeast and to Austria and the Yugoslav frontier in the southeast. Of these men, a considerable number are in hospitals, suffering from serious war wounds or from illnesses contracted in the German camps. The anxiety of their friends and relatives isn't helped by knowing that their chances of making a good recovery are lessened by an urgent need of invalid foods, special dressings, and drugs—necessities which the Germans have been short of for some time and are certainly still shorter of now that the casualties, theirs and their enemy's, are coming in from the Russian front. Thousands of worried English families have good cause to be grateful to the Red Cross and the Order of St. John, the famous charitable organization, which are jointly running a bureau for the dispatch of medical supplies to English prisoners of war. Besides sending parcels to individuals, this bureau, which is called the Invalid Comforts Section, forwards large consignments in bulk to the larger camps, as a reserve against sudden emergencies, and to the International Red Cross at Geneva, which distributes the goods as it sees fit, in response to appeals from camp doctors.

The London headquarters of the Invalid Comforts Section are at 14 Carlton House Terrace, once the town mansion of Lord Lonsdale. I called there the other day, having arranged with Mrs. Bromley Davenport, the honorary secretary, to see where the parcels which mean the difference between life and death to hundreds of Britons are made up and to learn something of how they reach their destinations in the enemy's country. The house seemed a rather gruesome echo of a more spacious Edwardian past. Inside, red damask was peeling dismally off the walls, tarnished nymphs lunged from every cornice, and at the top of the ornate double staircase, where formerly a visitor might have expected to see someone in a tiara, a shirt-sleeved man was struggling with a crate marked "Horlick's." I asked a passing workman where I would find Mrs. Davenport, and he said he would locate her for me. Presently she came out of a side door and greeted me. Her manner was quiet and sympathetic, and she gave the impression that she was accustomed to dealing with harassed people. "Those stairs make you think of debs at once, don't they?" she said. "The old German Embassy is next door, you know. Sometimes I half expect to hear Ribbentrop's ghost tapping on the wall."

We went into her office, an enormous room facing St. James's Park; there, with various assistants, she runs the organization and handles the letters and visits from the kin and close friends of wounded and sick prisoners. These people come in all the time, sometimes in a very distraught state of mind, though they are usually not so upset now as they were in the early days of the organization, when it wasn't able to work as smoothly as it does at present. After the fall of France all communications with the Continent ceased entirely for two months, and the number of British prisoners there jumped from an estimated twelve thousand in July of 1940 to forty-five thousand in December. Gradually, however, the Red Cross got a scheme going whereby consignments were sent by sea to Lisbon, then by rail across Portugal, Spain, and Unoccupied France to the International Red Cross in Geneva. This route turned out to be too slow, what with the erratic, overtaxed train service in those countries, and since last December the parcels have been sent on from Lisbon to Marseilles in ships that sail the dangerous Mediterranean under the guarantee of safe-conduct granted to the International Red Cross by the warring powers. There is plenty of evidence that the stuff is getting through to the men regularly nowadays, and this naturally relieves their families' minds a great deal.

Mrs. Davenport keeps in close touch with the relatives of hospitalized prisoners. The Red Cross is her principal source of information and whatever reports reach her about the men are set down in an elaborate card-index system, which keeps pretty close track of every prisoner's ailment, treatment, and admission to and discharge from a hospital. Even after a man leaves a hospital the Red Cross still keeps a watchful eye on him, and reserves of building-up foods, such as concentrates of milk



"Now remember my mother's out there tonight. I want you to go in and murder this guy."

and meat, are sent to the prison camps for convalescents who should have some nourishing supplement to the ordinary camp diet. Under the terms of the Geneva Convention, which in 1929 worked out rules of conduct affecting the treatment of prisoners of war, each prisoner is supposed to be fed on a scale similar to that of the back-line troops of what is termed politely "the detaining Power." It is believed, however, that the food British prisoners are getting is much nearer to what German civilians are allowed, which isn't exactly liberal. By international agreement, captive British medical officers are stationed at each German prison camp and they see to it that the supplies are distributed properly.

I learned from Mrs. Davenport that she had begun doing this sort of work during the last war after reading a letter to the *Times* from two Army doctors just repatriated from one of the Kaiser's prison camps where there had been a terrible outbreak of typhus. The letter painted an appalling picture of conditions made worse by shortages of medical supplies, invalid foods, and utensils, and convinced Mrs. Davenport that something must be done. She got to work quickly, funds were raised, and soon quantities of sickbed necessities were being sent to prisoners in Germany and Turkey. When this war began she started up the organization again, but the work was a long time getting properly under way, simply because, in that early, strange, static period of war and no war, there weren't many wounded prisoners to look after. For quite a while the captive patients were mostly men who had been shot down in dogfights over France, and there were so few of them that the workers were able to take a personal interest in each case. Then, after Dunkerque, the deluge came, and in November the Section really got busy. Its London staff now numbers a hundred and twenty people, who send out an average of six thousand parcels a week, consisting for the most part of goods supplied by the Red Cross, though they also dispatch drugs and food provided by relatives.

In emergency cases, such as acute illness calling for a special diet, packages of food weighing as much as four pounds are sent to Lisbon by air, but the Section is a little chary of mentioning this lest the relatives of every prisoner demand that their particular patient should be given express service. Serums, spectacles, and false teeth, being relatively light and not bulky, are nearly always sent by air. I gathered that the last are in espe-

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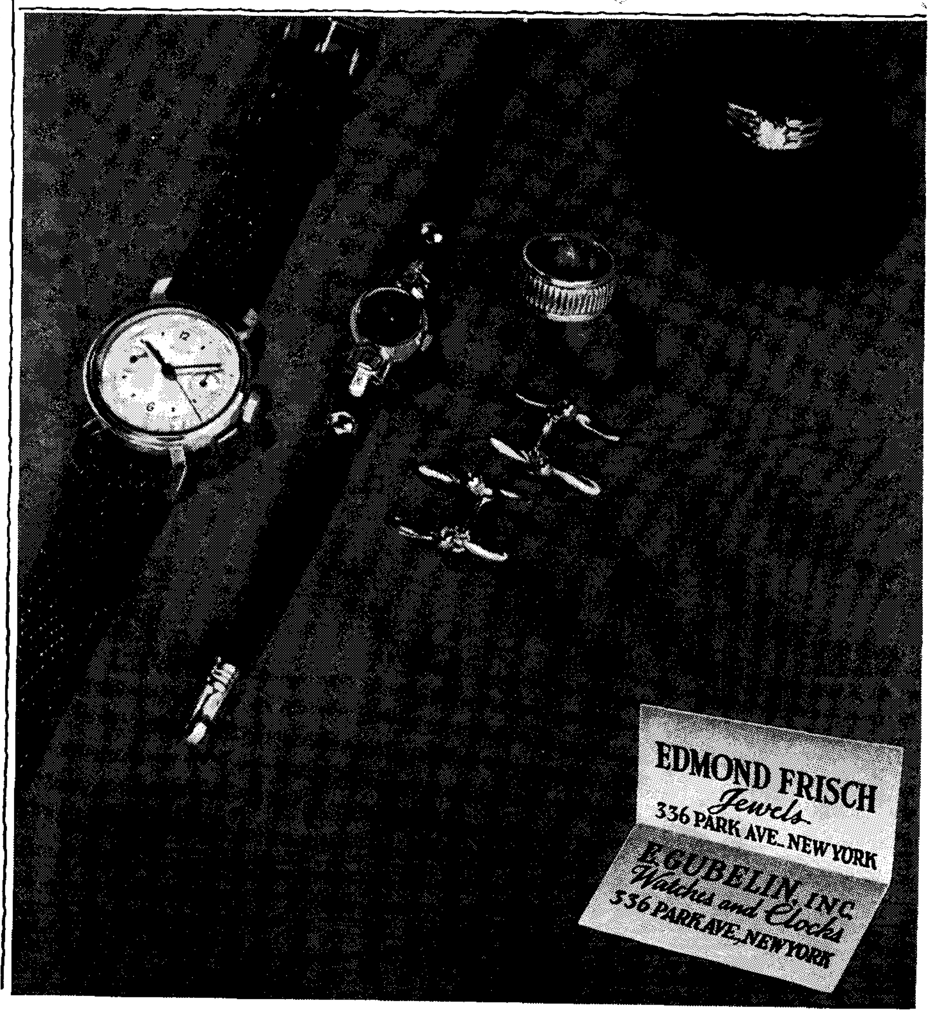

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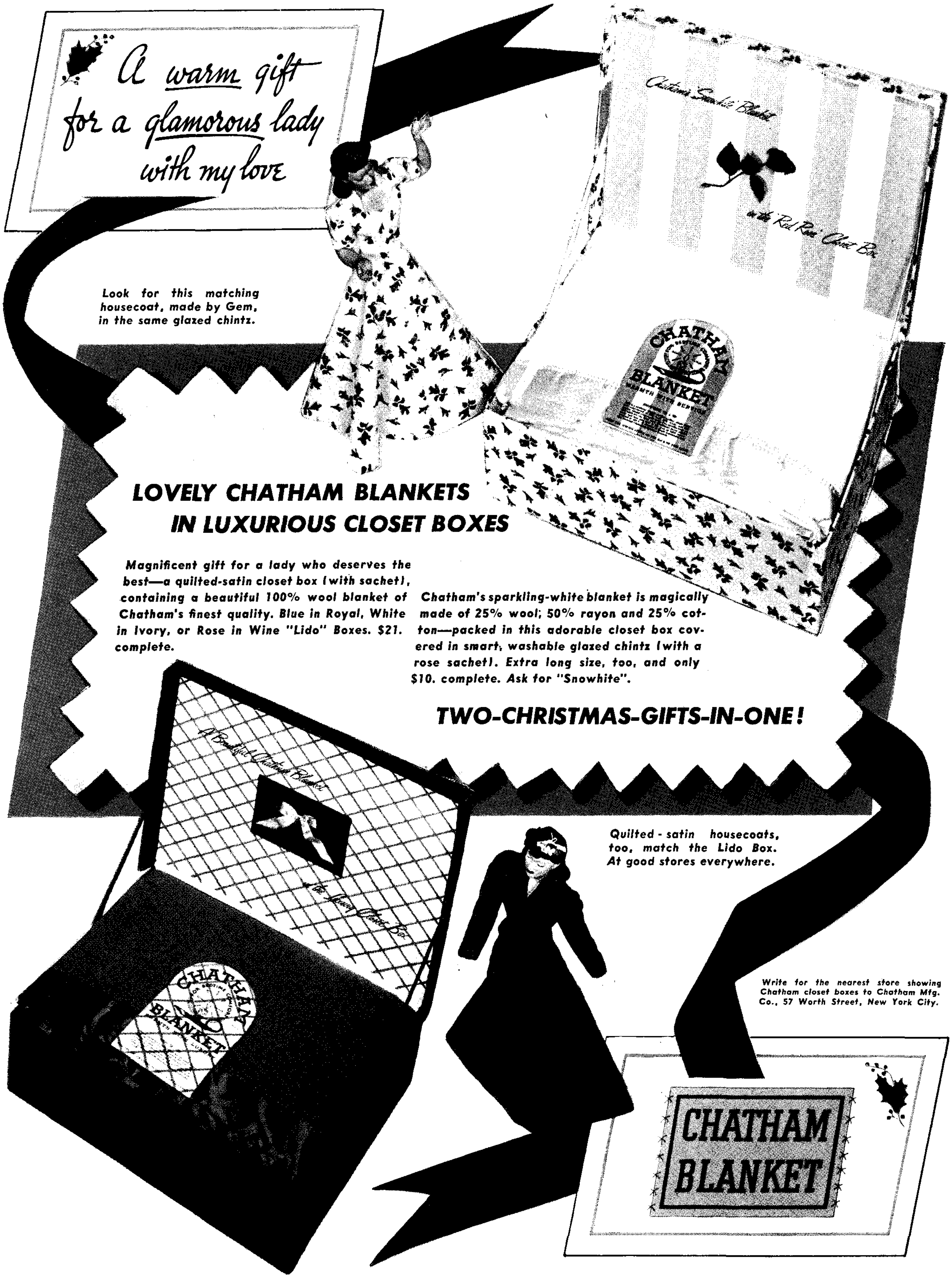
cial demand; it seems that the air between London and Lisbon is full, so to speak, of flying molars. "Prison diet isn't kind to the teeth," Mrs. Davenport said. "We hear all the time of their crumbling and coming out. Calcium is one of the things that are always included in parcels. Lots of men have trouble with their hair, too, and we send them medicaments for that, and all sorts of vitamin preparations to combat boils and various skin diseases, which are rather prevalent. Spectacles, of course, we send out all the time—thousands and thousands of pairs."

Mrs. Davenport took me down to the far end of the room, where she introduced me to Mr. Strutt, who is in charge of a newly organized department called Braille Comforts, which provides for prisoners of war who have lost their sight. Sometimes Mr. Strutt has difficulty in finding out about such men, who frequently go to pathetic lengths to keep their blindness a secret from their people back home. "They don't want to worry their families, so they get the other men to write for them, saying they're just temporarily disabled," Mr. Strutt explained. "That's why we had to appeal the other day to all relatives of prisoners of war, asking them to let us know the moment they have reason to suspect that there is anything seriously wrong with the captured man's sight. Directly we hear of a blind man in a camp we send him a parcel by air mail. We may send him a special writing device, Braille playing cards, a Braille watch, and a game like chess or draughts. Our aim is to make his boredom and depression less acute and to fill in the waiting period with a little training before he gets home and can be given a real course of rehabilitation." Mr. Strutt showed me one of the writing devices—a piece of cardboard the size of the regulation notepaper used by prisoners. It was ruled with raised guiding lines, which can easily be felt through the paper when it is clipped in place over the cardboard. Instruction in how to read Braille is also sent, he told me, and the blinded man learns to read with the help of his fellow-prisoners.

MRS. DAVENPORT said she would take me around to see the staff at work. Our first stop was a packing room, where I was turned over to a Miss Duckworth, who was in charge. It was a long room with a double row of tables, at which about a dozen women in overalls were standing. They were quickly and deftly packing supplies into square cardboard boxes, filling in the corners between the various articles with mussed-up cellophane scraps. All the workers here were volunteers, Miss Duckworth said. They work from nine to four-thirty, with a short time out for lunch at the Red Cross canteen across the way. Most of them looked like women who in peacetime would be lunching leisurely and filling in the afternoon with a little bridge or a visit to the hairdresser's, but now they were working as efficiently as if they had stood all their lives at a factory bench. Miss Duckworth said that they were doing up a big consignment of milk products—things like condensed and powdered milk, Horlick's, cheese, and so on—which was going to a camp to be held in reserve for convalescents who couldn't tackle a solid diet yet. An average day's output for the room was five hundred parcels; if the contents were something that packed easily, like soap, the figure chalked up was likely to jump by a hundred or two.

There was a reservoir of supplies elsewhere in the building, Miss Duckworth told me. The night before, she said, a list had been drawn up of what would be needed today and the specified quantities of the goods had been dumped into boxes, which were rolled in, twenty at a time, to the packers. It was the packers' job to fit the contents into a jigsaw-puzzle pattern, worked out in advance to assure correct weight and balance. Then the lids were put on and the boxes were pushed along to a gray-haired woman at one end of the room, who expertly ran her hands along the sides and pressed hard on the tops to make certain that nothing was loosely packed. After this another woman rubber-stamped them, addressing them to "The Senior British Officer, Royal Army Medical Corps, Stalag XB, Germany" and declaring their contents to be "Milch." A *Stalag* is a base camp; packages are also sent to prisoners in *Oflags*, or officers' camps, and in *Dulags*, or transfer camps. The parcels were next passed to the stringers, who tied them up with incredible speed and stacked them at the end of a table, ready for mailing. Stringers' hands usually get painfully cut during the first week or so of work; after that they toughen up, or their owners quit. Miss Duckworth and I stood watching the head stringer, a pretty young woman who worked at the neat pace of a parcel a minute. Miss Duckworth, who is a stringing champion herself, bent down to examine the knots with professional interest. "Is that the horseshoe?" she asked. The other said no, it was a little knot she had thought up on her own account. As head stringer, she was proud of the fact that of twenty-three parcels which had been dispatched last November and had just been returned because, for some reason or other, they hadn't caught up with the prisoners they were addressed to, not one had come untied. The boxes had split at the sides and had the fatigued air of having been kicking around innumerable *Stalags*, but their contents were all in perfect order because the cording had held.

While we were talking, one of the packers suddenly plucked a bit of newspaper out of the cellophane scraps and passed it to Miss Duckworth, who thanked her and, clutching it firmly, explained to me that they had to be on the alert against letting any printed matter get into the parcels, as this is an infraction of the rules and very upsetting to prison-camp authorities. On the whole, she continued, the Germans have shown themselves quite willing to coöperate and have behaved perfectly fairly about the scheme. Miss Duckworth, who, like Mrs. Davenport, had done the same sort of work during the last war, said she thought the men were better treated now than they were then. Of course, she added, there are exceptions, such as one notoriously bad camp where the commandant has refused to accept any parcels at all for his prisoners, but she thought this was just a case of individual meanness. International Red Cross investigators, she said, report that the really savage reprisal camps in Poland, where the Nazis for a while were paying off the scores of what they considered to be bad treatment of some German prisoners in Canadian camps, have been largely cleaned up. I asked what assurance there was that the medical comforts were getting through all right, and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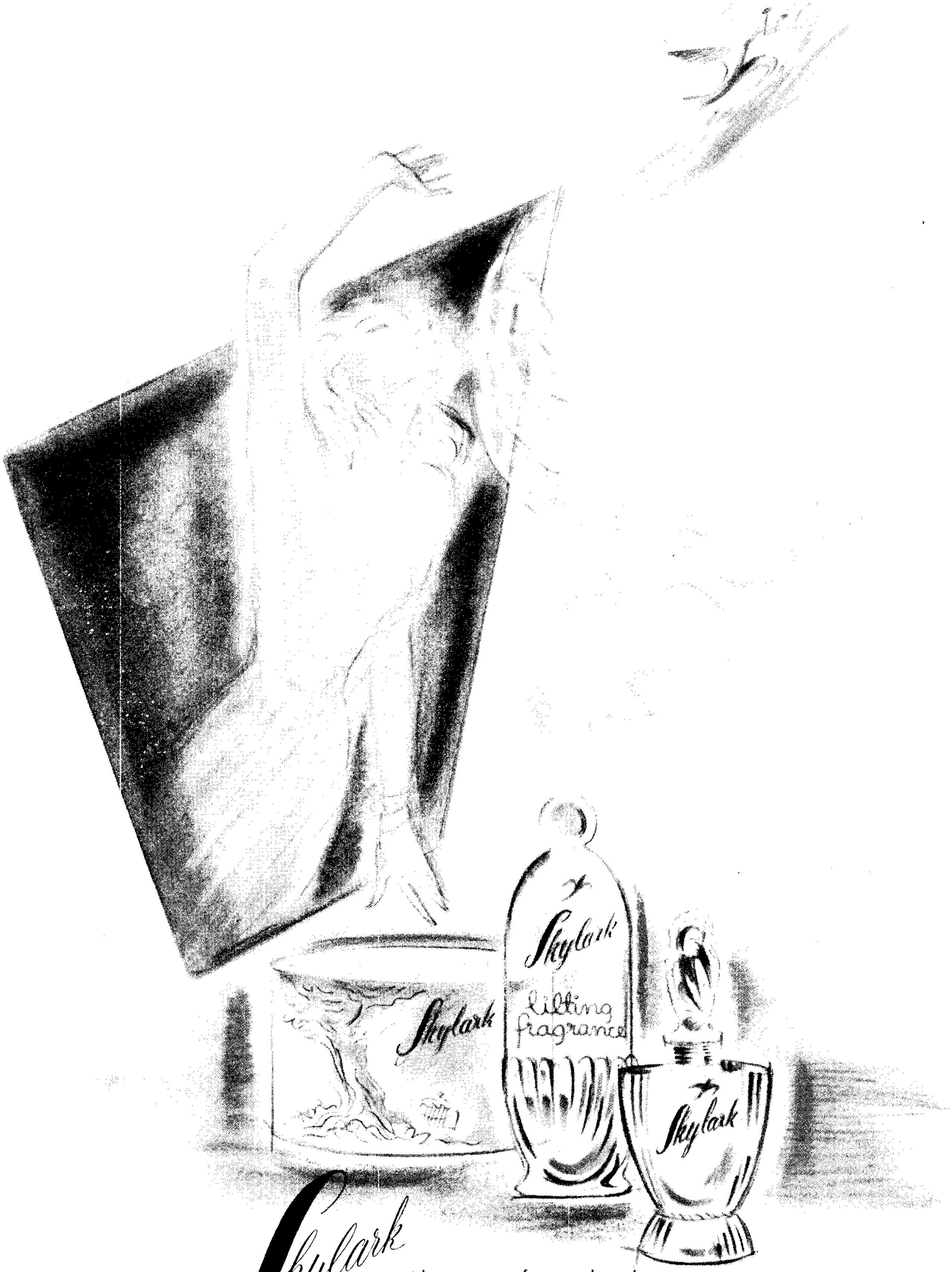
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barbara gould New York

Miss Duckworth replied that they kept a check by enclosing a card in each parcel, with the request that the recipient sign it and return it to the British Red Cross. The results, she said, were satisfactory.

WE went along to the censors' department next, Mrs. Davenport and I, taking a look at a big storeroom on the way. In the storeroom, which smelled like a cross between a drugstore and a grocery shop, workers were busy filling boxes from stacks of glucose, disinfectants, halibut oil, kaolin, yeast preparations, toilet paper, rusks, iodine, turtle soup, insecticide, bandages, and groats. Mrs. Davenport told me sadly that certain of the things were running out and couldn't be replaced. Such items of invalid diet as fruit juices, breasts of chicken, and tinned butter, for instance, were no longer procurable in wartime England. "It's like trying to cater for an enormous, insatiable family," Mrs. Davenport said, "at shops which are only half stocked." Leaving the room, we passed some packages, evidently ready for shipping, that were neatly sewed up in white cloth, not just corded. I asked why that was, and Mrs. Davenport said those packages were going to Italian prison camps and therefore had to be sewed up, because experience had taught the Section that the Italians frequently nabbed the contents of boxes that were merely tied. The stitching was done by Mayfair ladies' maids who came in twice a week and helped frustrate the Italians with a little determined sewing.

A jolly lady named Miss Gretton presided over the censors' department, which exists mainly to check up on the things which are brought in for shipping by the relatives and friends of sick prisoners. Miss Gretton said that very often, generally because of ignorance of the rules, friends try to send a letter along with the supplies, and this is forbidden. One little sickroom trifle brought in a while ago by a hopeful young woman was found to contain a note saying, "If you're unmarried, please answer. If you're married, don't bother." This was promptly suppressed by the unromantic censor. While we were talking, one of Miss Gretton's workers came up with a letter which she had just found neatly folded in a box of lozenges. "Naughty!" said Miss Gretton briskly, taking charge of it. "He'll get his lozenges, of course, and we'll tell his people off at this end about the letter. That's why we have to rule out anything in tubes, you know; it would be so easy to slip a message into a

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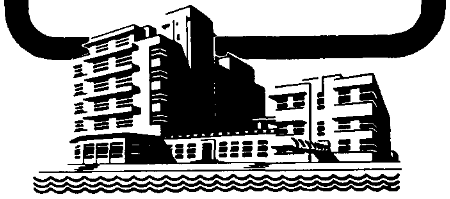

toothpaste or shaving-cream tube and almost impossible to spot. Apart from that, we naturally don't want those beasts to get the valuable empty tubes."

A box was then being checked over before being sent by air mail to a sergeant who was seriously ill after an appendicitis operation. He was being sent Radiostol, ascorbic acid, Nestrovite, and other vitamin preparations. Such individual medical needs are prescribed by doctors attached to the organization, who go by what the senior medical officer at the prison camp reports about the case. The next parcel was for a man who had contracted frostbite last winter; it contained frostbite ointments and sheepskin mittens. Mrs. Davenport said that they had been kept busy sending eye baths, boric crystals, and dark glasses to Libya, where soldiers' eyes were affected by the desert glare. Lice-exterminators go out all the time, and so do appliances such as trusses and foot supports. A rubber air cushion was sent in the other day to be dispatched to a general whose back had once been broken in a hunting accident and who now was finding prison beds unsympathetic. Among other things which don't strictly come under the heading of medical comforts but are sent along anyway are chalices and vestments, which are often requested by camp padres.

I noticed that one of the parcels waiting to be checked was addressed to a Mrs. Horn, Vittel, France, and Miss Gretton said that it was bound for one of the women's concentration camps. "There are all sorts of women there," she said. "Ambulance drivers who got captured in France last summer, passengers off torpedoed ships, Salvation Army workers, and Englishwomen who were living in France before the collapse and couldn't get out in time. Conditions vary in these camps, but on the whole the reports we receive on them from the International Red Cross investigators aren't bad. One is run by nuns, for instance; that's a good one. I do know that when the International Red Cross turned in a very good report on the conditions under which German women are interned on the Isle of Man, the standard of the German ones rose at once. Most of the supplies needed at women's camps are to counteract diet deficiencies. We try to help out by sending plenty of tonics and vitamins, although our stocks of the latter are running horribly low." The women prisoners, Miss Gretton added, are always anxious to have soap, and little packages of tea are invariably included in their

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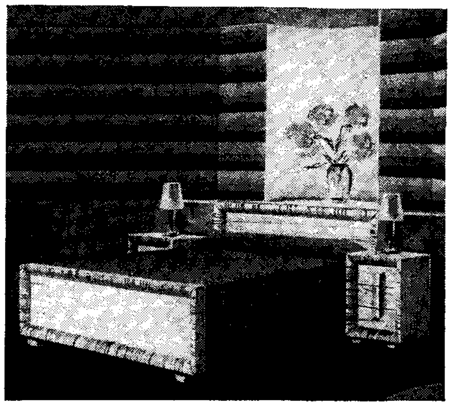

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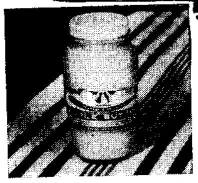

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parcels. Behind barbed wire, it seems, a nice cup of tea becomes a sort of communion, a practically religious reaffirmation of faith in the English way of life.

MRS. DAVENPORT and I thanked Miss Gretton and started back to the office. On the way, she told me that her organization also keeps an eye on the health of the children in civilian concentration camps. There are quite a number of infants, many of them born since their mothers were incarcerated. The workers at Carlton House Terrace have an especially affectionate feeling for a set of three-month-old twins whose parents used to be in the British consular service in Norway and were moved some time ago to a camp in Germany. Milk parcels go regularly to the twins, who are doing as fine as if the bars through which they are taking their first look at life were bars across an English nursery window.

Sometimes, though, too close an interest in the recipients of parcels isn't a good thing. Before leaving, I went to say goodbye to Miss Duckworth, and I happened to mention the twins. She said that in the early days of the war, when prisoners were still few enough to be sorted out as personalities, she had followed the career of a man named Shorty with particular benevolence. Shorty interested her because he was always being moved about from hospital to camp, from *Stalag* to *Dulag*, and back again to hospital in a pathetic kind of odyssey, with which his parcels kept up somewhat limpingly. It got so that the other workers started ribbing her, crying out from time to time, "Here's something for Shorty! Pass it along to Miss Duckworth to pack." One day, however, the parcels started coming back. Shorty had finally given the postal authorities the slip by going into a hospital for the last time and dying of his wounds there. The whole room took his death as a personal defeat.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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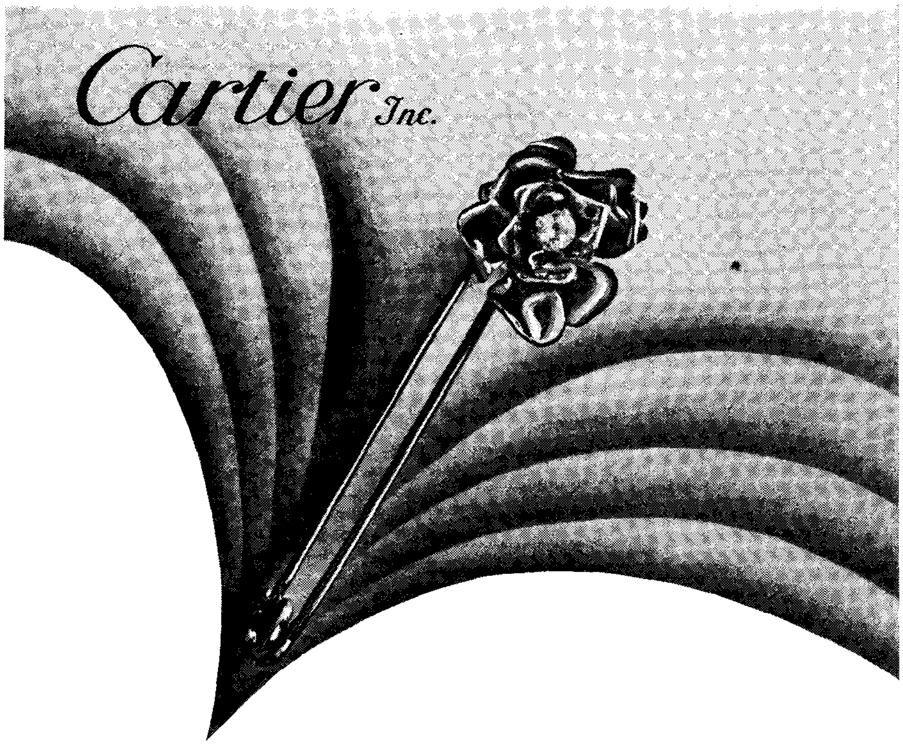
ROC

The eg of the roc
Is out of stoc;
If not, I beg
Your pardon, eg.

O lad and las,
Things come, things pas:
The shattered shel,
The roc himsel.

—DAVID McCORD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VICTORY FOR THE HOME TEAM

MY father's life, which he would not have traded for that of Napoleon Bonaparte, would have seemed to the sophisticated a small-time performance. What was he, anyway? Just a businessman in a small town, with too many children, too many people owing him money, too large a satisfaction with his lot. "Who does he think he is?" we children used to say. "King of Morris County?"

He did think just that and he enjoyed kinging. He sold coal for a living, but he sold it with style and pride, as if he himself had invented heat. His favorite sport was to walk the streets of his New Jersey town, taking his hat off benevolently to everybody he met, whether he knew them or not. If certain people did not already owe him money, he intended that they soon should.

When he took my mother abroad for a grand tour of Europe, he enjoyed most the opportunities travel gave him to tell strangers in museums, cathedrals, and on trains who he was and what he did for a living. This zest for acquaintanceship embarrassed us children as we began to grow up. Not content just to walk down the street with us, he led us into banks, news stores, and barbershops to introduce us to everyone he knew. "I want you to meet my daughter," he would say importantly. "My oldest daughter, the Barnard girl. She is the one who has a job in New York." The grave seemed preferable to such monkeyshines.

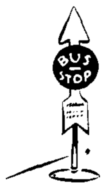
We never stayed mad at him long, however, because he exuded affection and was never self-conscious. Also, certain things about him continued to glow for us as they had in our childhood. When he spoke of these, we believed again that he was set apart from other men. There was, for instance, the gold-mine stock that an older brother had sent him years ago from Montana, which someday might make us all rich. And even more important, there was his friendship with James Sullivan, a relationship which embellished his unadventurous life as the sound of breakers romanticizes a seashore resort.

Years before, when they were still in the district school, my father and this Sullivan had vowed to go West together and make fortunes. When the time came, my father had had to stick to his father's farm; James, like a character out of Alger, had gone West, ridden in a stage up to the leading hotel of a growing city with ten cents in his pocket, and become a successful lawyer, a leader at the bar. He never forgot my father. Whenever James came East, my father went in to New York to dine with him, from which reunion feasts he came home glowing with pleasure in his friend. What a man! What a mentality! What loyalty! What success!

"You children," my mother used to say, "would not be here today if he had had his way with your father. How would you have liked that?" When she embroidered on this theme, she sounded jealous. Mr. Sullivan, she would explain, had of course risen to success at the bar, but it was just circumstances that had limited my father and his indubitable genius to the selling of coal. And when, every so often, the mail brought photographs of Sullivan's children—boys, as I remember, with close-cropped heads and serious faces, dressed in oddly designed sailor suits—Mother would look at them and say to my father, "Well, they can't compare with *your* children, if I say so myself. Now, find a safe place and put the pictures away."

Not that she disliked J. Sullivan. Heavens, no! The next minute she would be amplifying the story of his fine generosities, of the fine dinners he bought my father, of the fur-lined overcoat he had worn. Our pleasure in him revived; he became an asset again.

I SAW Mr. Sullivan only twice. One hot July morning, when I was in my early teens, I was practicing on the piano in our back parlor. Through the open doors and windows came the delightful sounds of people going by, of children riding bicycles, of grass being mowed. Then someone was at our door. Glad of any excuse to leave the piano, I went out to the hall and saw a big, bald-headed, strong-looking man with the black eyes of a man with a temper. He looked prosperous but too hot; as he asked for my mother, he wiped his forehead with a handkerchief.



"You tell your mother it's Jim," he said. "She'll know."

When I gave my mother the message, she jumped right up and flew downstairs. Her voice could be heard all through the house, making a big fuss over him. We children listened to her from the stairs; eventually, we had to go down and be inspected. My father came home from the office, and after a good deal of palaver the two men drove off together in our buggy. My father wanted to have the horse hitched to the surrey so that my mother could go too. She said no, firmly.

Standing at the front door, she waved them off, her face lively with approbation. Once they were safely up the street, her face changed.

"You children," she ordered, with her no-nonsense voice, "pick up that front porch. Go change your clothes—you look like the ragpicker's children. Take that bicycle off the steps. Who put this hat on the sideboard?"

Flying to the telephone, she ordered a rich and fancy ice cream (an extravagance indulged in on only the most festive occasions) and broilers from the butcher, and sailed into the kitchen to put the fear of God into the darky cook.

The two men were half an hour late for dinner. Mr. Sullivan ate the good food, not saying much but obviously happy in the company of the well-behaved and washed progeny of his dear friend. My mother was in her most wonderful form. From the expression of her face I could tell that when Mr. Sullivan had left she would say, "Well, he'll go far to have a better dinner or sit down with a nicer lot of children."

Mr. Sullivan took the three-fifteen train back to New York to get on with his important affairs.

"What brought him out here like a bolt of lightning?" asked my mother. "And where did you two go this morning?"

Over the years, I believe I have heard a hundred times the story my father told us then. As soon as they got into the buggy, Jim Sullivan had said, "Let's drive out to the old school." This was four or five miles out in the country, near where their fathers' farms had been. The two men, in their fifties, had driven to the old schoolhouse and, tying the horse to the fence, had entered the little white building. My father had sat down at a desk in the back row, and what did James Sullivan do? He had stood up on the teacher's platform and recited a poem, verse after verse, which years ago he had recited at a school commencement. When he came to the lines

"Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

his voice trembled and he looked around the room, on the point of breaking down.

"It was too much for him," said my father. "Poor James."

"Poor fellow," said my mother. "I don't believe he's so terribly happy. He never said one word about his wife. I'd just like to whisk out West and see how they live on all his money."

The next day the Sullivan stock rose higher, for he sent my mother two dozen roses and five pounds of candy. For years we remembered that candy and hoped he would return.

MR. SULLIVAN didn't come until fifteen years or so later, when I had a job and was living in New York. My mother telephoned me excitedly one afternoon to say that she and my father were coming into town to have dinner with James Sullivan and that I was invited. After dinner we were all to go to the theatre and they—my father and mother—were to stay as his guests all night at his hotel.

At seven o'clock I found my parents in a suite at the hotel. My mother, looking her best, was standing in the middle of the little sitting room, pulling on those long, white kid gloves without which no woman of her generation would appear even at a dogfight. Father, in his best suit, sat with his hat on, reading the evening paper. My mother, casting a sharp eye over my costume and my hair, observed that, as usual, I looked as if I needed sleep. We were to go down immediately, she said, and meet James underneath the clock by the front door.

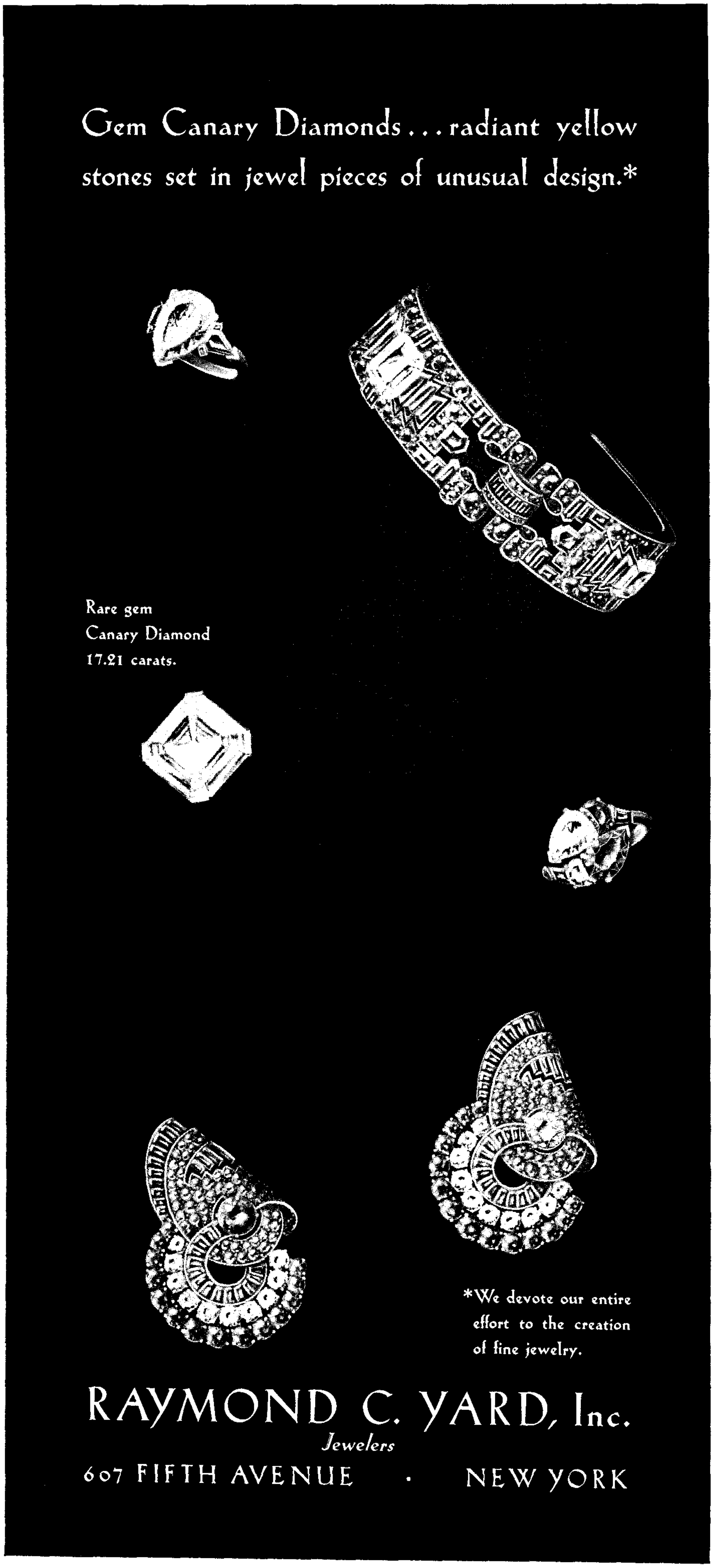
"He's come East to see a specialist," she said. "I'm afraid he isn't well. Your father thinks it's his heart."

There was concern in her voice but only excited expectation in her eyes. My mother was still the original party girl. Life for her should have been a series of picnics, trips up the Nile, visits to the Louvre, and gay roundups in ships' cafés with the wildest spirits on board. She had been a schoolteacher and her marriage had ended those long vacations, which she had never ceased to lament. Whenever she did get asked out into the bright world, her eyes shone and she walked on light feet.

We came out of the elevator into the crowded lobby. My father sailed ahead, his hat tilted rakishly, his eye searching the crowd for his old friend. My mother and I, following, saw James standing near the telephone booths. He was a shocking sight.

Everything about James was shrunken, as if he had been cut down to fit a smaller suit. His face and figure advertised old age, weakness, and fatigue. His dark eyes, which seemed to have gone back into his head, lighted up when they saw my father.

"My God, I'm glad to see you, boy!" he said fervently. "And you too, Maggie. Which one of the girls is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this? Why didn't you bring them all?"

I wished there could have been more of us to do a great deal of talking, so my father's distress would not have been noticeable. You did not need to be James Sullivan's best friend to see on his face the touch of mortality. Being young, I was only put out by my father's immediate tactlessness. He glared at his old friend and asked too many questions and looked too alarmed. James shut him up brusquely.

"Oh, there's nothing wrong with me," he said. "I've got to be careful and I can't eat the way I used to. You two don't look as if you ever had a sick day." He was staring at my parents as people do at other people's children who win all the school prizes.

In the big dining room, at one of the best tables, with the maître d'hôtel and his corps hovering over us, my mother rose sweetly to the occasion. The dinner became a gala affair. Mr. Sullivan fixed his unhappy eyes upon her with a sort of puzzled absorption, as if he had forgotten the happy, companionable life in which a wife monopolized the conversation. The details of his plight came out one by one. For some years he had been a widower, one of his boys had been killed in an accident. Part of the trouble with the Sullivan face was its loneliness. As my mother held forth, spilling out the excitements of her domestic distractions, asking one minute for advice about one child, the next regaling him with the brilliance of another, he forgot himself, his eyes brightened, he even seemed to put on weight.

We ate a wonderful dinner—beginning with cocktails, decorated with champagne, and ending with a liqueur. Our host did not accompany us on this rampage; he sat, spooning listlessly into some milk toast, looking uninterestedly at a vanilla ice cream. Our sadness over his dull diet did not last long; the wine and the food sent us whirring into a fine world of talk and well-being.

After dinner we went on to the theatre, we three. Mr. Sullivan begged to be excused. Bed at nine o'clock was what his doctor ordered. Saying his goodbye, he held my mother's hand longest of all, his eyes resting upon her with admiration and a certain envy, as if he wished he could go somewhere and buy such an article.

"Poor fellow," said my mother in the taxi, "he's overworked most of his life and what has he got now? Angina pectoris. It seems awful for him to be in that big hotel, where he could die in the middle of the night and who would hear him give a gasp?"

These reflections did not prevent her from revelling in the play. My father slept comfortably through the first two acts and then came wide awake to parade into the lobby, where he met an acquaintance he had made at an anthracite convention, and he pulled him down the aisle to meet us. Afterward my father wanted to walk back to the hotel to see the sights, but we said "Nonsense" and pushed him into a taxi.

At the hotel, I was about to kiss my parents good night when a wonderful sweep of dance music enveloped our souls. My mother's eyes brightened.

"Oh my," she said, "how lovely that sounds!"

Before you could say "Don't be foolish," we were sitting at a table in the Venetian Room, watching the dancers. It was a long time since my mother had indulged in night life, but does one ever forget how to swim? She and I ordered highballs and chicken sandwiches, whereas my father, suddenly ascetic, drank a bottle of charged water. The grandfather of our waiter, he discovered, came from Dublin, the busboy hailed from Naples, the young lady who sold cigarettes was of Polish descent and a graduate of a Jersey City high school. Such heartening discoveries always made my father shout, "This is the greatest country in the world!" He announced this now over and over. My mother, favoring him with a benign smile, kept her eyes on the dancing and continued to lament the loneliness of poor dear James. It was after two o'clock when I got to bed.

THE next afternoon, when I was trying to keep awake in my office, my mother telephoned from New Jersey.

"I've been asleep," she said. "I don't know why, but I've got a splitting headache. Your father got me up at dawn to take the train. You know how he is." Seven o'clock always saw him up and dressed, winter or summer, ready to sell coal. Poor Sullivan, however, who had slept badly, hadn't been able to come down for breakfast, so my father had said goodbye to him in his bedroom.

"You must write the poor thing, dear, and thank him for such a lovely evening," said my mother.

I advised her to drape a wet towel on her head and go back to bed. For a long time afterward she talked happily about the dinner, the theatre, the dancing, the wonderful gaiety of New York. When the word came to us in time that James had died, my mother again went over the details of our late revelry. If the

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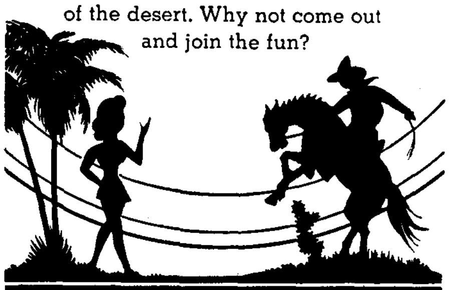

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dead man could have heard her, he would have been pleased.

"He was a fine man," she said decisively. "Of course, if your father could have gone West, he would be a rich man too. However, none of you would be here now in this house." She looked at us challengingly, as if putting the choice up to us.

"Nor would you have had all of us wonderful children," I said.

She made some light, skeptical answer, but the satisfaction in her eyes belied it, and I could see pride in her face when she turned to look at my father. The final victory she allotted him, certainly, for there he sat, alive.

—AGNES BURKE HALE

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

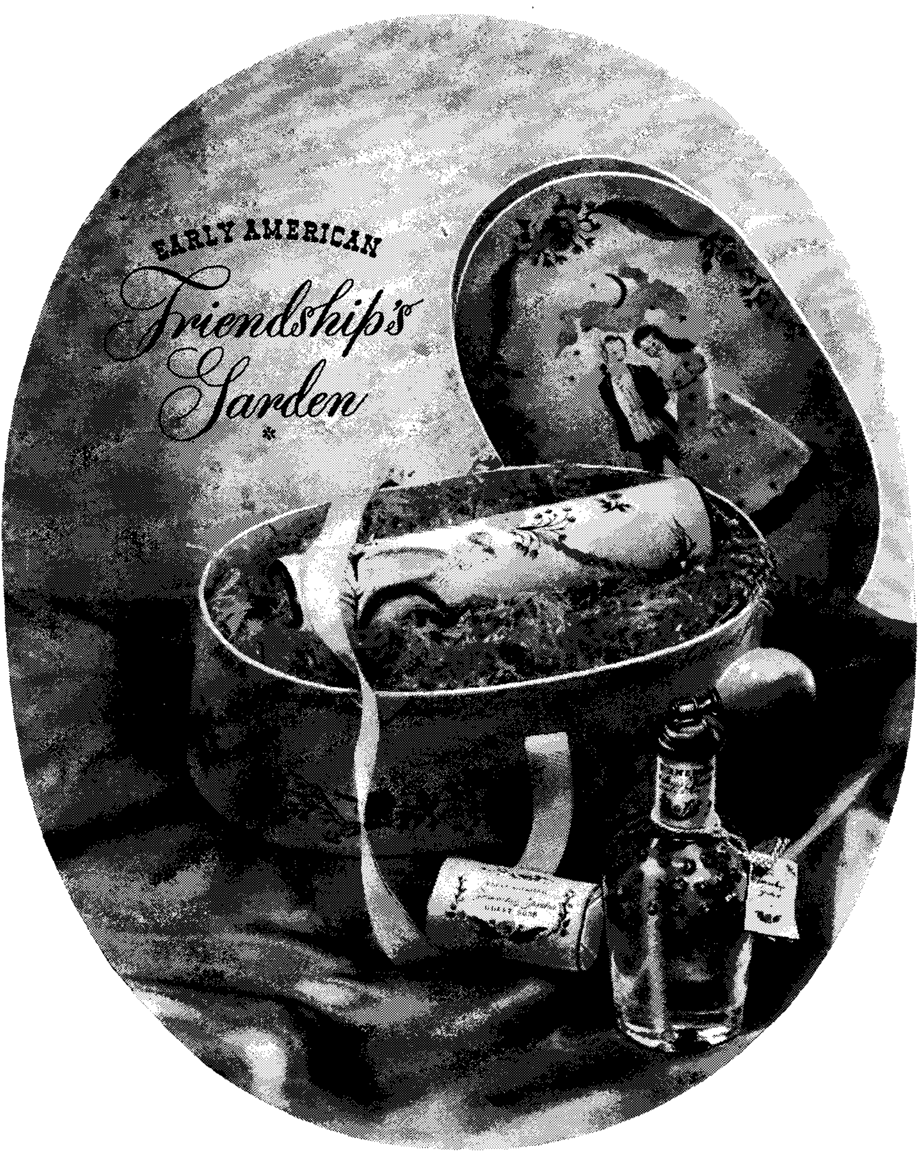
THE NEW REPUBLIC
NEW YORK, N. Y.
NOVEMBER 17, 1941

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

NOT long ago *The New Yorker* urgently advised us to trade in a couple of political economists for one humorist. So we did (at least the man said he was a humorist), but *The New Yorker* still isn't satisfied. In the November 1st issue, it ran a kind of editorial saying that it had loved us because we maintained a fine tone of "indignant woe," because most of our articles were called "Trouble in Transjordania," and because our editorials always ended with (a) "We shall see what Attorney General Biddle has to say about this" or (b) "We shall see what Lord Woolton has to say about this." Now, *The New Yorker* claims, we are spoiling everything by printing an occasional "harmless little joke" in our pages, and suggests that we ought to fire somebody.

We wish *The New Yorker* would make up its mind about what it wants *The New Republic* to do. We also wish it would stop infringing on our patent. Recently it has published two brilliant jobs—an interview with Harry Bridges and "Life Goes to the Collapse of Western Civilization"—both of which were crammed with social consciousness and so, we like to think, right down our alley. If *The New Yorker* will fire its social-consciousness man, we will fire our humorist. We shall see what *The New Yorker*, Lord Woolton, and Attorney General Biddle have to say about this.

HERBERT LYONS, JR.
For The New Republic



The Band Box

$2.00

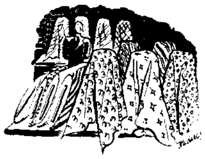
The stately charm of an old-time Christmas, the nostalgic fragrance of a southern garden mark this a gift apart... It's Shulton's flower-festooned adaptation of the old-fashioned band box, filled with these Friendship's Garden toilet luxuries—Toilet Water with its own atomizer, Talcum and Guest Soap. The box with its pink ribbon handle makes a lovely hideaway for feminine finery.

A SHULTON ORIGINAL

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. • SHULTON, Inc., Rockefeller Center, 630 Fifth Ave., New York City

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



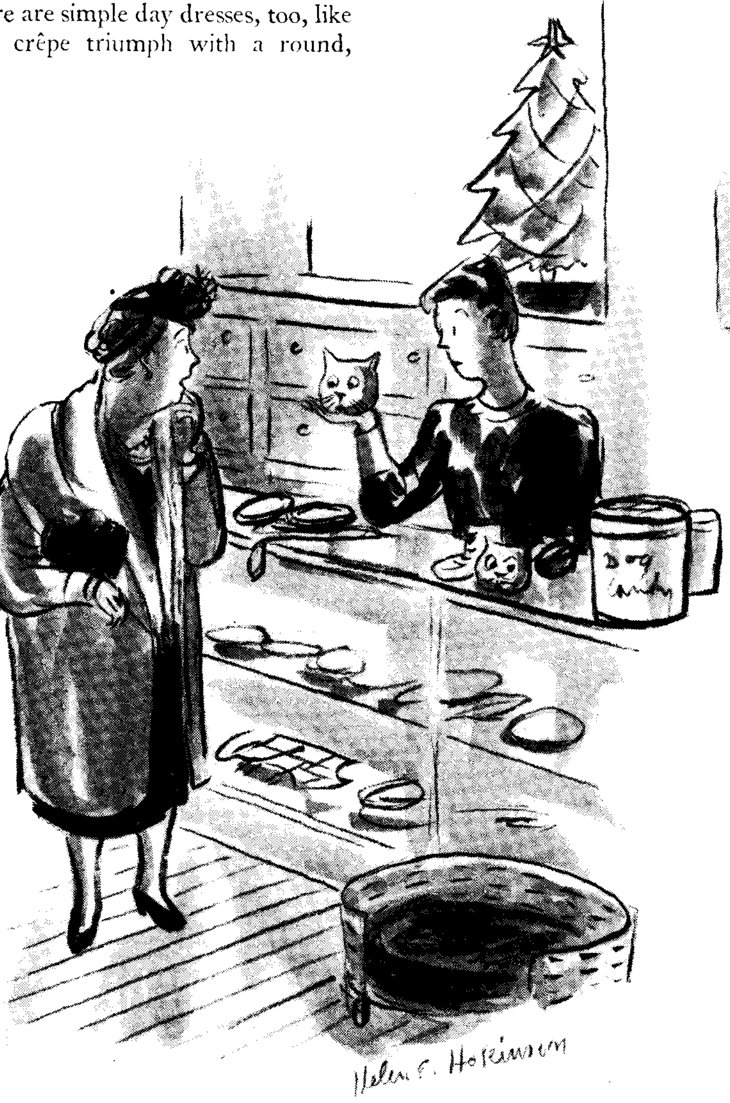
THE fitting rooms of dress shops, whether they fall into the inexpensive or the high-priced category, will have much to answer for on the Day of Judgment. Naturally, they can't be blamed if a heavy woman insists on making the error of selecting a model that looks well only on young, willowy figures, or a hawk-faced one falls for a fluffy, pale-pink débutante affair that satisfies an old childhood yearning. But such mistakes are rare compared to the common one of judging a dress in static fashion, which is what women do when they stand in front of a mirror in a fitting room. Then the slouchiest of them holds herself erect, with her shoulders back, head up, and stomach firmly pulled in; she may wear the dress a hundred times and never achieve such a stance again. In the tiny space that is typical of most dressing rooms, she doesn't go through the motions of ducking in and out of taxicabs to see how the costume will look under such circumstances. She doesn't try the gait that is hers when she is hurrying to an appointment and is already twenty minutes late. She doesn't button and unbutton her coat as she will later do at lunch tables.

The result is that, even if a woman's selection is most becoming to her type while she preens carefully before the mirror, she is likely to find that she is never again quite comfortable in it. There is that décolletage which may make it impossible to lean across a table with confidence, that jacket which may have to be pulled down in a fussy way after every wave to a friend, that slim dinner skirt which may have a way of whipping and snarling around her ankles so that a graceful walk is impossible, and still other unexpected pitfalls which may mean that her dress demands attention and effort from her that would be better devoted to the bedazzlement of a dinner partner.

It is the aim of Valentina, whose custom salon is at 21 East 67th Street, to protect her customers from just such pitfalls, and there are many distinguished women to testify that, far from throttling the wearer, this designer's clothes bring about a feeling of ease. Valentina likes to make things which are easy to whip into, graceful in movement, and tolerant of impulsive gestures. Some of her three-tiered capes which accompany dresses or coats, for instance, flare so widely that they can be slung over one shoulder without the slightest look of strain. A dinner dress of red jersey has a vast, circular skirt that flows beautifully as you walk; the hem may be brought up from the side to tuck in the belt, to achieve a Grecian-drapery effect that looks as if the dress was made that way. She is fond of evening coats that can also serve as hostess gowns, among them a matelassé one with sleeves cut so that even the most casual pushing-up gives the sleeves a beautiful line, and a top that may be worn open or buttoned dramatically high with equal serenity; it's classic, beautiful, and as easy to get into as an old red wrapper. A black velvet coat of the same type has bell sleeves lined with satin that can be rolled up above the elbows; it's worn either with or without a belt and has a deep lap.

There are simple day dresses, too, like a black crêpe triumph with a round, collarless neckline, comfortable dolman sleeves, and drapery low in front, or a wrap-around affair called Black Magic, consisting of four yards of lightweight black wool and one hook. You slip into it just as you would into a house dress, hook the wrap-around inside to anchor it, then take two pieces of the goods, cross them on the stomach, and tie them in back, and the resultant drapery looks very intricate indeed. These are clothes which make you feel that life can be both attractive and uncomplicated.

ONE of the most difficult things to find in New York is a tailleur hat. Many women can be happy in a flowered gewgaw and a veil to top a mannish tailored suit, and some can wear good, floppy sports hats with aplomb on city streets, but I would just feel awkward in either arrangement. To



"What I really wanted was something for an older dog."

fellow-eccentrics, therefore, I cry the praises of Erik, at 15 East 53rd Street, who stands almost alone in his genius for crisp tailored felts that are neither mannish nor gaga. There is his perfect postillion hat of black felt with a tiny, curled brim and a stovepipe crown dented by a bit of satin lacing just below the top. A dirty-green felt hat with a small, turned-up brim and a little crown with a formalized back-to-front dent has a bright-red band around the crown, for Erik loves contrasting color on his felts. A small black brim with a corded edge is allied with a green crown that has two bands of black cording going from front to back to crease it; navy- and light-blue felt are combined in the scalloped brim of a little hat turned up at the side and back. Incidentally, no matter how sharply this designer's hats tilt, you can be sure they will hug the back of the head snugly.

Discovering the State of Texas and its rampant pioneer-day menfolk last summer has prompted Erik to make a bright-green felt hat with a small, dented crown and a wide, straight brim with bright-red piping on the edge, but his hats in the main bear the stamp of sophisticated London. They can become magnificently dashing, as witness a red felt one that tilts sharply on one side and has coq feathers rising high and curling forward on the other.

The London Erik shop, now housed in Claridge's, has sent over many such "typical" suit hats, and it also reports a demand for the most frivolous possible evening trifles. Apparently, when Englishwomen shuck their uniforms, they shuck them thoroughly. Hence, puffs of Cellophane (it looks like crystal under night lights) make a dab over one eye, with small black wings jutting up here and there, and a heavenly evening sailor of velvet, with net shirred around the crown and dropping over the straight edge, from which it dangles for several inches. Mirrors are used to decorate other hats. Small circular ones are set in around the edge of a calot fluffy with black lace; a vanity-sized oval one is placed at the side of a black velvet toque, and its surface is partially hidden by towering blue-green ostrich feathers that curl over it. Prices start at around $25. —L. L.

MARKETS AND MENUS

Food from Back Home

IN spite of all the wails that are going up about the shortage of imported delicacies, my bet is that this will be the coziest Christmas, gastronomically

"The new Dorothy Gray All Clear Red was made to wear with black"

Fashion says . . . Look slim and smart in all-black clothes and light up your face with *All Clear Red.* This beautiful new Dorothy Gray make-up is a true rich red . . . perfect with black; brilliant foil for all fall colors: air-force blue, neon red, autumn navy. A young make-up! *All Clear Red* lipstick, $1. Cream Rouge or Compact Rouge, $1 each. Nail Polish, 60¢.

New *All Clear Red Make-up Set,* a matched twosome of lipstick and compact rouge in all-clear box, $1.50.

New Evening classes at the Salon — "Personality Styling" for Busy and Business Women

This beloved Dorothy Gray Salon course now timed to suit *your* time. *Tuesday evenings*—6:30 till 8:30. Designed to make you a more attractive person—in looks, action, speech, poise! Lessons in make-up . . . hair-do's . . . exercise . . . diet . . . figure proportioning . . . posture . . . clothes styling . . . popular dancing and correct use of voice. To enroll, write or call Miss Blanche Genet, Dorothy Gray Salon Director. 6 sessions, $20. 12 sessions, $38. Prices include preparations selected for your skin care at home.

683 FIFTH AVENUE . . . WICKERSHAM 2-6109

DOROTHY GRAY

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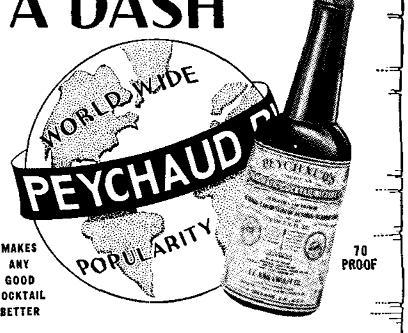
American design of Beauty

KATHLEEN
118 E. 60th St., N. Y. C. inc.

CANDLELIGHT DRAMA
NORTH OR SOUTH

Thornbark, a lush rayon fabric, in black and white, brown and tan, muted pastels. Sizes 14 to 44. $110.00



A DASH

MAKES ANY GOOD COCKTAIL BETTER

70 PROOF

Around the World!

A Dash around the world...by particular people. Universal preference has established PEYCHAUD'S BITTERS as standard equipment in better Liquor Cabinets. Distributed in New York and New Jersey by Nicholas & Co. Manufactured at New Orleans, La. by L. E. Jung & Wulff Co.

PEYCHAUD BITTERS

We have a **SUSPICION**

that many people bound for Radio City Music Hall would enjoy eating at the ALEXANDRA where good food, interesting menus, excellent service and moderate prices offer ideal pre-theatre fare.

Luncheon 12 to 3 P.M.
Dinner with champagne cocktail $1.15
Open Sundays

alexandra

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speaking, that we have had for a long time. It's going to be like one of those spells of simply terrible weather in the country when the chances of friends dropping in for dinner are delightfully remote and even the grocer's boy may not make it through the storm. At such a time there is something very nice about shuffling into some easy shoes, pulling down the blinds, and having to depend for survival on what's in the pantry.

After running about a good part of the country and corresponding with the rest of it, I am in a position to state that the U.S.A. is going to do very handsomely by itself this Christmas out of its own pantries, if all the bursting-at-the-seams smokehouses and cellars and well-filled shelves of country stores are any indication. In Richmond, Vermont, for instance, Mr. Luke Harrington cures and smokes bacon that is enthusiastically spoken of even in his own part of the country, where people aren't impulsive in their praise. This is a very lightly cured product with a delicious smoky flavor that comes of smoking over corncobs, and costs forty-two cents a pound sliced or thirty-seven cents in the strip. The Harrington dried beef, cured in the same manner and sliced paper thin, is also exceedingly good (ninety cents a pound), and Mrs. H. makes a maple fudge filled with butternuts at $1 a pound. None of these prices includes shipping costs.

An excellent sausage, a rather highly seasoned one, is made by William Noller, of Briarcliff Manor, up in Westchester, and sold at forty-nine cents a pound, postpaid.

BACK in Vermont, there is the very superior first-run maple syrup of R. B. Leake, Jr., in Bennington, which is shipped postpaid for $1.35 a quart. Mr. Leake also packs a delicious maple-cream spread at seventy-five cents a thirteen-ounce jar. On a recent trip to the country beyond Bennington, I was served the spread for supper in a way which sounds outlandish but which turned out to be superlatively good. The maple cream was beaten up with an equal quantity of sweet butter, spread over a stack of the best pancakes I ever ate, and topped—I hardly dare tell the rest—by a great blob of unsweetened, half-whipped cream that trickled down the sides of the pancakes and mingled deliciously with the maple-and-butter mixture. The natives up there say it's the classic and authentic way to serve maple cream, but except that there was no maraschino cherry, I would have suspected they had culled it from the radio.

I am not willing to let sectionalism rear its ugly head even for a minute in this report, so right here I shall speak of the cane syrup of Alabama. Gould Beech, at 3 Hazel Hedge Lane, Montgomery, puts up a fine syrup made from ribbon cane, a variety of sugar cane from which the best molasses and syrup are produced, and packs it in hand-turned jugs at $1.10 and $1.60 postpaid. This strictly local syrup has as passionate devotees as ever argued the merits of the maple kind.

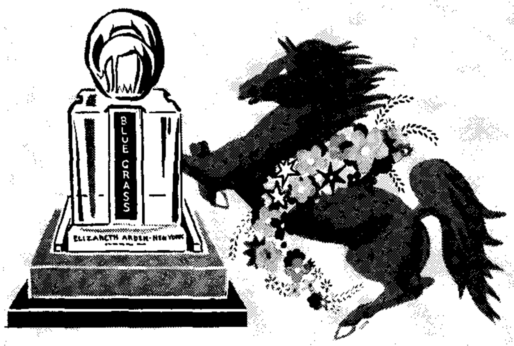
To get back again to New England, Walter Farmer, owner of the Applecrest Farm Orchards at Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, is prepared to send out excellent, carefully selected apples—McIntosh, Northern Spy, Cortland, Baldwin, and Delicious—at $1.75 a half-bushel box or $1.35 for a carton of two dozen. Express charges are extra.

AT Hoosick Falls, New York, the Bunker Hill Poultry Farm, of whose superb poultry I have previously spoken with something like reverence, ships a fancy combination for which I think dinner-party hostesses will rise up and bless the place. The farm gets out a package, called the Mother Hen and Chicks, in which it does up one of its well-flavored and incredibly tender young roasting hens and eight squab broilers dressed for roasting and all the same size to a fraction of an inch. The idea is to stuff the hen and the broilers in the same manner and to set the big bird in the middle of a large platter, surrounded by the little ones, each of which is offered as an individual portion. Guests serve themselves to the broilers first, and the hen is carved only when it's time for second helpings. This combination, which is as impressive as it is delicious, costs $15 postpaid, and extra squab broilers may be had for $1.25 each. Small roasters weighing around three and a half pounds and of the same fine quality cost $1.75 delivered.

ANYBODY who is familiar with Moravian cooking must know those lovely sugar cakes without which no good Moravian housewife would dream of giving a coffee party. Mrs. Henry B. Rau, of 38 West Market Street, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, makes these confections in the best local manner and ships them for thirty-five cents each, not including postage. The cake is made of a delicate raised dough with a rich top of brown sugar and butter that is indented every inch or so by generous thumb holes filled with extra butter and sugar. The one mailed to me arrived as fresh as a daisy, and Mrs. Rau thinks this would be true anywhere east of the Mississippi. Of course, after even a short haul the cakes should be crisped up in the oven.

Another superior Moravian specialty is the peppermints made by Mrs. H. L. Harlacher, of 332 Second Avenue, Bethlehem, at sixty-five cents a pound, and Rau's Drug Store, in the same town, takes orders for old-fashioned homemade Moravian horehound candy at sixty cents a pound. Postage is extra on both these items.

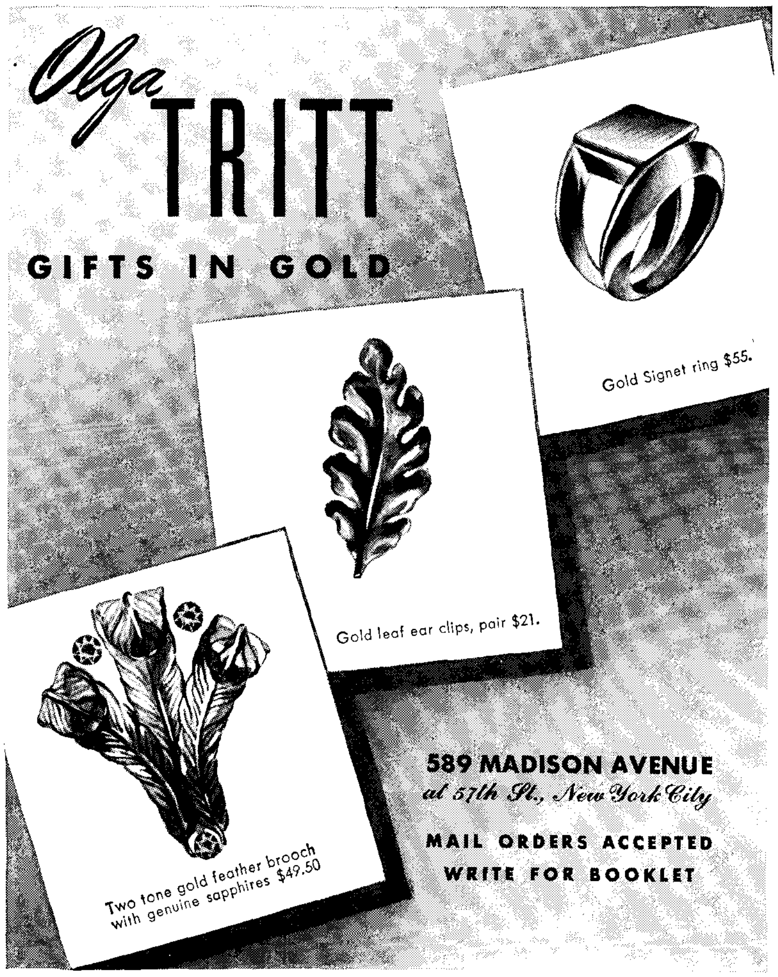
I NOW present impartially two superb stone-ground corn meals, each perfect of its type. These are a white meal from the Wolf Pen Mill, at Prospect, Kentucky, and one ground from yellow Flint corn by the Guild of Crafts & Industries, at Weston, Vermont. The Southern product is exceedingly coarse and has a fresh, almost fragrant flavor that I have never before found in a meal. The mill dates from the eighteenth century and the corn is ground on stones by exactly the same slow, careful method that honest millers used a hundred years ago. The Weston mill, on the Wantastiquet River, has been authentically reconstructed after the design of an early New England mill that stood on the same site, and it is operated with the almost fanatical integrity of the Kentucky enterprise. Both mills, of course, are run by water power, a fact which in itself, as the public should know by this time, has nothing to do with the product's merit; the only reason water-ground cereals are likely to be better than machine-ground ones is that mills run by water are usually equipped with stones instead of steel grinders, and it is in the slow crushing between two grooved stones which never become overheated that the great superiority of stone-ground corn and wheat lies. The Weston meal costs $1 for a five-pound bag, and that from the Wolf Pen Mill is forty cents for five pounds, postage extra. The Kentucky mill also turns out excellent buckwheat flour at fifty cents a five-pound carton, and the



Blue Grass

One of the world's great fragrances . . . at once elegant and gay! No woman can resist the charm of Blue Grass. 6.00 to 60.00
Other bottles 1.25 to 3.75 (All prices plus taxes)

Elizabeth Arden
691 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK


Gold Signet ring $55.
Gold leaf ear clips, pair $21.
Two tone gold feather brooch with genuine sapphires $49.50

Olga TRITT
GIFTS IN GOLD

589 MADISON AVENUE
at 57th St., New York City
MAIL ORDERS ACCEPTED
WRITE FOR BOOKLET

FINE GLOVES

the famous Whiphand

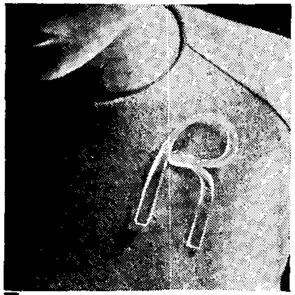
for men and women

of peccary pig, hand-whipped with baseball thread...a gift that compliments fine taste

DANIEL HAYS

DANIEL HAYS

GLOVES SINCE 1854



Crystal Initial Pin

195

Make a Christmas list quickly and send for this lovely initial in jeweler's Lucite. Mailed, boxed and tax-paid anywhere. Specify first and second choice and rush your order to:

Cricket West
COUNTRY CLUB PLAZA
KANSAS CITY, MO.

"Geographically Yours"

Do come in to see our exciting collection of "different" GIFTS WITH "GEOGRAPHIC INTEREST"..Jewelry..Compacts..Cigarette Cases..Trays..Baskets..Map Cases...

THE RAND McNALLY MAP STORE
Rockefeller Center : New York City

Vermont Guild grinds a good coarse whole wheat for the same price as its meal.

MRS. ELLA H. RUSSELL, of 6 High Street, Turner's Falls, Massachusetts, makes very unusual and delicate crystallized mint leaves, which she packs in quarter-pound boxes for $1.15, postpaid. The mint comes from her own garden and the sugar-coated leaves are perfect for after-dinner nibbling. The proceeds from this little enterprise go to local charities.

If there is any more magnificent fruitcake, black or white, than that made by Mrs. John H. Claiborne, of 109 North Union Street, Petersburg, Virginia, it hasn't come my way. The white is an incredible confection of citron, fresh coconut, almonds, sherry, and a prodigal quantity of butter and eggs, with some flour added more or less as an afterthought. The black cake is made according to the finest Virginia tradition, which holds that currants, raisins, and citron rightly belong in fruitcake rather than the figs and dates which find their way into less classic formulas. The cakes are baked in three- and five-pound sizes and cost $2 a pound delivered.

Wonderfully fine tree-ripened oranges and grapefruit raised on Merritt Island, off the east coast of Florida, are being sold by Miss Harriet T. Bain, Box 1307, Cocoa, Florida, for the benefit of Chinese war orphans. Boxes of either fruit—or of the two mixed—decorated with limes, tangerines, kumquats, etc., are $6.75, express prepaid, and half-bushel baskets done up in the same pretty way cost $2.50.

Still in the South—back once more in Montgomery, Alabama—Mrs. Evelyn Taber makes a cucumber pickle that has set the time of day for Alabama pickle-fanciers for longer than anybody can remember. This is a sweet, spiced concoction with olive oil somewhere in its makeup, and it goes beautifully with roast turkey or lamb. I served some with smoked turkey, which may not be quite right according to Alabama standards, but which was most awfully good. Pint jars are $1.25 delivered.

IT'S quite a jump from the elegant handmade product of a lady of the Deep South to the robust *Würste* of Weisel & Co., of Milwaukee. This firm runs a small, conscientiously conducted business which, for sixty-odd years, has been turning out sausage exactly as good as the *Würste* one used to get in Germany. Among a fairly long list of Weisel sausages, my favorites are a *Braunschweiger Mettwurst*, a *Münchner* liver, and a *Braunschweiger* liver, but for that matter all the products are of the best quality and you may safely choose any of the gift assortments the firm gets out. These run from a fancy package containing eight items in a spun-aluminum salad bowl for $4.25 to eleven varieties more soberly done up in a corrugated container for $5.90, postage prepaid. —S. H.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

IF you have kept up with us in our weekly forays through the shops, you will receive without so much as a tremor the reminder that a month from now it will be all over. Meaning Christmas, of course. If, on the other hand, you've been letting things slide and are now filled with terror by the nearness of the Day, we would suggest that you just relax, gather your back copies about you, and consider some of the gifts which we have already recommended under these more or less comprehensive headings:

November 8th.... Christmas cards, stationery and playing cards, handkerchiefs.
November 15th.... Gifts for the house.
November 22nd.... Accessories in the big shops, lingerie from custom shops, gifts for men, the draftee problem.

This week, with our fourth installment, we pass the halfway mark (three to go) by getting at the problems of youth and frills, thus:

Toys, below
Christmas wrappings, page 73

Moreover, as you may have already noticed, in our regular "Markets and Menus" department just above is a selective report on some table delicacies which the good folk of the hinterland have put up and will gladly send to give a rich, homey touch to your holiday feast.

Toys

DESPITE the threat of priorities everywhere, America's generation in the bud has far less to fear from restrictions imposed upon Santa Claus than its elders. Toy manufacturers seem to have taken shortages of raw materials in their stride, making clever and agreeable substitutions for materials that are gradually disappearing.

If we are to believe the evidence of modern toys themselves—and it should be reliable, since supply is supposed to be based on demand and toymakers are no fools—the cry of the tots is still for realism and more realism. They're getting it. This is especially true of dolls, which have assumed qualities so lifelike that to us they seem to verge on, and often to reach, the downright gruesome. The Dydee and Betsey Wetsy dolls which made us gag a few seasons ago were, it now appears, a mere beginning. Among others, we have with us this year a baby doll with soft, fleshlike ears (it's a Dydee, to boot); the Heartbeat doll (this one frankly horrified us), which comes packed with a stethoscope to make its relentless internal thudding even more inescapably audible; and, topping all, a startling new version of the Magic Skin doll, which made a shy début last year, with not enough fanfare to excite a lot of interest. *This* time you'll be lucky if you don't start seeing it—or, worse, feeling it—in nightmares, for it is everywhere. The magic skin is a plastic: touch it, and it warms under your startled hand; pinch it, and it puckers like human flesh; expose it to the sun, and, by golly, it tans! It's all too creepy for us, and you'll simply have to follow your own taste and judgment in this field.

Realism is also the big thing in boys' toys; torpedo boats, bombers, howitzers, and the like are all around, and some of them are mighty ingenious. Generally, in the past, we've been inclined to skip such toys, having heard somewhere that a youngster teethed on a toy soldier was likely to grow up to be a bloodthirsty warrior and that hoops and scooters were the playthings of the constructive citizens of the future. Now, in view of everything, we just don't know, so we've decided to list the best of such toys along with all the more peaceful ones, and leave this problem, too, up to you. There is not much that's different in toy trains, because the industry requires craftsmen and dies of the kind needed for defense work. However, at Abercrombie & Fitch, Bloomingdale, Gimbel, and Macy, among others, Lionel offers a few new accessories, such as a magnetic crane which loads a small bag of steel scrap ($8.95) and an electric timber-loader which hoists and rolls pencil-sized logs onto cars ($9.50).

Some enormous, cloth-covered, kapok-stuffed beasts, as large as any six-year-old child but light and floppy enough to be comfortably carried about, are the big news in animal toys. These softies are called Animates, a not too descriptive name, and practically every toyshop has at least one of them. There's a dog, a pony, a donkey, a lamb, a fawn,

Charles of the Ritz

WILL CREATE AN EXCITING NEW EVENING HAIRSTYLE FOR YOU

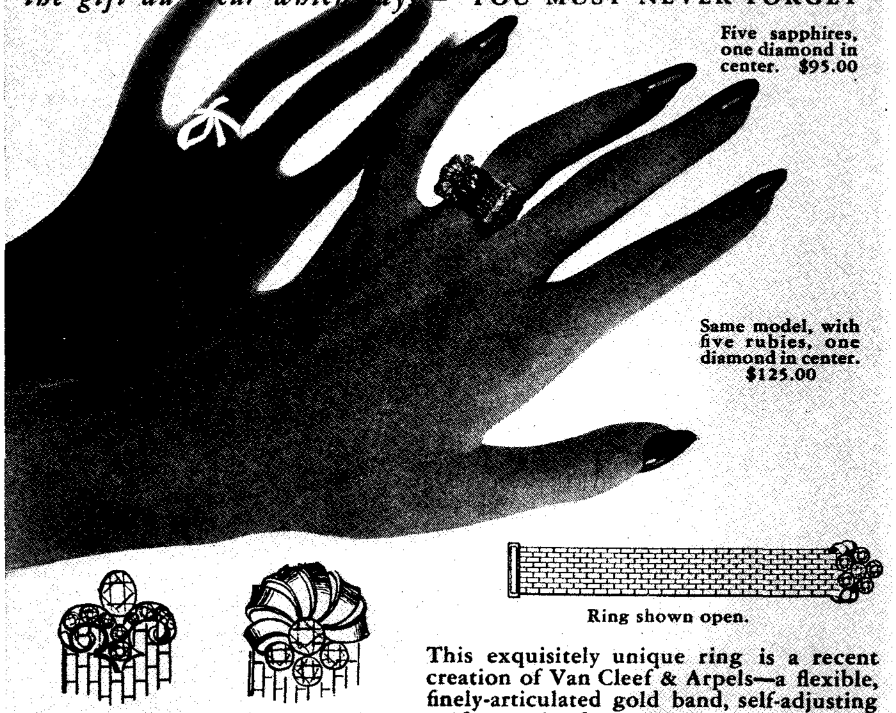
A curl here, a swirl there—whether your hair is long or short, Charles of the Ritz will deftly arrange it to accent the special quality of your charm. Moreover, your coiffure will be designed to comb out easily the next day into becoming informality.

IN NEW YORK:
THE RITZ-CARLTON
THE RITZ TOWER • THE PLAZA
B. ALTMAN & CO. • (Also White Plains and East Orange)

IN OTHER CITIES:
THE RITZ-CARLTON, BOSTON • HIMELHOCH'S, DETROIT
I. MAGNIN, LOS ANGELES • T. A. CHAPMAN, MILWAUKEE
JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA

FORGET-ME-KNOT

the gift du eur which ys—"YOU MUST NEVER FORGET"



Five sapphires, one diamond in center. $95.00

Same model, with five rubies, one diamond in center. $125.00

Ring shown open.

One large sapphire and eight diamonds. $145.00

Four larger diamonds. $190.00

Orders by mail accepted and shipped C. O. D.

This exquisitely unique ring is a recent creation of Van Cleef & Arpels—a flexible, finely-articulated gold band, self-adjusting to fit any size finger.

Studded with sapphires, rubies or diamonds, "Forget-Me-Knot" graces the finest jewel collection, and adds slenderness and charm to the loveliest hand.

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS 744 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK

VOGUE says, *"One of the finest gift ideas we've ever recommended."*

The GIFT That Says More Than Merry Christmas!

A Rare
FRUIT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB*
Membership

The Rare Fruit-of-the-Month Club is the gift idea that was *demanded* by hundreds of people like you. They just couldn't get enough of our famous Royal Riviera Pears, so they asked us to find other rare fruits that they could enjoy the year-'round.

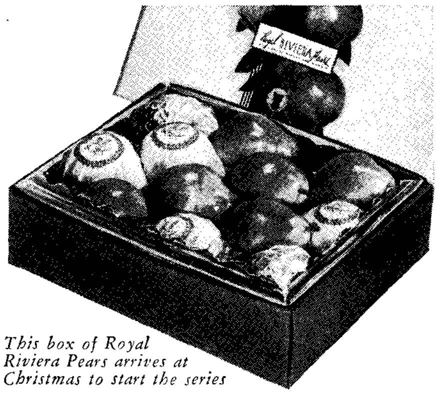
So we traveled 20,000 miles, searched out the choicest fruit in America. To our own gorgeous pears and peaches, we added apples, grapes, nectarines, preserves and other delicacies—each in a class by itself for unique, thrilling flavor. Fruits shipped direct from the trees and vines that bore them, to bring Christmas joy throughout the year to you and your friends. And what a delightful surprise for your business friends and customers!

Membership in the Rare Fruit-of-the-Month Club is a unique gift, a continuous adventure in enjoyment. A beautiful gift certificate accompanies the first box of these rare fruits that you can't buy anywhere else. Nothing else you could give, at any price, would so surely earn grateful praise of your thoughtfulness, originality and good taste.

TYPICAL LETTERS SAY:

"Never tasted such fruit,"
"Mother never enjoyed a gift so much,"
"No order is so pleasant to renew."

Series of rare fruits include Royal Riviera Pears at Christmas, giant Golden Bear Apples in January, a box of rare preserves in March,



This box of Royal Riviera Pears arrives at Christmas to start the series

enticing Goodies Box in April, luscious Quetta Nectarines in July, matchless Oregold Peaches in August, huge Alphonse Lavalle Grapes in September and next November an encore you'll applaud: Royal Riviera Pears! The complete series, 8 thrilling gifts in one, only $18.50, express prepaid anywhere in U. S. A. proper, guaranteed to please or your money back. Send your list with check or money order today.

Harry and David
BEAR CREEK ORCHARDS
Box 30, Medford, Oregon

*Copyrighted

and a calf, any of them a lot of toy for around $6.

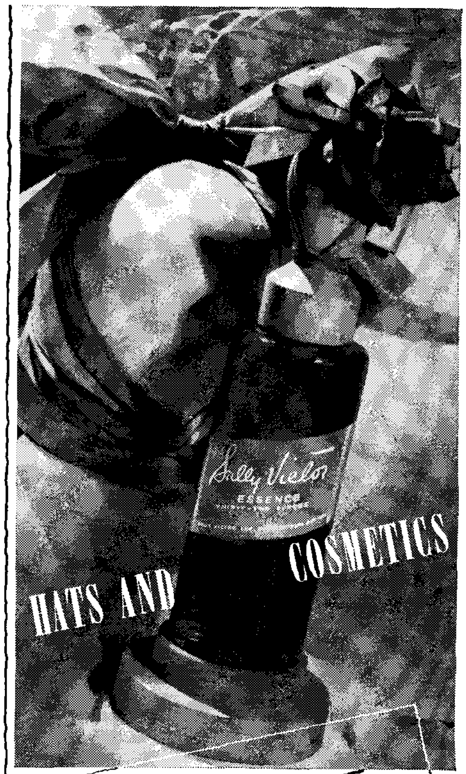
Meanwhile, big-store Christmas entertainment for the young is in full swing. Macy has an H. G. Wellsian extravaganza which probably would scare a normal adult out of a year's growth but which the kids, of course, eat up: they take a trip in a Space Tank to Mars to inspect the Martians' plan for national defense, going through a pressure-equalization chamber on arrival to prevent the bends (hi, Santa!) and having hair-raising adventures before returning to collect a present on the way out—all for twenty-nine cents a head. Gimbels has snared Beulah, the enchanting débutante daughter of the late Elsie, Borden's famous cow, and Beulah is on view daily, in a boudoir befitting her station. McCreery remains faithful to the circus, offering a merry-go-round (ten cents a ride and a box of candy thrown in), a clown, and, just for old times' sake, a Santa Claus. Lord & Taylor is another spot where you'll find a Santa, as well as an attractive female prestidigitator who accompanies her magic with rhymed patter and gifts of little cardboard tricks for the young.

We turn now to a store-by-store account of our favorite findings, freely admitting that we haven't by any means covered every toyshop in town and, what's more, wouldn't even dream of trying:

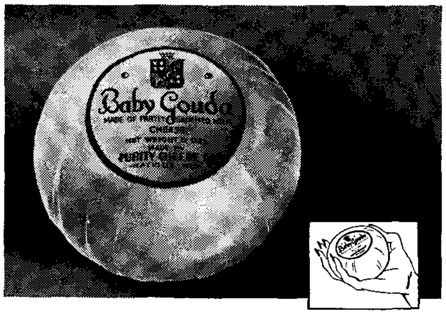
ABERCROMBIE & FITCH: In a zoo full of musical animals a jaunty lion tinkles "Roll Out the Barrel" and a Princetonian tiger plays, for some reason or other, "Where Has My Little Dog Gone?;" $6 apiece. Year-in-year-out special for a sick-abed child: a full-sized serving tray with music-box attachment, accompanied by crayons, picture books to color, and other not too taxing diversions; $7.50. A toy theatre with curtain, footlights, scripts of three plays, scenery, puppet actors, and director's instructions; $12.50. Navy-minded boys will chirp delightedly over a kit that has the makings of a 13-inch model of a patrol boat, with torpedo tubes and depth-charge launching apparatus; $5.

ALTMAN: Carriage-cover sets, adored by girls who parade their dolls in perambulators, are as luxurious as can be in white plush; $4.50 for coverlet and matching pillow. Small kitchen cabinets are $1.25, equipped. An airlines terminal of white-painted wood, topped with a wooden searchlight and cotton wind sock, has a hangar with a transparent roof and, within, ten airplanes; $10. A rubber deep-sea diver with metal shoes can be made to sink or rise in water by squeezing a rubber bulb; $3.

ARNOLD & JOHNSON, 963 Lexington Avenue (70th): Some of the best doll clothes we've seen are styled like real little girls' ones, in ginghams, cham-



Sally Victor
18 EAST 53rd ST.



PURITY *Baby Gouda*
Distinctive, Wisconsin Made
NATURAL CHEESE

Mild mellow flavor • Smooth creamy texture • Convenient size and package • *Plus* the full bodied goodness of Natural Cheese.

"America's Dairyland in a Package"

If your dealer cannot supply you, write for beautiful descriptive leaflet and prices.

PURITY CHEESE CO. Dept. N MAYVILLE, WIS.

YEAR-ROUND SPORTS
In the Shadow of PIKES PEAK
YEAR-ROUND SUNSHINE
...to enjoy winter sports...
golf and horseback riding

BROADMOOR HOTEL
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

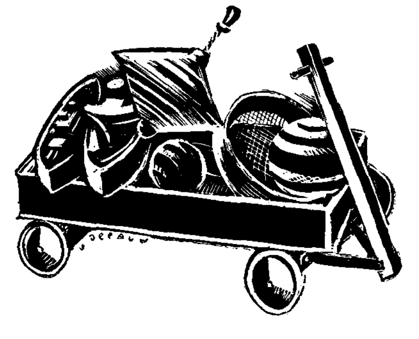
brays, and woollens; underwear, too, and shoes; from fifty cents to $2. Four half-pound blocks of modelling clay, with a work tray treated so the stuff won't stick; $2.25. Play-pen toys for babies include the old-fashioned nested alphabet blocks; $1. Two-way telephones for important playroom-to-bedroom conversations; $5.50, with two batteries and about 100 feet of wire.

Bloomingdale: A toy electric toaster doesn't toast but has a popper-upper and fits in a tray with glass relish dishes, just like the real ones; $1.25. An electric stove has oven control and two top burners, and this *does* work; $23.49, A.C.-D.C. Bassinets, big enough to hold the new large-as-life baby dolls, are from $10.98 to $29.98, handsomely appointed in shirred net and ribbons or dotted swiss and celanese taffeta. A toy drugstore with a miniature soda fountain that has real glasses; $1.49. Two dozen British metal soldiers ($2.79), with plenty of grim equipment—a howitzer camouflaged with a net ($3.29), a gun emplacement ($2.98), and so on.

Childhood, 704 Madison Avenue (63rd): A chest on wheels is painted to look like a circus wagon, with lions peering fiercely through bars; $12.50, and it will hold plenty of toys. Another circus wagon, strictly for fun this time, is a resplendent horse-drawn affair which carries a driver, lions in a cage, and a prancing bear; it's a pull toy, and all the little wood figures can be removed for further adventures; $6.50. A cotton-flannel apron to wear while bathing a doll has pockets filled with young-mother accessories—talcum, hot-water bottle, tub toys, etc.; $2.

Velvalee Dickinson, 718 Madison Avenue (63rd): Among thousands of dolls, antique and modern and from all over the world, look at Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, dressed in outfits approved by Queen Elizabeth; $15 each. Their cousins, the little Kent children, are $12 apiece. Persian brides, 14-inch "Arabian Nights" charmers, made in Iran and garbed in gorgeous brocades, blue-veiled turban head-dresses, and curly-toed slippers; $15.

Educational Playthings, 20 East 69th: Glorified stereoscopes arranged to handle picture-bearing film instead of postcards, as of yesteryear; $5.25, with twelve strips of film, which you choose from a large selection—all the way from Prehistoric Man to the Bronx Zoo. Bible-story figures of painted wood, to dramatize Sunday-school lessons: a regal King Solomon or Nebuchadnezzar, a Ruth or Esther, and a Miriam or Naomi, as well as Moses in the bulrushes and a palm tree for local color, and so on; $5 for seven figures and palm tree. A kit for making four marionettes—Jack, Jill, Mother, and Clown—and a playlet to be acted out by the puppets cost $4.50. A noiseless, harmless, but otherwise authentic rubber bowling set of ten pins and three balls, for hall or parlor alleys; $6.95.



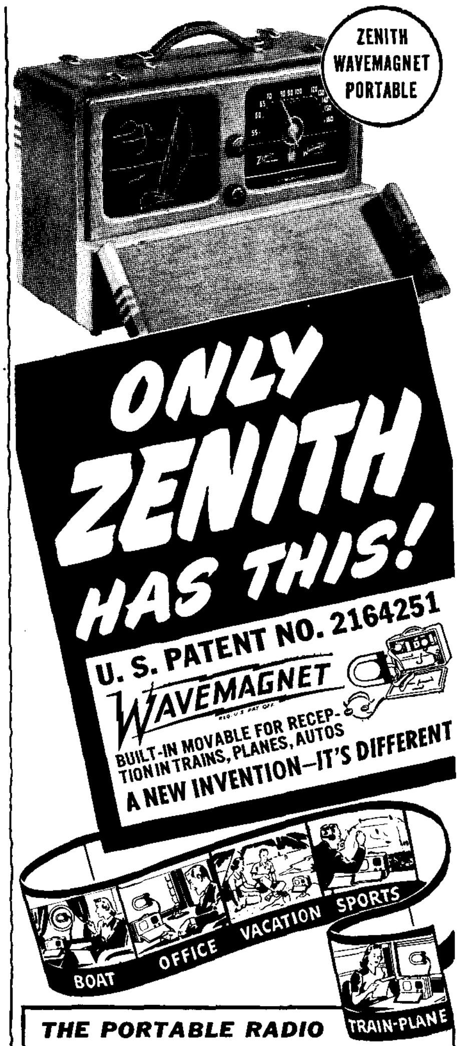
Franklin Simon: For babes from the cradle to, say, three: a pink-and-blue cloth giraffe with an elegantly long neck and the virtue—from Mother's point of view—of being washable ($1.65), a Little Bo Peep doll with a flowered skirt and a mite of a crook ($1.50), and a furry black-and-red cloth dormouse, perfectly done to the last whisker ($1.98).

Gimbel: Unusually good wheeled toys, including girls' and boys' bikes and velocipedes, many of which sparkle with chromium trimming and have enclosed chain drives and white-wall tires with inner tubes ($11.98 to $24.98), and a wooden station wagon to pedal, with windshield, horn, and bumpers ($19.98). Dollhouses, one a modest affair with four rooms, all furnished, and a doorbell that rings; $3.69. A metal steam shovel, operated by a crank, makes a formidable implement in the sand pile; $1.59.

Lord & Taylor: Piper Dolls, new and nice playthings, are made of pipe-cleaners and come with supplies of raw materials for adding to the family, plus crêpe paper for costumes and a lucid instruction chart; $1.95 a set. A sweet little plush panda does the darnedest tricks when manipulated by wires; $1. Six all-too-familiar types of land and sea aircraft—the low-wing Hawker Hurricane monoplane, for one—can be made with Meccano Outfit No. 0; $5. The Hobby Lumber Yard, a cardboard case for budding carpenters, contains the materials, blueprints, and tools—hammer, jigsaw, sandpaper, and nails—with which to build a toy boat, truck, airplane, and a real birdhouse; $2.50.

Macy: Not even the most petted small girl could help wanting the Debudoll—a haughty 22-inch belle with an astounding wardrobe trunk of fibre board which opens to reveal a quilted blue rayon interior like a dressing closet, containing a mirrored dressing table, stylish hats in Cellophane boxes on shelves, bras and girdles and lingerie in drawers, and summer and winter wardrobes, including swim suit and fur jacket; $100 for the works, and small wonder. Nevertheless, we'd just as soon send these: the McCoy in playing-Indians accessories, straight from your pet reservation—Iroquois, Sioux, Osage, or Onondaga—and including tom-toms, war clubs, bow-and-arrow sets, and wonderful life-size tepees; nine cents to $59.95. Correctly rigged racing sailboats for the Park, from one and a half to nearly three feet overall; eighty-nine cents to $10.98. A canopy-topped field ambulance, pedal-propelled, with olive-drab sides realistically lettered "U.S.A. Medical Corps," has space in back to carry two or three doll casualties; $15.94.

McCreery: In a new game called Quoit Quack, the youngster throws a ring over a duck's neck, whereupon the crea-



THE PORTABLE RADIO GUARANTEED TO PLAY WHERE OTHER PORTABLES FAIL . . . OR YOUR MONEY BACK

AT HOME OR AWAY, THE YEAR 'ROUND COMPANION

A most remarkable invention . . . the *Patented* Movable Wavemagnet in this new portable radio which you can carry in one hand, self-powered with a light, one-piece battery pack. Ordinarily it works without outside aerial, outside wires or ground.

LISTEN WHILE YOU TRAVEL..PLAY..OR WORK

Take this wonder portable where ordinary portables will not work efficiently; in a train, airplane, bus, ship, auto or any windowed building where metal construction *keeps out reception*. The secret of why it works while others fail is in the *Patented* Movable Wavemagnet, exclusive with Zenith. Check up on your next train trip. See how many Zeniths are playing *well* . . . and how many other makes *fail* to do so. Your money back if *Zenith* fails.

WORKS ON LIGHT SOCKET OR BATTERY

If you want to save your battery, plug into any light socket . . . 110 volt AC or DC.

Under No Other Name But Zenith

. . . can you obtain this radio or a portable that *is, has*, and *does* so many things! *Patented* Wavemagnet—built-in yet movable—combination battery *and* lighting current operation — loudspeaker *and* earphone reproduction — adjustable to varying conditions—reception at home or travelling. Don't buy until you see and hear the Zenith Universal Portable at authorized Zenith dealers everywhere.

EARPHONES FOR PRIVACY

Earphones available for sporting events, travelling and the hard-of-hearing. Zenith Hush-a-tone for use in bed. (Both extra equipment.)

IF IT HASN'T A WAVEMAGNET
—IT ISN'T A ZENITH

Made in Brown, Gray, Ivory and Brown Airplane Fabric and Alligator and Genuine Cowhide

AGAIN A YEAR AHEAD
ZENITH
LONG DISTANCE RADIO
AMERICA'S OLDEST MANUFACTURER OF FINE RADIOS FOR THE HOME

NEXT TO A CRACKER YOU'LL LIKE THIS BEST!

● Try creamy, tangy Borden's Military Brand Camembert spread on crispy crackers... yummy! It's *the* way to top off a meal... either at home, or at your favorite restaurant or hotel!

Borden's
MILITARY BRAND
CAMEMBERT
Cheese

For years America's 4-to-1 favorite over imported Camembert.

Copyright 1941, The Borden Company

Styled Ski Wear

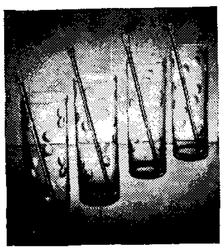
Skiing is fun—when you're dressed right, when you're wearing comfortable *and* authentic ski clothes. For correctly designed, expertly designed and smartly designed ski wear insist on Slalom Ski Wear. Get style, *plus* practicability — made to take punishment in materials that w-e-a-r. Slalom is ski wear as the skier wants it. At leading stores, modestly priced.

THE NORDEN is the longer-style zipper front in-or-out jacket with concealed hood which can be raised without removing jacket. Two large zipper pockets. Concealed drawstring at waist. Zelan treated poplin in Dartmouth Green, Military Blue, Natural, Navy.

Slalom
SKI WEAR
... for the SKIER TO WEAR WITH comfort

FREE—colorful catalog-folder illustrating Slalom Ski Wear. Write for Folder NY, *today.*

B. F. MOORE & COMPANY • NEWPORT, VT.
CELEBRATING OUR 50th ANNIVERSARY



Bottoms Up???

They say no gentleman will imbibe more than two zombies . . . but we doubt if many can resist the temptation of a l-o-n-g drink served in these t-a-l-l dot zombie glasses. They are made of sparkling clear crystal and will hold 14 ozs. of whatever poison you name. Incidentally, they're the nicest ice tea glasses you've ever used. In sets of six at $2.95 or in sets of eight at $3.95 with stirrers.

The WALDRONS

WRITE FOR GIFT CATALOG

Arthur + Gordon

ROCKEFELLER CENTER • "On the Promenade" • NEW YORK CITY

ture runs right at him; mechanically operated; $1. A realistic little Super Market has numberless cartons with familiar labels, a cash drawer with play folding money and coins, and price signs for daily specials; around $3.50. A doctor's bag (miniature, naturally) holds candy pills and a make-believe thermometer, microscope, spectacles, and stethoscope; $1. A metal wind-up bathtub battleship sails along flashing furious sparks from one of its turrets; $1. A periscope, camouflaged just like those in the Army, gives its owner an advantage in any number of outdoor games; $1.

NEW YORK EXCHANGE FOR WOMAN'S WORK, 541 Madison Avenue (54th): Low-slung doll cradles of wood with blue nursery designs on their white sides; $14.20, plus crating. Pert-faced white woolly kittens, dressed as boys and girls in hand-crocheted sweater sets—and don't think very small boys won't love them, too; $4.95. Beanbags (and we say hooray, although they have been modernized) shaped like Uncle Sam, a soldier, or a sailor make good fifty-five-cent toys to top a stocking or a gift box.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE: For current-events-conscious misses of five to ten, a Red Cross nurse outfit with apron, armband, watch, and first-aid equipment; $3.50. A stylish doll wardrobe, packed neatly in a white wood chifforobe, offers four complete costume changes for a very pretty medium-sized subdeb doll; $29.95 takes all, including doll. More trend of the times: a whole Army cantonment, made of wood and properly painted and lettered—barracks, canteens, officers' quarters, ammunition house, guardhouse, and Red Cross station; $7.95. For the knee-pants philatelist: a small case containing a stamp album, lots of not too precious stamps, tweezers, magnifying glass, etc.; $10.95.

SCHOENFELD, 1254 Lexington Avenue (84th): A rotund, cheerful elephant wears a clock face with movable hands, for learning to tell time without tears; $1. The Rockabye Baby doll lies in a wooden cradle and gets sleepier and sleepier as it rocks until its eyes finally close; $2.95 and $4.95. A house-cleaning outfit has floor and dust mops, broom, and carpet-sweeper; $1.19. Electrically heated steam engines (A.C. or D.C., and a lot safer than those alcohol-lamp things we used to love and dread) work a water pump, polishing wheel, band saw, or windmill; engines from $4.75; implements from $1.50. Copies of British mechanized units include a Royal Tank Corps set, with a light tank, staff car, and transport truck; $1.75.

F. A. O. SCHWARZ, 745 Fifth Avenue (58th): The big doll news here is Sally Benson's Junior Miss, with all of Judy's little-girl charm ($10.95), and her sister Lois, elegantly aloof, as in the stories ($12.95). Both have appropriate wardrobes. A superb ponyskin-covered hobbyhorse, big enough for ten-year-olds, wears a sidesaddle, to delight a romantic small equestrienne; $125. No boy would turn up his nose at a set of parts that can be easily assembled to make an airplane with a 36-inch wingspread ($7.95) which flies, with the addition of a little gasoline motor ($12.95); the toy is controlled from the ground by a 50-foot wire wound on a reel, and after some practice it can be made to rise, dive, land, and even loop the loop.

STERN: Angel Child, this store's own baby doll, is a sweetie in charming, hand-finished clothes like a real infant's; $4.98 and $7.98, in two totable sizes. Susanne's Fashion Show, a box holding a dressmaker's form, patterns, fabrics, trimmings, sewing equipment, and a doll mannequin; $3.98. An Army officer's uniform of coat, trousers, cap, and Sam Browne belt with holster and revolver would make a hero of any little boy; $2.98. A blowgun game, with the element of peril removed, has blunt gum-tipped darts and four tubes, with which as many small hunters can blow them at a target painted with jungle beasts; $1.

STRAUSS SHOPS, 257 Fifth Avenue (29th): A xylophone, complete with sharps and flats, is set on a stand, like those of the vanished vaudeville virtuosi; $5.98, with book of music and six hammers. A stately pastel Latex mother duck and three ducklings to float in the tub, a modern edition of the rubber toys we all remember; $1.19 for the whole family. A splendid dapple-gray rocking horse, galloping madly on a strong wood base, wears a red saddle and bridle and a blue blanket; $12.50 and $25. A young researcher's delight: the Micro Sciencescope, a versatile version of the old stereopticon, magnifies objects from 250 to 500 times and projects the enlargements on the wall, doing marvellous things with flower stems, fingerprints, insects' wings, etc.; $2.98, A.C. or D.C.

WANAMAKER: The whole irresistible McGuffey doll tribe is back. McGuffey Anna walks! She's $2.95 in the 14-inch size, with pigtails and pinafore. Portrait dolls, with heads carved from apples (no fooling, and they'll keep), include Churchill and Roosevelt ($10.95 each), and we're told that today's kids really go for such things. Maybe so. For starry-eyed and style-conscious young girls: those fancy Southern Belle dolls, with French bisque heads and exquisite handmade clothes; $5.95. Two good dollar gifts: a basketball about the size of a grapefruit, which comes with a hoop-and-net arrangement that can be clamped to the top of a door, turning the nursery into a practice court; and an archery set with three-foot bow, three arrows tipped with suction cups, and a target painted with elephants or lions instead of a bull's-eye.

YOUNG BOOKS, 714 Madison Avenue (63rd): A play pen of sturdy fabric, printed with windows, doors, etc., and having a chimney poking out of the top, is meant to be slipped over a bridge table for support, making a little house underneath; $1.50. A hunt group of superb little English lead figures—the M.F.H., whips, hounds, fox, and a mounted huntress in correctly severe sidesaddle habit; $2. Materials and directions for building a real midget house, with little bricks set in mortar and all; $6. A small printing press, with a supply of type and ink, can turn out a tabloid newspaper of the family's daily doings; $6.75.

Christmas Wrappings

GENERALLY speaking, the designers of Christmas-gift wrapping papers and package trimmings have been content this year to let well enough alone, sticking to the old familiar themes and handling them with freshness and sparkle, which is all right with us. Here and there, to be sure, a genuinely new idea has popped up, but even then conservatism rather than novelty is stressed, as in a group of wrapping papers in which the giver's name, printed to order in a week or ten days' time, becomes part of the design. Dennison, among others, has these papers at $6, $6.75, and $7 for twenty-five standard-size sheets. One design, called Carnival, is in shades of cerise, green, and blue—as brilliant as tree trimmings—with *moyen-âge* figures in a stately pattern; another paper, of sky blue, is decorated with white-clad herald angels, white scrolls, and gold stars. Cellophane at this shop comes printed with Chantilly-lace traceries in white or black (twenty and twenty-five cents a yard, respectively) and should look quite magnificent used over any of the shop's regulation plain papers in bright Christmas colors.

The 1941 Dennison suggestion for tying up packages is to use real old-fashioned lace insertion (the kind that is set into dresses) as ribbon, either plain or with baby ribbon in traditional Christmas colors run through it (about ten cents a yard); the thick cotton cord that has been such a hit in the past is still present, and still incomparably easy to handle, at ten cents a twenty-yard hank. The shop has some new, dazzlingly striped papers, and suggests using them with coal-black Cellophane tape, cut in any width you like. The tape ties like a dream and, looped around a package wrapped in, say, cerise-and-white striped paper, rewards you with an astonishingly Christmasy effect.

Lord & Taylor are again offering

STEALING
THE SHOW—
PHILIP MORRIS & CO.

[illegible]

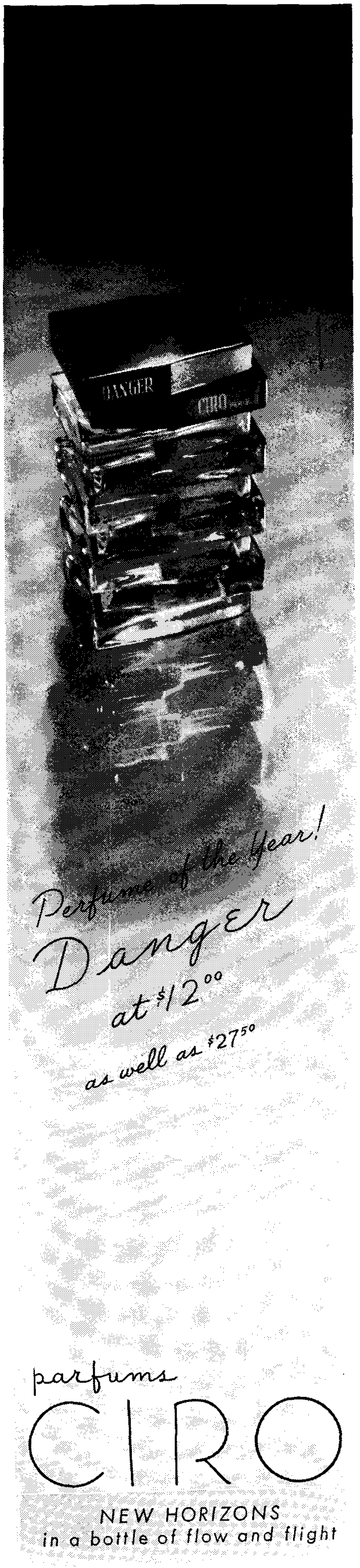
you can help your throat!

ATCH *yourself* . . . and you'll *realize* that *all* smokers *sometimes* inhale. And when you do, there's *increased chance* of irritation for sensitive nose and throat passages. But *now* . . . look at the findings reported by eminent doctors—*who compared the five leading cigarettes:*

IRRITATION FROM THE SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER CIGARETTES *AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES* THAT OF THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS—AND, WHAT'S MORE, SUCH IRRITATION *LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG!*

You're bound to inhale *some*times . . . but you *can* have this *proved protection.* Full smoking pleasure . . . without smoking penalties . . . if you smoke Philip Morris. No wonder they're "stealing the show"!

FINER PLEASURE PLUS
REAL PROTECTION—
AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE



gift-package ensembles of paper, seals, tags, and tying tape or ribbon, all in any one of twelve of their own designs. For example, Music in the Air, a heavenly blue paper with troupes of glamour-girl angels in lacy frocks zooming about all over it, is accompanied by tags which are cutout angels bearing scrolls, upon which you write your inscription, and stickers that look like silver bars of music. Christmas Knitting, another good paper, has a pattern made up of balls of white wool unwinding to scrawl "Merry Christmas" across either a red or a blue ground; with this go tags printed to resemble balls of wool, and the tying is done with real wool yarn, white and thick and fluffy, and practically foolproof even for all-thumbs hands to cope with. Thirty-five cents for four sheets of these papers, and the tying materials, tags, and seals are extra.

Kress, at 444 Fifth Avenue (39th), and the Woolworth stores are as invaluable as ever for inexpensive gift boxes and for tissues, foils, Cellophane paper, and all the old standbys. Woolworth has gone mighty high-style with such antics as a tag depicting a dainty feminine hand wearing a ring and bracelet and holding the likeness of a handkerchief, which opens up to reveal writing space inside. Kress has taken considerable trouble to provide plenty of made-up bows of red and green Cellophane ribbon to simplify your homework and give your packages a dashing, expert air; the shop's clusters of musical jingle bells, white-tipped real pine cones, and sprays of wintry greens, at from five to fifty cents each, are as pretty a collection of gift-box trimmings as you can find anywhere.

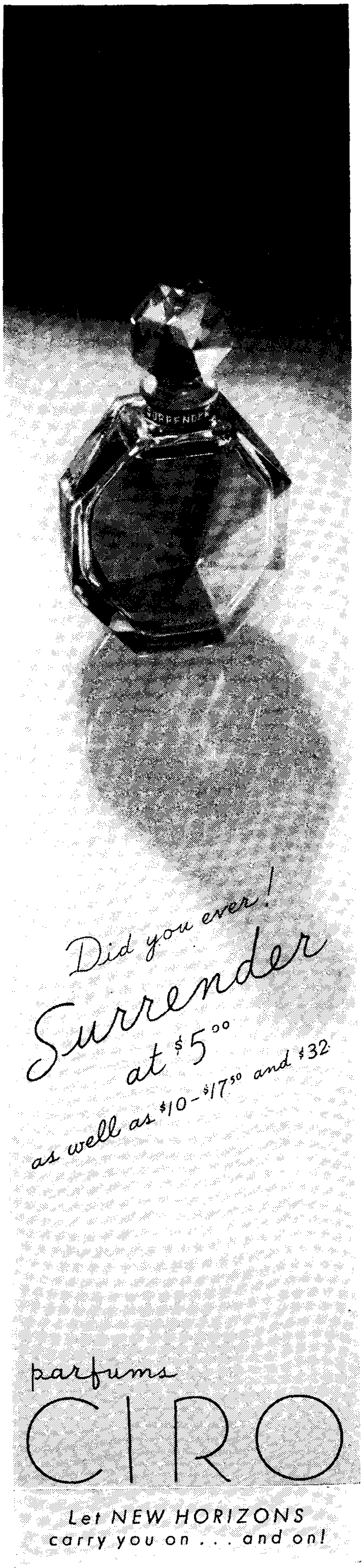
The Stevens-Nelson Paper Corporation, 109 East 31st Street, for years one of our favorite dispensers of imported wrappings, continues to offer a full stock of the English papers we always have liked so well—heavy, embossed scenics with a Dickensian flavor, snowy country landscapes, etc.—and the inimitably gay and sturdy Swedish papers, spattered with the naïve and colorful symbols of the Scandinavian Christmas, as well as lovely, fragile Chinese tea papers.

•

Wonder if Edith ("Louisiana Purchase") Luce and E. Matthews, the wealthy realtor, used that merger license over the wk-end?—*Commander Winchell in the Mirror, Oct. 27th.*

Edith Luce, Broadway beauty, yesterday married Ernest Mathews, member of a wealthy Long Island real estate family, at the Swedish Lutheran church in Long Island City.—*The Mirror, same issue.*

Anything else on your mind, Walter?



THE CURRENT CINEMA

Problems in Mexico

OUTSPOKEN and forthright, "The Forgotten Village" is just the thing to agitate censorship groups, women's clubs, parent-teacher associations, ecclesiastical bodies of various protesting sects, and isolated types who write letters to the local papers when stirred by some deep emotion. It has even its little, dovelike message for the birth-control set, and that often means trouble. Indications of such ripplings have reached the press, though not in those gaudy headlines the producers may have hoped for. There have been ominous postponements of the opening. Altogether, there have been sufficient hints spread abroad that here was something special, something for the adult mind.

Actually, "The Forgotten Village" proves to be no shocker, though, indeed, it is no dainty business either, for John Steinbeck has not been shy or shifty in his sketch of life in a Mexican mountain town. Life goes on in this small village far from the busy social worker (and a mean trip for him, too) much, we are told, as it has gone on for a thousand years. A wisewoman runs the place, and in every crisis it is to this ancient witch that the people turn. It is in the matters of both the death and the birth of the children that the film is particularly graphic, and particularly controversial as well, for the methods of the wisewoman in treating the pains of labor do very plausibly go back a thousand years, and the portrayal of them here has a candor and a directness which can be gruesome. Of all the numerous Mexican studies—all, I mean, with some social purpose behind them—this is the most vivid and the one which takes us most closely into the primitive life of the remote and sequestered families of this back country. Their life is given us in a narration spoken by Burgess Meredith—a kind of story of a young boy who somehow or other has come to believe that the Americans know better than his parents and the wisewoman and who leaves the mountains and persuades doctors to come with their strange medicines to his home, where every possible hindrance is promptly put in their way. The note of optimism on which the narration ends seems to me the most forced element of the whole picture, I must confess, but perhaps that is only because the Juan Diegos, the Pacos, the wisewoman, and the other natives of the hidden town seem somehow much more earthy and permanent than do all the breezy, starched social workers of the cast.

A FEW ordinary entertainment products have been recently displayed. By far the longest, running almost two hours and a half and having at most the substance for a good half-hour's excitement, is "They Died with Their Boots On." In this Western of the prodigious footage, Errol Flynn enacts the rôle of the great General Custer, who made, you recall, a last stand. That last stand, a scene popular with American painters, was against the Sioux Indians when he was surprised in the Black Hills of Dakota, and Mr. Flynn is properly picturesque and youthful at the crisis. Olivia de Havilland shows her pretty noddle now and then as the sentimental interest, and there are pleasant early scenes at West Point just before the Civil War. Or was it before the Punic Wars?

The Okefenokee Swamp in Georgia should be ideal for drama of the poor whites, but mists and miasmas entirely becloud Walter Brennan and Walter Huston and various other active bipeds in "Swamp Water." Miasma is the word for the whole business, a miasma without even the vivacity of good, honest delirium tremens. . . . In another absurdity, "International Lady," a beautiful spy and concert artist sings her messages to Hitler until Scotland Yard and the F.B.I. get onto her stunt. Hope is murmured at last that after all this is over she may settle down and be a good wife to the F.B.I. man and just sing lullabies.

—JOHN MOSHER

NIGHT ON SECOND AVENUE

At night, across the narrow crack
Between the houses back to back,
She shoots a laugh that wakes the block
And gives the citizens a shock.

Like a lost echo of the loon
That, plunging, breaks the water's moon,
She laughs and laughs. And then her light
Goes out and all is quiet night.

—DOROTHEA KINGSLAND

REFLEXIONS
Just think of it!
Reflexions
at $5^{00}
as well as $12 - $18 and $35
parfums
CIRO
new: NEW HORIZONS
$6.25 $10.50 $27.50

Aunt Lizzie says . . .

Land Sakes! Now You City Folks Air A-gittin' Our Ozark Mountain Strawberry Jam!

WHAT a treat! Luscious, plump, vine-ripened mountain strawberries, filled with unforgettable flavor by long sunny days and cool dew-wet nights, made into thick, blobby jam by our mountain cooks! For gifts . . . for that touch of "back home" in holiday feasting, order

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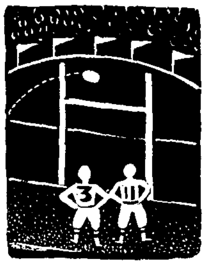
FOOTBALL

Once Over Again, Lightly

BEFORE some of last week's games are adapted into sequences for the next few Tommy Harmon movies, certain improvements might well be made in the plots. To begin with, I'd let the touchdown Yale scored early in the Harvard game stand instead of having it ruled out because a Yale back was illegally in motion; then Harvard's first touchdown would merely tie the score and Harvard wouldn't make its winning touchdown until well along in the final quarter. Yale looked as lively as it did at the start of the season, but the quarterbacking, I'm sorry to report, is still inspirational, as it was under Tad Jones, instead of realistic, as it was under Greasy Neale. It does seem rather odd that, with six inches to go on fourth down, anyone should call for a pass when there's a ball-carrier like Hovey Seymour standing idly by. If you didn't see Harvard this fall, you missed something; it takes three years for the Harvard linemen to get used to one another and Harlow's style of play, and this year's line, a wonderful thing to watch, was practically all seniors.



As for the Penn-Cornell game, I'd throw out Penn's two touchdowns and have the team win 3–0, on Gene Davis's field goal, the prettiest kick in a couple of seasons, college or professional. I'd also have Joe Martin, the Cornell fullback, play the whole game instead of getting put out of action on the kickoff. The accident discouraged Cornell so much that it never really got going. The player who replaced Martin is a youngster I have been waiting for three seasons to see because I somehow never really believed he existed, probably because his name—Henry Dragon—made me think he was a character in one of Thornton Burgess's woodland tales and not a Cornell fullback at all.

Army looked listless in beating West Virginia, 7–6, but so would you and I if we had been up against the lines of Notre Dame, Harvard, and Penn on three successive Saturdays. Still playing at plot alteration, I would have had Bill Kern, a coach old enough to know that a six-point lead these days is nothing to be complacent about, leave his first-string line in the game instead of pulling it out in the fourth quarter. He had to send it back again in a couple of minutes, but by that time Army was at last under way.

CROWD STUFF: George Munger, the Penn coach, who always walks a good eight miles on the sidelines every Saturday, mumbling to himself and/or gesticulating wildly, got in some extra mileage by another means last week when the Penn freshmen rushed him after the game with Cornell, hoisted him none too securely on their shoulders, and paraded him past the Cornell stands. He appeared to be even unhappier in the air than he did on the ground, and when he finally persuaded the boys to set him down, he ran off toward the Penn dressing rooms with never a backward glance. . . . After the game at Princeton ended, the Navy band played "The Star-Spangled Banner" (an anthem you have never really heard unless you have heard that band play it) while the spectators stood at attention. Immediately afterward, some of the midshipmen made for the goalposts, which were being defended by a group of undergraduates. A definite though reasonably good-natured mob scene was developing when suddenly the bandmaster raised his baton and the Navy band majestically replayed "The Star-Spangled Banner," while the crowd once more stood at attention. The point of this brief armistice was apparently plain, for the mob scene dissolved as soon as the band had finished.

A FEW unpleasant friends of mine wonder why, if it took Illinois twenty-nine years to decide that Bob Zuppke wouldn't do as its football coach, the authorities didn't give him one more year, to see what he could accomplish with the excellent material coming up from the freshman team. No precedent, I suppose. Zuppke, by the way, is an unusual coach aside from the fact that he was able to stick it out so long at Illinois. He is also, so far as I know, the only coach in the country who is author of a syndicated comic strip. You'll find it no further out of town than the Newark *Star-Ledger*. —J. W. L.

•

Mr. Axtel explained to the club just how a bee stings. "He simply pushes the stinger in," he said.—*Greenwich (Conn.) Time.*

And stings.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Home Products

AMERICAN music was represented on almost every orchestral program played on or about Fifty-seventh Street last week. Miss Frédérique Petrides, the able conductor of the Orchestrette of New York (née Orchestrette Classique), offered Aaron Copland's "Quiet City," which seems to be on its way to becoming a best-seller among the smaller ensembles. "Quiet City" deserves the rating, because it's straightforward, soundly written, and effective music that makes contact with its listeners, and the Orchestrette treated it to an excellent performance. Special honors go to Miss Leona May Smith, the solo trumpet.

As usual, Miss Petrides concentrated on music that isn't usual, serving up Sir Hamilton Harty's entertaining "John Field Suite," Peter Warlock's charming "The Curlew," for which George Rasely was the understanding tenor soloist, and several older relatively unfamiliar works. The only composition that ran into trouble was the most performed of the lot—Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" overture, which caught clinkers. Maybe there was a jinx on Mendelssohn last week; excerpts from his "Midsummer Night's Dream" score had some nightmarish moments when they were played by the Philharmonic-Symphony a few evenings later.

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI and the N.B.C. Symphony, operating in the Cosmopolitan Opera House, introduced "Sunset Reflections" from "Adirondack Suite," by Robert Kelly, identified by Mr. Stokowski in his comments to the radio audience simply as "of Pennsylvania." The Impressions were agreeable atmospherics, expertly orchestrated, and played to the Queen's taste (also Kings, Manhattan, Bronx, and Richmond). I heard this concert on the radio, and it sounded as if Mr. Stokowski and the band had got together handsomely. In fact, it was the sort of Stokowski music-making that most of us admire, with a stimulating showing of Brahms' fourth symphony and a brilliant exhibition of Prokofieff's "Love for Three Oranges" suite.

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Philharmonic-Symphony program that included Jerome Kern's "Scenario for Orchestra" on themes from his "Showboat." Artur Rodzinski, the conductor, encouraged Mr. Kern to prepare this orchestral version of some of the most lovable melodies available. Nobody encouraged the audience to get up and cheer the ensemble, the director, and the composer. It wasn't necessary. The gathering greeted the succession of songs like old friends—and those tunes are the best kind of old friends. Some of us would have preferred a more concise handling of the material and a less lush orchestration; apart from such considerations, the presence of Kern music in a symphonic evening was an event. It ought to happen more often. One good Kern deserves another.

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY included in one of his two recent Carnegie Hall concerts with the Boston Symphony the local premiѐre of the third symphony by William Howard Schuman, a New Yorker. Mr. Schuman certainly can write for orchestra, and that's understating his accomplishment. His symphony was designed with great skill and everything that was promised in the analysis printed in the program notes registered exactly as the composer had intended. It was all sure-handed, technically masterful, and interesting. Yet I had a feeling that, with all of these merits, Mr. Schuman never really let himself go until the final movement, a virtuoso toccata. If there had been less evident sincerity in his music, the symphony might be noted simply as an impressive intellectual workout. Possibly the restraint of the basic musical ideas seemed to stress the non-emotional element. It could even be that the composer was overanxious not to let anything even distantly sentimental slip into his work. Mr. Schuman's fourth symphony, not yet performed in New York (but you can bet it won't be long now), may answer a lot of questions about his third.

Mr. Koussevitzky's performance of Mr. Schuman's symphony was superlative. The playing of the orchestra was that way all through this concert, which it hadn't been two days earlier, when Mr. Koussevitzky was sometimes uncommonly Interpretative.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

Although he was found hanging, his death was reported as due to indigestion. —*The Times.*

Just a last flourish, probably.

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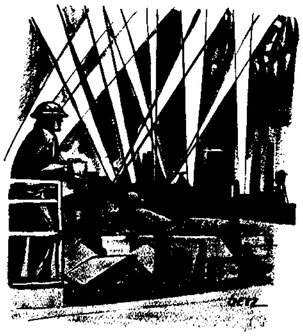
BASS PLAYER

I AM the bass player in a jazz band (Ben Bernie's). It is a singular walk of life and one which presents many unique predicaments. Being a bass player does not mean just playing the big viol. It means housing it and transporting it and keeping it in repair. There's even the problem of clothing it, because those big, sacklike covers do wear out, and they cost about ten dollars apiece.

Now, nobody ever said to himself, "I like music, so I guess I'll learn to play the bass." It's something that just creeps up on you. Many a bass player gets his start in a high-school orchestra. Perhaps he is playing a violin way back with the second fiddles, bored stiff, when in comes the teacher, lugging a big bass fiddle, the music department's latest purchase. The teacher looks around the orchestra for a volunteer. That look may be the turning point of a lifetime. Perhaps a fatal curiosity seizes our bored second-fiddle player, who says, "I'd just as soon take a try at it, Teacher." After that there is no turning back; he is harnessed to the big fiddle for life.

One reason that knowing how to play the bass and being a bass player are so often one and the same thing is that the bass is the only one of the violins that's in any real demand with jazz bands. Certain fancy bands use fiddles, and there are even a few with full string sections, but the great majority of dance orchestras use only the bass. In the good old days, of course, the small fry of the viol family were kept busy in theatre orchestras, but violins, violas, and 'cellos pretty generally stopped being meal tickets for their owners about the time the talkies came in. I am just one of countless violinists and 'cellists who, liking to eat, are playing bass while we "wait for Vitaphone to blow over."



But we aren't so lucky as the writer who can turn out a few potboilers under a pseudonym. Bass players never travel incog. Does a bass player ever struggle down the street without everybody in town looking on? If we carry it off with a certain air, a careless dash, don't be misled, for nobody ever hustles one of those things down the busy street without feeling like a damn fool.

Even if self-consciousness were not involved, it would still be a mean assignment in the art of getting big objects into small spaces. Let's imagine a typical short portage for the big fiddle: from the studio on the twelfth floor into the packed elevator, down to the foyer and out through the revolving door, across the crowded sidewalk into the taxi, and, when you reach your destination, the whole rigmarole once more in reverse order. No one who has never tried it can hope to imagine all the little problems involved in that ten-minute expedition. To begin with, the thing is not only big; it's heavy, it's fragile, and it has a shape that defies adjustment. It's too long to carry in one hand like a suitcase and too thick to clasp to your bosom like a potted plant; the job has to be done half by carrying, half by clasping—semi-waltz style. And heaven help you if you are trying to manage a suitcase besides, or even a little parcel from your liquor store.

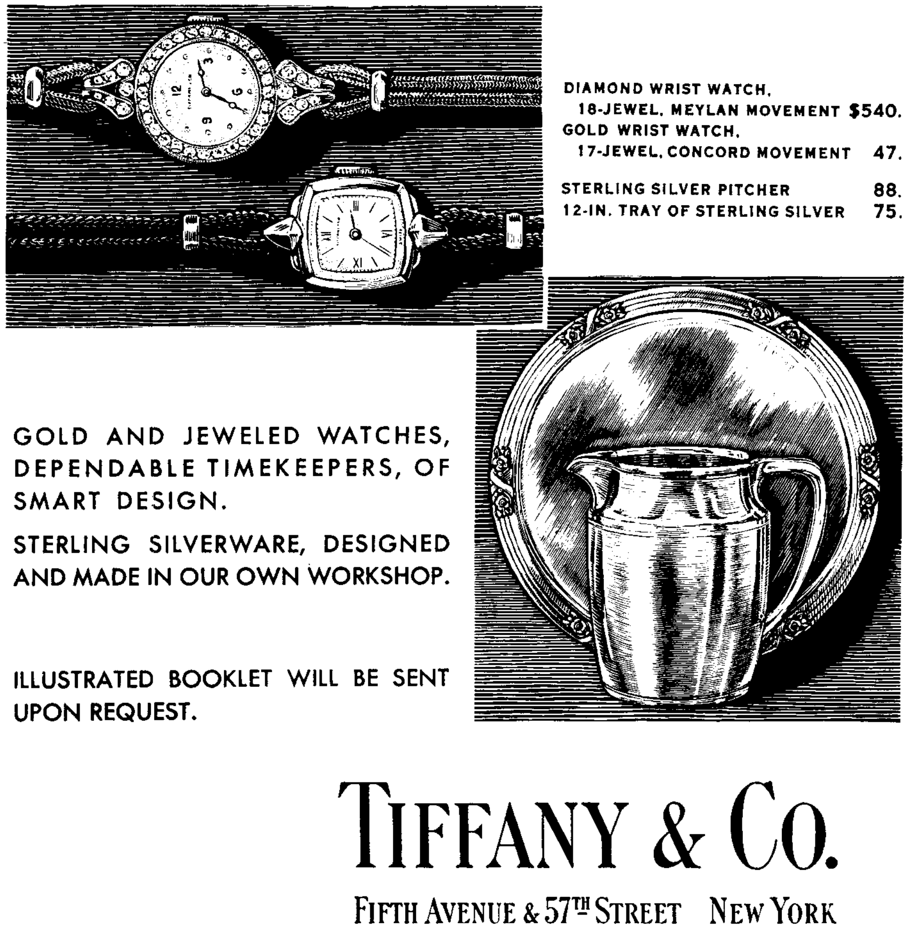
The business of getting the bass into a taxi is mostly a matter of technique. A veteran can tell at a glance which one of the four cabs standing at the corner is the right shape to accommodate the bass and still leave room inside for the bass player and about twenty-five-per-cent rear vision for the driver. But it takes more of a veteran than I am as yet to tell at a glance which cabby can be persuaded to stand quietly to one side and let me ease the bass through the door into the back seat without benefit of his suggestions or fear of the damage his rude, unloving, over-anxious hands may accomplish.

Taxis and elevators are difficult enough, but if misfortune decrees that you escort your bass to the job by subway, then you are really in for some hair-graying moments. A double bass doesn't go through or under a subway turnstile; it goes over it. That would be fairly simple if performed as an acrobatic feat in a deserted gymnasium, but try it at Times Square around 5 P.M. There are five distinct though simultaneous parts to this trick: you must get the nickel into the slot, the bass over the turnstile, yourself through the turnstile; you must not poke the eye out of any of your fellow-citizens; and you must keep your own eye furtively on watch for the subway guards, as there is a rule against oversize parcels.

At such a moment you envy the trumpet player, looking as professional as a doctor with his neat black case, or the sax player, whose case is just big enough to make a comfortable seat when turned on end. The piano player has it easiest of all, of course, walking around in his dress suit like a man-about-town. Only a drummer is worse off than the bass player, since he must carry his trap case as well as his big bass drum. Still, drums are fairly hardy, while a bass fiddle is surprisingly brittle. An inconspicuous bump in the wrong spot can open one up from stem to stern. Even if a bass player maintains a calm expression, don't think he doesn't wince when somebody swings a heavy object too close to his means of livelihood. I have a vivid memory of one day when I was taking my bass to the shop for a minor repair. I took a corner too fast on a newly washed floor, and that particular bass never did get fixed. But no matter how careful you are, it's to the repair shop you go a couple of times a year, and you're not always welcome there, either. The repairman pays rent for his space, and nothing fills a room up easier than a half-dozen bass fiddles.

ONE psychological hardship about playing a bass is having to listen to the wisecrackers. Their favorite is "How do you get it under your chin?" Thousands of others ask, "Don't you wish you played the piccolo?" (Some say "flute," occasionally easing the monotony of that one a little.)

Sometimes, in the midst of all my self-pity, I wonder what it must feel like to be a bass player's wife or girl friend. Any musician's girl has problems enough, with all her evenings by herself, dates that begin anywhere from midnight to 4 A.M., and no earthly chance of ever going dancing with her musician. If she marries him, she faces the choice of wandering all over the United States with the band or being a music widow about half the year. Add to these general hazards the special headaches of the bass player's girl. She walks along the street at a safe distance from the precious instrument, looking neglected and feeling useless. She learns to stand guard over the big box while the boy friend is hailing a taxi or going back for the suitcases or bundles he couldn't manage on the first trip. She also learns to sit half under the bass in the back of a taxi or gracefully draped over its protruding neck in the front seat of the bass player's own car. She gets to be very good at opening doors, carrying music, and making explanations to the cop when loading or unloading the bass has held up traffic. At least the bull fiddle spares its owner any long romances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with the wrong girl; either she is sweet and patient and the right girl, or she isn't, and the piano player steals her in short order.

I THINK the worst problem in the life of the dance-orchestra bass player is trying to match the enthusiasm of the other players, most of whom seem to be having the time of their lives every night they play. Five trumpet and trombone players sit back and blow their horns, four saxophone players blast away, and the poor bass player has to fight them all. Win or lose, he has to keep going all the time. The saxophone players may rest now and then, the trumpets and trombones seem to take a vacation every other chorus, but there's never a free moment for the bass player. To add insult to injury, he has to stand up all evening instead of lolling back in a nice, comfortable chair. Well, it's all for art's sake; he gets himself a pair of health shoes, like policemen and letter-carriers, and tries to tell himself it doesn't matter, since he never gets a chance to dance with his girl and most of his life his feet are hidden anyway.

In spite of this recital of trials and grief, I must admit that playing the double bass has its charms, too. You grow fond of the big, slow notes at the bottom of the scale. You get to feel that there is no tone like a low tone, and you listen to all orchestras from the bottom up. (The bass notes seem to be what matters, with all the rest just icing.) And you eventually come to love the big, clumsy thing for itself, in much the same way the Prisoner of Chillon came to love his chains. —BOYD BENNETT

•

I remember once being asked to a party when I realized that I had no dress suited to the occasion. I considered not going at all. Then I decided to use the actor's art and dress my mind as best I could, to go and put my whole being into acting the role of guest. I let appreciation of the party, the hostess, the other guests take possession of me. The odd part of it is that the compliments I got that evening were on the dress I wore.—*From an article in Reader's Digest.*

All that work for nothing!

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Lowell Sun & Citizen-Leader*]

With Al Sakoian and Art Galli definitely out of the game because of injuries, fears were expressed today that Captain Dick Gordon of the University of New Hampshire football team might be able to play against Tufts Saturday.

BOOKS

Governess Wanted

BEHIND his Leonard Q. Ross-Hyman Kaplan mask, Mr. Leo C. Rosten is really a learned social scientist. Of late he has been submitting the motion-picture business to analysis, and the result is "Hollywood," a 436-page book about evenly divided between shrewd generalizations and imposing tables of percentages showing how many actors have been divorced, how many directors earn over $100,000 a year, how much movie colonists contribute to charity, how many children stars have, how many directors want to be producers, and similar enlightening information.

Mr. Rosten's questionnaire method is that used by the Lynds in their classic "Middletown," but his coverage is not quite as wide. To it, however, he adds a certain amount of psychoanalytic theory, sometimes a little pat. He succeeds in establishing staggering proof of notions the normally intelligent layman has furtively suspected all along existed. For instance, Mr. Rosten, using considerable powers of acumen as well as an array of factual information, demonstrates that the Hollywood legend *is* a legend; that the place is populated by folk of unstable and often brilliant temperament; that its "immorality" is greatly exaggerated; that it is scared stiff over the prospect that the big-money era is drawing to a close; that at its most splendiferous it is but a feeble imitation of the Roman vulgarity of the Gilded Age; that it has (Mr. Rosten's excellent phrase) "an incomparable talent for publicity and a startling ignorance of public relations;" that it is not dominated by "foreigners"—78.2 per cent of an average sampling of important movie-makers were born in the United States; that it is dominated by the dreams with which it works ("When a movie producer or actor, director or writer, goes to sleep he leaves the world of fantasy and enters the world of reality"); that politically it is an average American community, the heavy money being reactionary and the rest of the citizens dividing up pretty much as they do anywhere else; and that high salaries are confined to a few top-flight people, the median income, for example, for two hundred and fifty-three actors (excluding extras) being $4,700 a year.

Mr. Rosten divides his book into two main sections. (There's a brief third section on the influence of Hollywood on non-Hollywood, but this is skimpy and hurried and hardly what his colleagues would call a "contribution.") He treats, first, the movie colony in general—its élite, sex mores, politics, the fight for prestige, night life, domiciles, superstitions, hobbies, etc. The second section, by far the more solid, is devoted to the four important groups of movie-makers: producers, directors, writers, and actors. He does not in this book (there's another one in the offing) deal with Hollywood's financial setup, its labor problems, or with the tremendous mass of movie "workers" as opposed to "makers."

From his valuable study one gets two impressions. The first is that Hollywood is facing a crisis. There are a hundred things wrong with it, but the most generalized way of putting the problem is to say that it is now in the position the big industrial empires occupied during the Cleveland era. "Other businesses," writes Mr. Rosten, "have experienced onslaughts against their profits and hegemony, but the drive against Hollywood is just beginning. . . . Hollywood does not yet realize that it is facing decades of history compressed into months. The changes and challenges which have hit other industries in the long thrust of American progressivism are sweeping Hollywood in one prolonged whirlwind. Hollywood and its élite are punch-drunk." While Mr. Rosten does not say so directly, he makes one think that the movie people have not as yet developed the moral guts or the mental capacity either to ride the whirlwind or dispel it.

The second impression one gathers is connected with the first. For all the brilliance, the genius, the shrewdness, and the adaptability of the best of the movie-makers, they seem basically a group of

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By ISABEL SCOTT RORICK

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By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

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power-drunk, excited children, just as the robber barons were. What they appear to need more than anything else is not a Will Hays or a public-relations expert or government supervision but a sort of super-governess who will keep tabs on them and say, "Don't do that. It's vulgar. Don't buy that. It will make other people jealous. Give some of your toys away to poorer children. Lower your voices. Don't get so excited. Remember that little Johnny, next block, isn't as lucky as you are. Don't stick your tongue out at Susie. Do your lessons faithfully. Don't tell tales. Use your handkerchief." If Hollywood, in other words, refuses to grow up to the emotional and mental level of the rest of the country, the rest of the country, despite all that Hollywood has done to amuse and instruct it—and it has done plenty—is apt to get good and sore one of these days, and the honeymoon will be over.

What Mr. Rosten calls "the long arm of Hollywood" has apparently reached out toward his style, which seems unable to resist the infection of what might be termed the higher Goldwynism. His use of words exhibits what he would call a "penchant" for the "nouveau riche" in prose. He is fond of such quaint adjectives as "colorific" and "intricated" and of such nouns as "publicization." He is also convinced that "tyrannize" is a transitive verb, that "hectic" and "allergic" are roughly equivalent to "excited" and "indifferent," and that "*idée fixe*" means something like "permanent institution." He is full of divertingly approximate Gallicisms, such as "*haute monde*," "à la the Rialto," "*culs de sacs*" (a singular use of a double plural), "*bon vivants*" (here we have only half a plural), and the employment of "*sans*" for the apparently too complicated "without." Our old friend "the hoi polloi" pops up, and there are a number of idiosyncratic spellings, such as "Dégas" and "*crême de la crême*." My guess is that Mr. Rosten believes that "samurai" means aristocrats generally and "shibboleth" means idol or superstition.

AMONG the many things to which Hollywood does not see fit to devote its self-absorbed attention is the growth of the democratic idea, which will never yield an A picture. Those who wish to consider the matter may do so with the aid of "Fountainheads of Freedom," by Irwin Edman, assisted by Herbert W. Schneider. There are two hundred pages of Dr. Edman's scholarly commentary, plus four hundred

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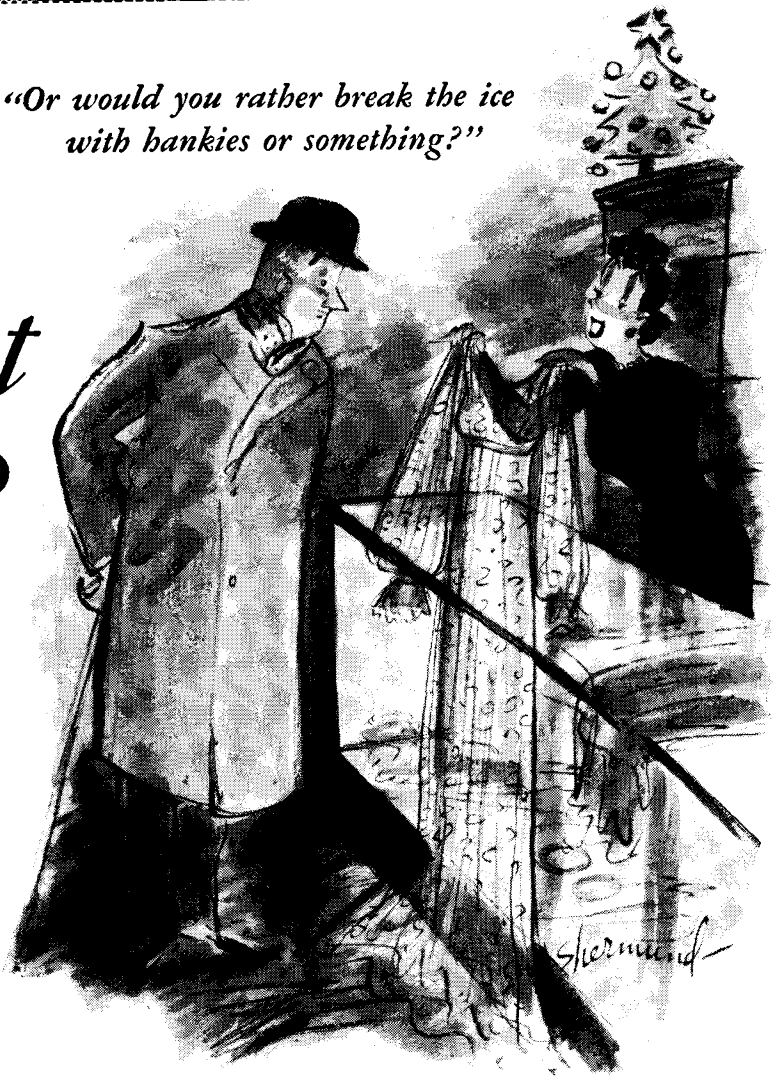

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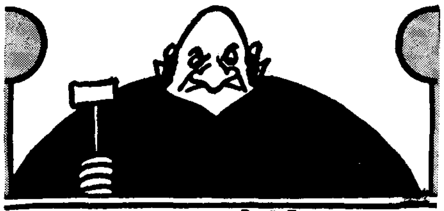

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pages of "crucial statements and documents illustrating the vitality and the expansion of the basic democratic themes." The notion of liberty, without which Andy Hardy films would never have come to exist, goes back a long way. Americans have no monopoly on it. In fact, Dr. Edman starts us off with the prophet Samuel and works forward through several thousand years before reaching his climax with John Dewey.

I DON'T think you'll be able, proof against sentiment as you may think yourself, to resist Phyllis Bottome's heart-touching story of children under the bombs, "London Pride." Despite its Lady Bountiful-with-a-sense-of-humor quality and that rather tedious George Belcher attitude toward the "lower classes," the book gets you. It's a sort of "Tom Sawyer" of a London in flames, although seven-year-old Ben, who is buried in a collapsed house and then bombed out of a hospital, is as much like Mr. Wookey as he is like Tom. Miss Bottome writes her little fiction with strict regard to fact. Her pictures of air-raid shelters, looting, evacuations, and so forth have a sharp veracity.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

VERSE

IT is dismaying to find oneself acting like Boileau and laying down rules. But in this day, when writers are trying everything, the conclusion is sometimes forced upon one that the application of certain methods to certain material never has come off and never will. Mark Van Doren has applied the most subtle, oblique, and lofty treatment to a tale of backwoods (Illinois) feuding. "The Mayfield Deer" is a long poem, running to almost three hundred pages. In it, Van Doren has stretched out to tenuity a narrative of pioneer rough justice and rougher revenge. The killing of a pet doe to satisfy a girl's vanity embroils the men of two families; a fairly wise neighbor comments on the action, and the murdering, which might have gone on endlessly, is stopped by the intervention of kindliness and charity. A chorus of "near gods" watches all this, without direct comment.

Now, the problem is: Can a tragedy at this primitive level, with these vernacular-speaking protagonists, be treated by a writer whose methods stem from learning and metropolitan culture? Van Doren can write down the racy speech of his characters, but the treatment in general, full of the gauziest rhetoric and obliquities reminiscent of both E. A. Robinson and Frost (at their worst),

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makes everything not only amorphous but actually sentimental and false. The book is extremely hard to read; the simple meaning often escapes one. Van Doren is not romanticizing his people in the manner of Chateaubriand (one often wishes he would); he is trying to create a "mythology" out of folklore, and I am reminded that someone has done this before, in America. We have already seen, proceeding from the studious retreat of a poet and urban man of letters, both "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline."

Yeats came up against the same problems in writing for the Irish theatre. He was faced with the task of treating peasants poetically. He learned—from Synge, who knew the thing instinctively—that tragedy on the level of folk can only be treated as simple people themselves treat it, with a great measure of coarse humor or with a pervading coloring of the cruellest irony. It was not so much the notion of parricide that shocked the town-bred Irish in "The Playboy" as the typical peasant mixture of awe and hilarity with which Synge's Aran Islanders took the crime. The subtlest metaphysics and philosophy cannot be applied directly to the folklore which has not already become heroic legend. Folk has its own poetry, at the instinctive level—the level of proverbs, tall tales, and the ballad. Then again, the reader feels that Van Doren has attached some almost religious symbolism to the killing of this pet animal and its consequences, the deepest meaning of which he has not apprised us of, perhaps because he does not fully see into the symbol himself. Yet it is impossible to add religion to a legend. If it were to be put there, the simple people would have done it themselves, and we would have a pet doe (or its killer, or its avenger) worshipped in Illinois to this day. "The Mayfield Deer" is charmingly illustrated with vignettes by Armin Landeck, who has caught a stern simplicity of detail which has eluded the author.

"SHENANDOAH," by Delmore Schwartz, a play in prose with a running verse comment and published in the Poet of the Month Series of New Directions, is more experimental than Van Doren's poem. Its faults derive from an allied problem, however—the author's failure to see what effects his subject demands, and even a certain blindness toward what his material really is. The comment in verse to one side, we have a really incisive presentation of Jewish family life in 1914. The cut-glass bowl on the sideboard, the young

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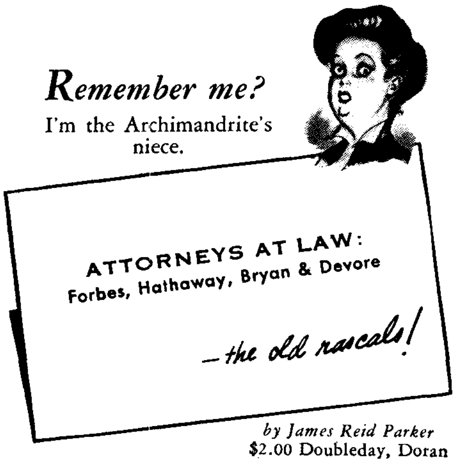
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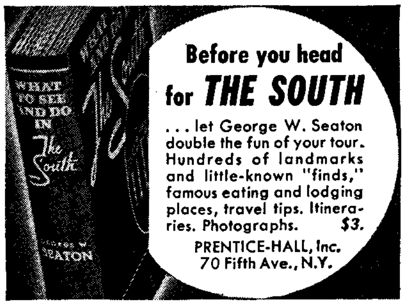
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wife's touching wish to confer an upper-class tone on her child by her choice of its given name, the contrast of generations, the brilliantly portrayed characters of the father, the young Jewish doctor, and of the friends invited to the ceremony of naming the child show Schwartz's dramatic sense and real power of observation. The commentary in verse, on the other hand, seems by comparison sophomoric to a degree. The commentator is the child grown, nourished (as he takes care to tell us) on Joyce, Mann, Eliot, Pound, Rilke, Picasso, Yeats, Kafka, and Perse. He is mindful of "the horrors of modern life" and "the dying West's . . . unspeakable disgrace against the honor of man." Sometimes the juxtaposition of the young, sophisticated observer and the scene observed succeeds. But Schwartz has not yet learned the true rôle of the poet, which is to have no rôle. The poet is the least showy of men. He is the builder only, and has no place on the finished scene. That is what youth must learn, and partly through experiment, as here.

—LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

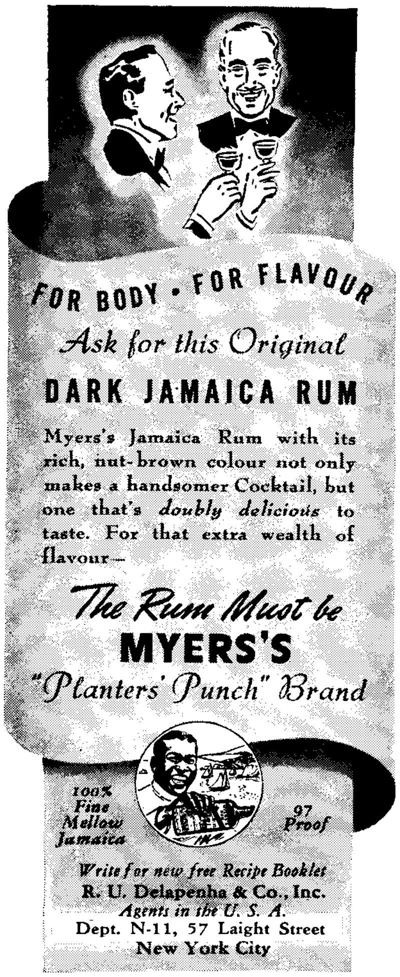
FICTION

MAD GRANDEUR, by Oliver St. John Gogarty. A novel of Ireland in the late eighteenth century. The peasants, depressed by absentee-landlordism almost to the level of animals and egged on by revolutionary ideas from France, essay the first of the Irish Republican revolts that have made up the modern history of Ireland. The gentry, in their fine great houses, spend their days mostly at gambling, carousing, duelling, and breeding race horses. Although one suspects Mr. Gogarty of partiality for those colorful, brisk, fighting days, he makes them sound more grim than pleasant.

GENERAL

SENSATION FAIR, by Egon Erwin Kisch, translated by Guy Endore. Memoirs of a rather literary Czech newspaperman who became a specialist in the more recherché crimes of Central Europe (and some very pretty ones, too), broke a half-dozen resounding political stories, and served with the Austrian Army in the first World War, at which point the book ends. A thoroughly delightful job, brightened by the author's sly Czech humor and tender fantasy. Expertly translated.

THE KREMLIN AND THE PEOPLE, by Walter Duranty. New interpretation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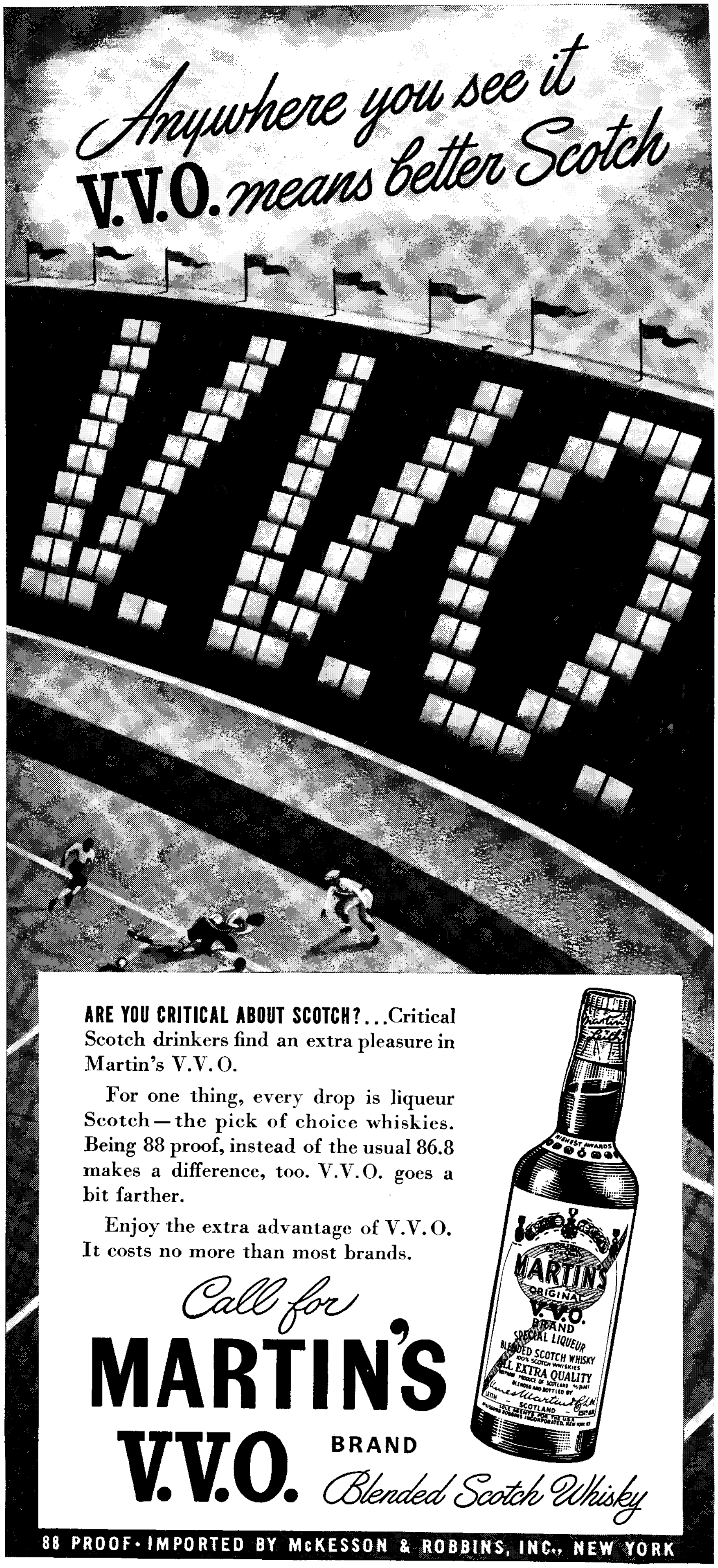
of Russian developments from the Kiroff murder in 1934 to Hitler's invasion. The author regards most of the major events of this period as phases of the Kremlin's consistent—and generally successful, he thinks—grand strategy against the Nazis. Faintly "Arabian Nights" in tone, and the psychologizing gets fairly thick at times, but it is an interesting analysis.

Good Old Summer Days, by Richmond Barrett. Not at all stately history of our more fashionable watering places: Newport, Narragansett Pier, Saratoga, Long Branch, and Bar Harbor. The author has a nice eye for the changing fashions in manners, amusements, personalities, dress, and whatnot. Intelligently written and appropriately illustrated.

Ideas for the Ice Age, by Max Lerner. Fifty-three essays and critical articles, nearly all written in the past two years. In them the author of "Ideas Are Weapons" considers the war as a revolutionary situation, studies Machiavelli and Justice Holmes, outlines America's choices in the crisis, and so on. Vigorous, well-written neo-Marxist interpretation in the field of general ideas. All but one of the essays have been printed elsewhere.

How to Become Extinct, by Will Cuppy. Forty moderately bewildering nature notes, a good many of which you may have read in this magazine and elsewhere, on the habits of snakes, fish, sloths, and insects. The author concludes that they have little excuse for behaving as they do. Pictures by William Steig.

The Devil in France, by Lion Feuchtwanger, translated from the German by Elisabeth Abbott. A distinguished novelist, now resident here, presents his memories of his experiences during the summer of 1940 in several French concentra-



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tion camps. No horrors, but not pleasant, either.

The Armies March, by John Cudahy. Our former Ambassador to Belgium reports his observations in Poland, Ireland, Spain, and Belgium during the present war and the pre-war years, with special emphasis on conditions inside Germany in the spring of 1941, including his well-known interview with Hitler. Oddly individual, hasty writing and some rather addled judgments. One or two sections of the book have already been printed in the *Times* and other publications.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Compare These Dead!, by M. P. Rea. Terry Cavender, shopper for a Chicago department store, develops a flair for finding the bodies of her murdered associates in odd places. What first appears to be that plain old *garden variety* of blackmail grows into something rather fancy. Light and compact, in spite of its intricate plot.

Red Is for Killing, by George Bagby. The New York offices of *Tidings*, a "laconic, lucid, alert" weekly, are the background for murder in this new Inspector Schmidt mystery. Plot is secondary to the magnificent description of a high-powered organization running at full speed. Recommended for those readers who have never discovered why a red memo is more important than a green one.

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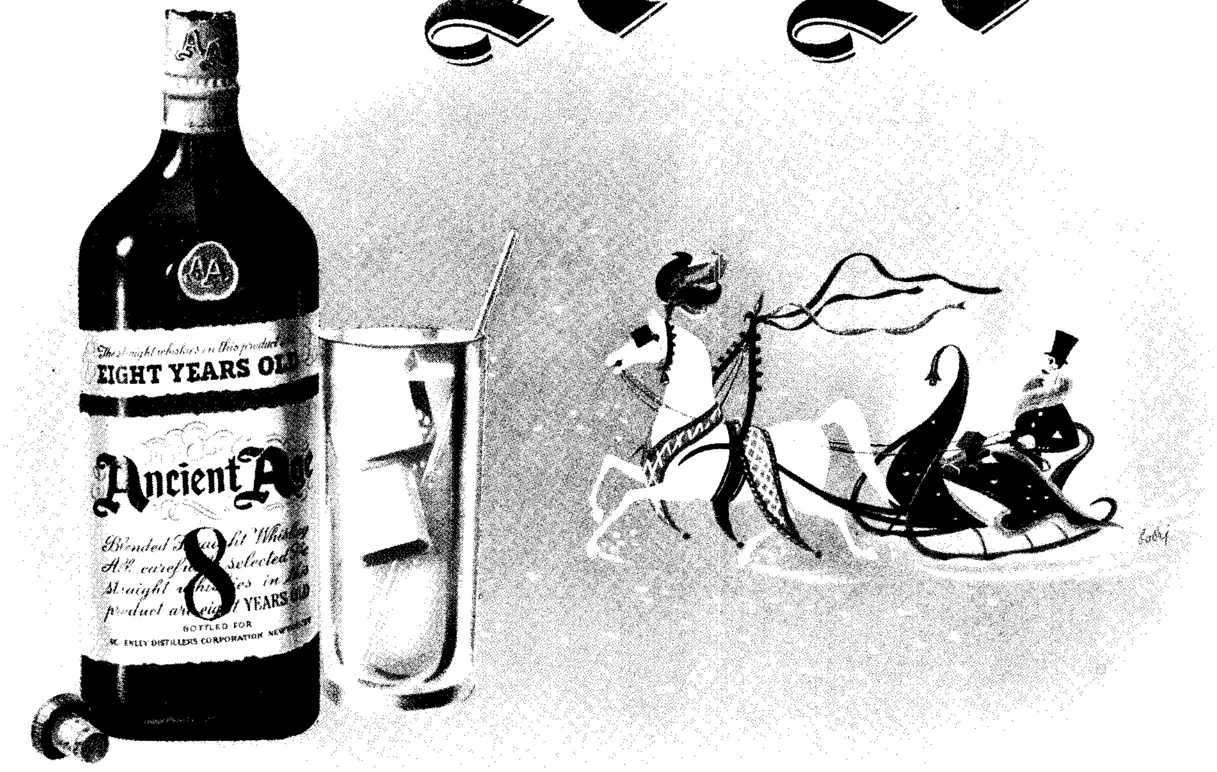

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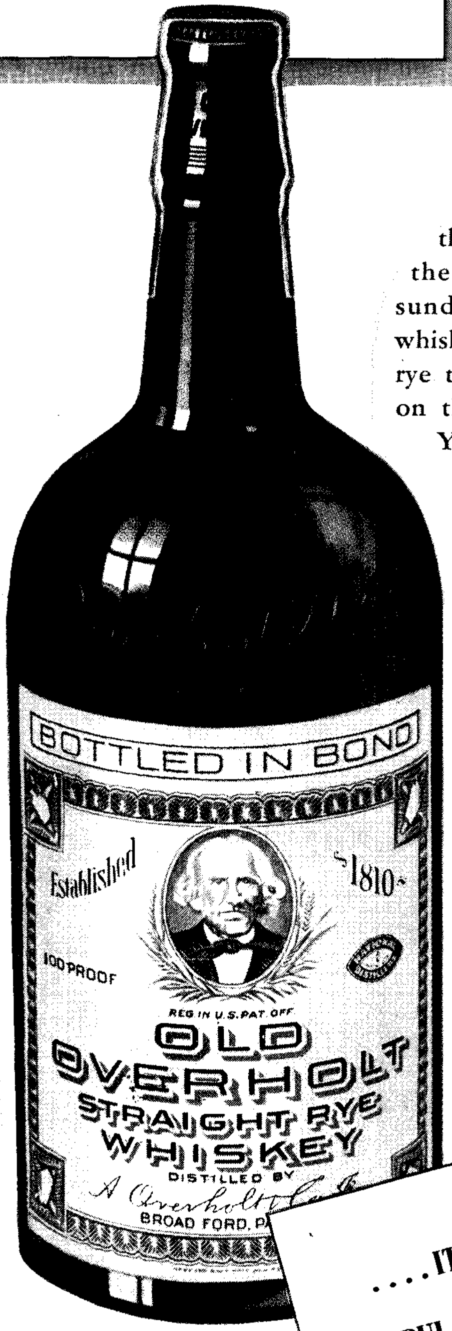

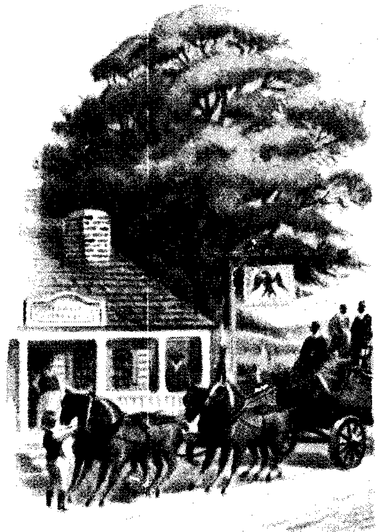

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